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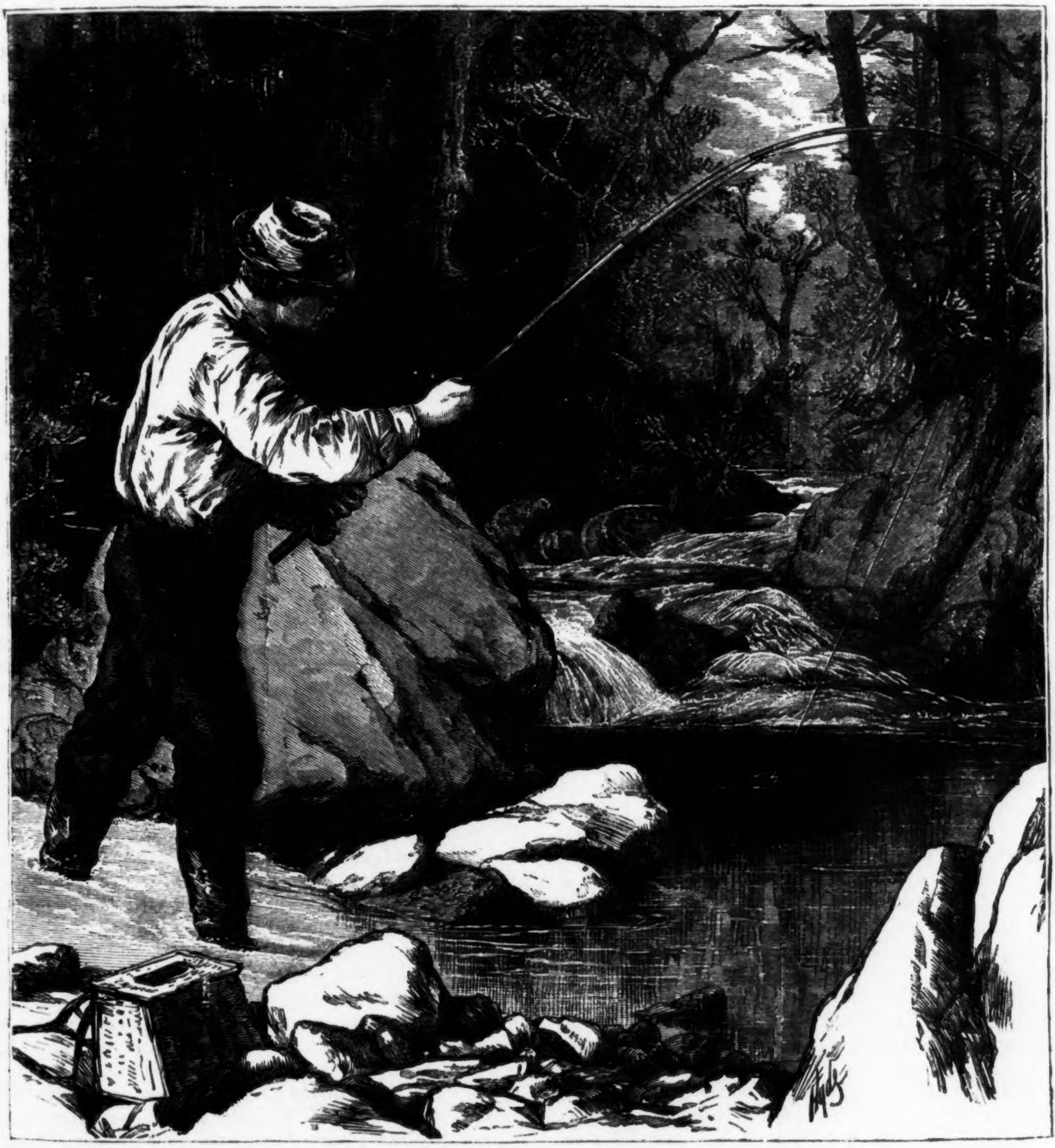
# SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.



SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—TROUT-FISHING IN THE MAINE RIVERS.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

"His cold, good drink out of his leather bottle;
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade."

For the coming three months the capricious but beautiful American climate will, like the siren that she is, invite her 50,000,000 (more or less) to the grandest and most varied series of picnics which ever could have been offered to the seekers of out-door refreshment. Of all her adopted children, the Germans know best how to enjoy, in a simple and inexpensive manner, the benefaction of the open air. Their saengerfests, picnics, excursions; their beer-gardens and their open-air concerts are institutions which they have founded, and they have taught the self-conscious American many a lesson of the good to be derived by the inexpensive day's pleasure under the convenient trees of Jones's Wood or other suburban retreat, whither they go with their wives and children, coming home laden with flowers and leaves and fruits; stronger, like Antæus, for having touched again Mother Nature's broad breast.

Around New York and Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis, and wherever the German pitches his tent, are to be found convenient pavilions for open-air concerts and the rival passions of the Teutonic heart—beer and good music; not to mention tobacco and dancing, and, above and better than all, that love of nature which is a part of his dreamy and æsthetic brain, find expansion and enjoyment at a very small expense.

The opulent—here a larger class than elsewhere—demand not only these enjoyments, but those of a more elegant nature. Health is a convenient excuse (indeed, our somewhat trying climate does demand a great deal of change, and a free admixture of saline air, or mineral water, to keep us in repair). Of mineral springs the Goddess of Health has been very generous to the United States. Saratoga is probably the most remarkable place in the world for healthful mineral deposits. Sulphur, soda, iodine, iron, alum, magnesia, and that chalybeate which Sam Weller described as "being strongly flavored with warm flat-irons," are all concealed under that generous soil.

Added to these extraordinary and curative bubbling and gas-laden springs, we have the balsamic odor of forests of pines, and no wonder that the Indians, wrapping the invalid Sir William Johnson in a blanket, as he lay low with a wasting fever, told him that they would carry him where the waters would soothe his inward pains, and the air of heaven would cool his fevered brow. They were as good as their word, and carried him three days through the forests in their arms, until they laid him down by the Congress Spring, the first fashionable visitor to Saratoga.

Richfield, Sharon, Avon, the Virginia White Sulphur, red, blue and yellow, follow at a respectful distance; and now Arkansas claims the most wonderful hot springs in the world as a specific for rheumatic gout. St. Catherine's, in Canada, holds also a grand reputation for all those diseases which so haunt the American people, and especially for the constitutional curse of rheumatism.

Then, if we love the mountains, the Catskills, nearest New York, contain an inexhaustible store of health and picturesqueness. The Mountain House, famous for many years, and now the Overlook House, a thousand feet higher, are most romantic spots. The deep ravines, glens, waterfalls and illimitable forests, afford to the pedestrian the most exciting and amply satisfying woodland rambles. There are no peaks in the Catskills, the mountains are wooded to the tops. Bears (very gentle ones) are occasionally met with by the adventurous walker. There are boarding-houses and farm-houses scattered everywhere, more or less comfortable, and of the air it can be safely commended. As Artemus Ward said of the air of Colorado, "It is good; it ought to be, for I expect here is *where they make it.*"

West Point and the Highlands offer immediate and sure open-air delights, and the Profile House in the White Mountains, at the far-famed Franconia Notch, is quite perfect in every way, including fashion. The enjoyments of the White Mountain Notch, now increased by the railroad up Mt. Washington, are manifold; and youth and maiden, papa and mamma, uncle and aunt, and boys innumerable, will wander up and down the mountain side, ride on buckboards and on horseback, and clamber to the tops of crowded stage coaches, in emulation of the city crowds who engage the "Tally Ho."

Trenton Falls, Watkins Glen (most romantic and least used up), will offer their hand-rails and alpen-stocks to adventurous young girls who have the ichor of youth to work off, and who find the picturesque an admirable adjunct to an older and a more personal persuasion—in fact, the oldest of all.

Mauch Chunk, in Pennsylvania, a sort of Switzerland by itself, and the Lehigh Valley, the Delaware Water Gap, are all near to New York and Philadelphia, and are cheap, healthful and well worth seeing.

The Adirondacks, "John Brown's Tract," have become an institution for the hunter and the fisherman and the excursionist, and now club-houses and hotels crop out at many convenient spots, where the less adventurous spirits can hold on to the last rope of civilization before trusting themselves to the unknown.

Camping out and "roughing it" does not agree with everybody. The young and strong can do it; not always the elderly and the weakly. Hence the attractiveness of a gypsy life, mitigated by mattresses and regular meals, a roof over one's head, and, when it rains, a wagon with springs, which will bring one back to civilization, at the moment when nature ceases to draw, have made certain hotels and boarding-houses, at the entrances to these pathless woods, very popular. The real Adirondack traveler despises them, and makes for the most interior lake, where you must carry your canoe on your back, quite as often as it carries you, over the frequent portages. Strange how the Indian comes out of the ground in this country! The effete Cit feels it in his bones, and he returns to the life of the woods with a haunting dream of a pre-existence. The men of the Six Nations have left their voices in the air, and their canoes in the lake.

Of lakes we have no end. Not to speak alone of such gems as Lake Greenwood, Mohawk, Mahopac, Geneva, Owasco, Cayuga, Saratoga, Cooperstown; or the greater Lakes George and Champlain; or the greater still, Erie, Ontario, Superior, Michigan—we have everywhere some hidden diamond, on whose glittering surface a shallop is seen to glide at eventide, with the white dress showing clearly against the twilight, the black coat less distinct, but sure to be there—the old companionship of Youth and Love, with the immortal setting of sunset, and the coming espionage of the stars, and crescent moon.

Of ocean resorts, wherever there is a bluff or a beach there is to be found a house of call, a bathing-house or houses, and some people. Come to these yellow sands!

Coney Island, with its thousands, a great gasp, a breathing-place for the millions; Long Branch, with even its splendid pier walking out into the sea—Venus advancing to meet Neptune; Cape May; Atlantic City (our Winter Torquay); Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, where once old General Jackson and his suite unbent for Summer recreation; Mount Desert, where, as at Biarritz, the mountains come down to the sea; all the coast of Massachusetts; and far Nantucket, a gem of the ocean—once so lonely and so deserted; Fire Island—long sand-spit; up to gay, fashionable, courtly Newport—all, all is salt, breezy, refreshing, and crowded. Boating, fishing, driving and yachting are the business of the many.

Yachting is a business by itself. Our pleasure-navy is now quite a respectable fleet. Did the owners of the *Resolute*, the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, the *Wave*, the *Dauntless* and the *Magic*, and their companions, choose to put a howitzer on board, they could defend New York Harbor. Ladies wear their colors on their fans, dress in uniform, and wear hats and ribbons after the pattern of their dear yachts; and the annual regattas, the procession of the yachts to New London and Newport, whenever the commodore commands, is chronicled as one of the events of the age. To see the fleet come in at New London rouses all the blood along the coast, and to be invited on board is an event which one celebrates in champagne cups and with fitting solemnities. It is a fresh, beautiful, invigorating thing to do, no doubt, to spend a Summer on a yacht. Lord Dufferin has made one such voyage immortal.

Lesser means, but the same instinct, lead a crowd which is, to say the least, very republican, to try sea-fishing off the Fishing Banks, near New York. Steamboats, with music, dancing and drinking, take a rough crowd to these convenient open-air resorts; and it is to be feared that the fun gets fast and furious, and somewhat rough, on these predatory expeditions.

Still lesser enterprise, and no means at all, keeps many a poor family entirely dependent on the city parks, of which we have in New York two glorious examples of our own—Central Park and the Battery—and that of Brooklyn. Thither creep the tired artisan and his wife at the close of a hot, sultry, fatiguing day, with their pale children. "It is," says Dickens, "thank God! not easy to chase the cheerfulness from a child's heart"; but it looks almost a hopeless case as the poor children drag their steps toward the green grass. What a change! In an hour, what shouts, what gayety, what dear delight! Who would grudge them the hospitality of a dandelion? Nature is the great curative, the immortal nurse. Then, thank the philanthropist who suggested and carried out the plan of carrying off by hundreds the poor children to the farms and hillsides. The pine-tree called to the palm, and the palm has answered back.

Of outdoor sports, we have famous cricket-matches at Hoboken, at which ladies are often seen. This is a great improvement on the past.

Horse-racing has been improved by the introduction of beautiful club-houses, and the presence of refined women. The race-course and club-house at Jerome Park are among the prettiest in the world; and to see the well-dressed crowd who gather there every fine race-day is to see the most perfect out-of-door picnic possible.

Coaching must ever remain the pleasure of the opulent few. But it is, without doubt, a very growing taste with the American people. Four-in-hands appear not only at the fashionable resorts like Long Branch and Newport, Saratoga and New London, but in all the cities, at the popular Long Island resorts, and are the adjuncts of many luxurious homes in the country.

We cannot claim yet for our people the out-of-door luxuries of the English aristocracy. We have not yet the splendid opening-day of Ascot, or Epsom—probably we never shall have, as we have no Prince of Wales. We have superb horses, and we have zealous turfmen; we have a fine sky, and beautiful women—so much for our material. We have the sinews of war, also; but so long as we do not have an aristocratic class, we must miss much that makes a foreign race-day attractive.

We have not the hedgerows of Kent or Sussex—we have no such house to look at as we drive by as Eton Hall, or Blenheim, or Chatsworth, and our coaching must be done on rough roads—through environs not always beautiful, before we can reach a country which is pretty or attractive. Along the Hudson River we find the best roads, and the most beautiful surroundings (except those about Boston and Philadelphia) in this country; but to reach our own Hudson River, how much must the driver of a four-in-hand encounter which is neither savory nor picturesque!

The suddenness with which railroads came upon us, led to the abandonment of the old country inn and certain good roads kept up necessarily for the stage-coach—then the only carrier of the mails and of the suffering passenger. This is a pity, as there were some charming and comfortable old houses, known to all travelers. Now the second-class railroad-inn at railway-stations is the abomination of desolation, and the perfection of dirt, sun-heat, flies, feather-beds, and bad cookery.

To mention trout-fishing is to invoke the names of two or three geniuses who have emulated Isaac Walton in their zeal and poetry. One of these, Mr. Robert Roosevelt, has left little to be said. However, we may allude to the Club Houses on Long Island, where the comforts and luxuries of the members, and the preservation of the fish have both become proverbs. The best mountain trout are being found in middle New York and Pennsylvania, and in the Adirondacks, in the Beaver Kill, the Neversink, the Calicoon, and other tributaries of the Delaware. This highly aristocratic fish haunts only the purest water and the most romantic scenery. He is hard to take, but when taken, he is a Prince.

Of sea-fishing off Newfoundland; of fishing in those streams which flow into the Bay of Fundy; of excursions from Boston for cod—"'Tis merry when you've wagered on your angling; when your diver did hang a salted fish upon your hook;" of Long Island sea-fishery, where the fisherman stands for hours playing with a gigantic bass; of the salmon fisheries—and of the enormous industries which fill our markets with the best of fish from Florida to Maine, we have no space to treat in detail.

"It is an instinct deep in the heart of an Anglo-Saxon," says some philosopher, "to kill something." Fishing has every charm. Hope is the foundation of it—we all of us expect, always, whatever time we fling, that there will be something at the end of it; and the fisherman who catches either a wary trout or a mighty bass, has had fresh air, scenery, health, exercise, and conquest thrown in, to his hour's sport. There is scarcely an innocent triumph over nature which so well deserves the name of sport as this. But stop!—"A strange, invisible perfume hits the sense."

All along the shores of Rhode Island, ascends as an incense to the genius of hospitality, the glorious aroma of baked clams! Could there be a more appetizing odor? As the sail-cloth, beneath whose damp covers the steam, passing through fragrant sea-weed, has cooked to perfection bushels of clams, heaps of Indian corn, loads of fish, is lifted—what a sensation! So might King Philip have entertained Massasoit!

There is something regal and Homeric in a clam bake. The sea, the land, have lent their best products. Fire has been called down from heaven, to make those polished stones give forth their most conservative heat; the sea-weed, washed by a thousand waves, comes up, an apotheosis of cleanliness, to make itself a voluntary *Norma*—a

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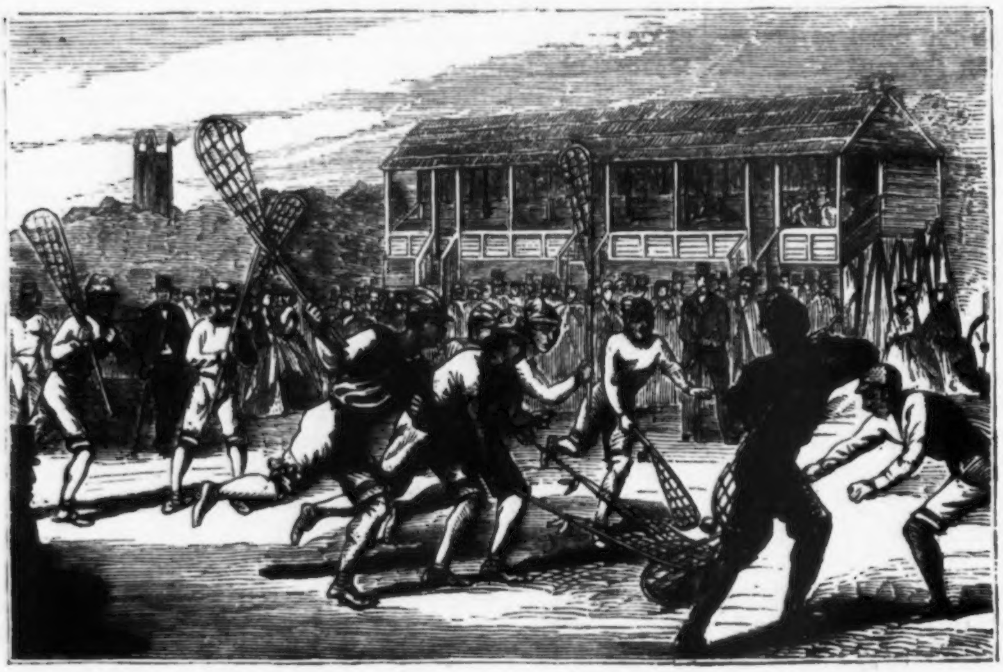
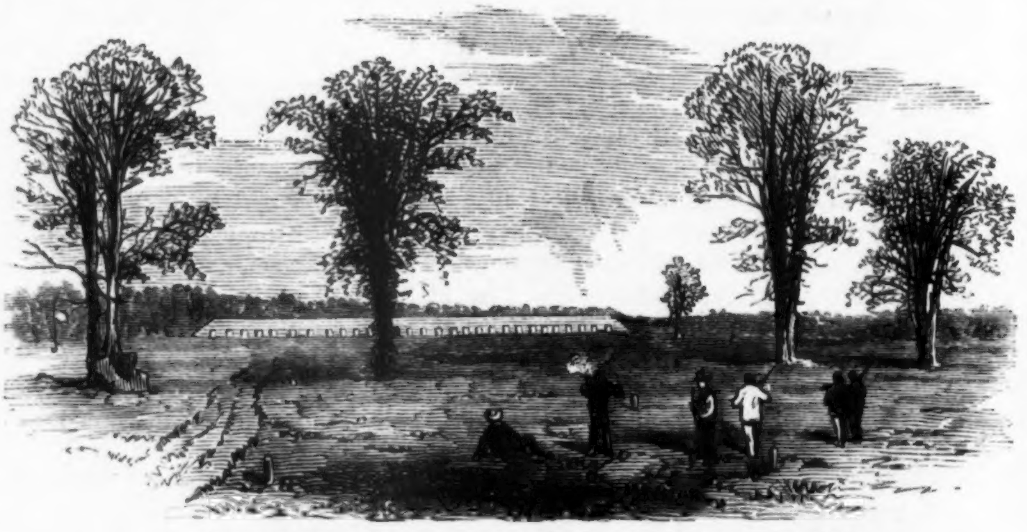


A GAME OF LA CROSSE.



THE SHARPSHOOTING AT CREEDMOOR AND OTHER TRIAL GROUNDS.

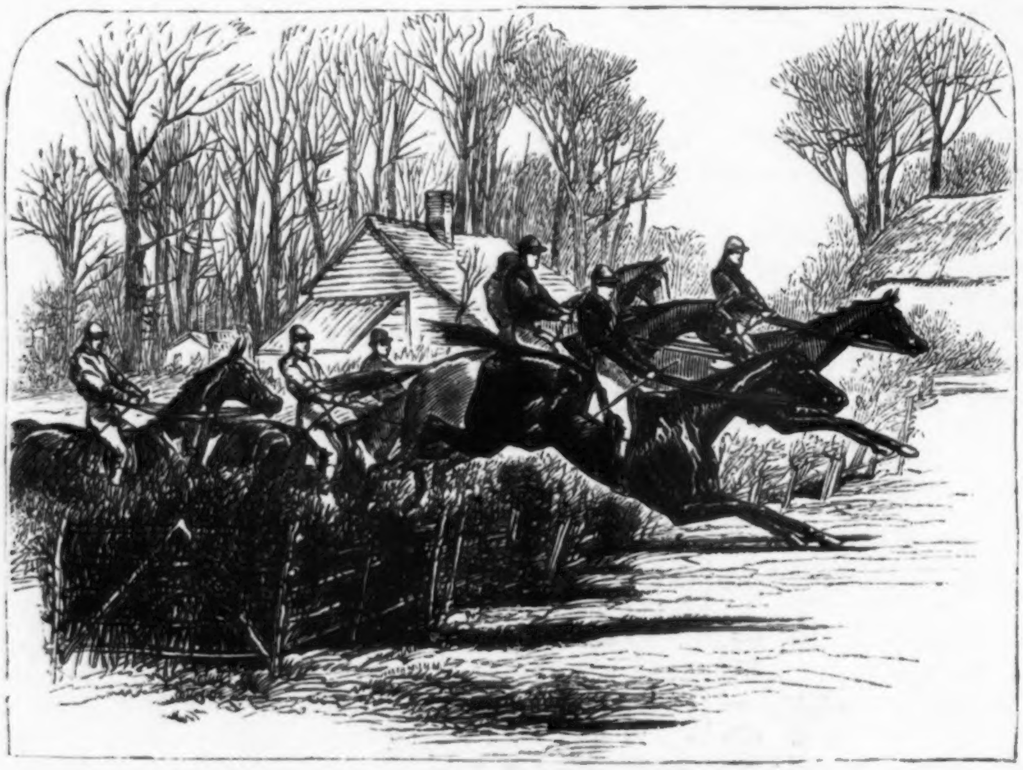
high-priestess of Nature, who is to be burned at the stake that we may eat. It is an epic sacrifice! After the diffusion of an odor which would make all the naiads, hamadryads, and fauns in the neighborhood die of pleasure, we mortals sit down to the treat of baked clams, dipped in butter; and breathing one word of warning, that the delighted epicure must not eat the tails, we go on to the corn, which, roasted in the silk, yields a flavor and a deliciousness which is unparalleled.

If Rhode Island had not already adopted the old Indian greeting, "What Cheer!" for her "field-mark and device," she should, after inventing the clam-bake, have that title conferred upon her by a congress of nations.

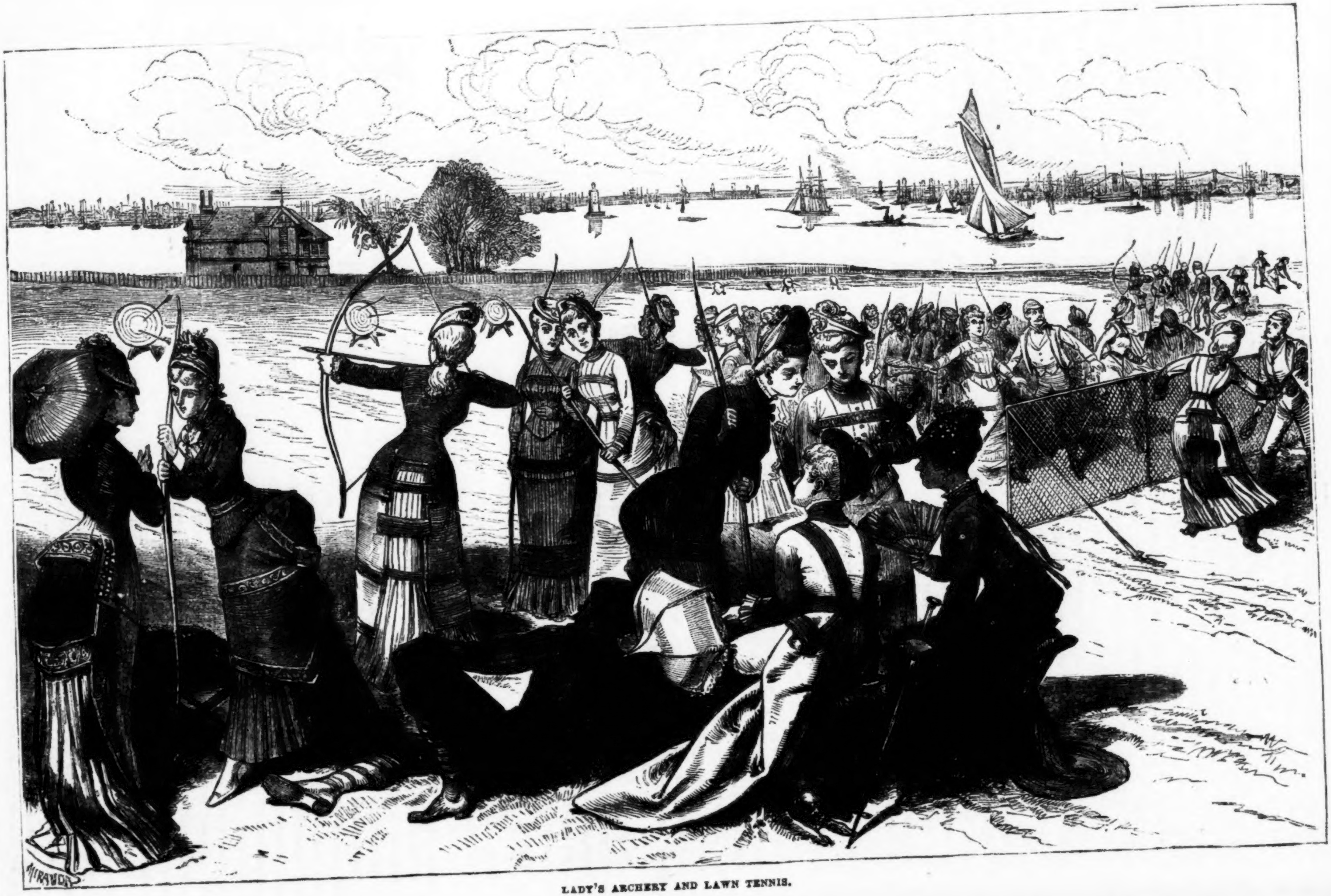
Agricultural fairs in a rural neighborhood, are very great blessings to a population who cannot go far from home. The improvement in stock, and the taste for improved breeds, give them an added interest for our dwellers in the country. So strongly had agricultural pursuits stamped themselves upon the mind of one of our country gentry, that on being asked if he had not been cheated in the sale of a bull, a gentleman farmer remarked: "Oh, no! Short-horned men are always honest"—he confounded the man with the lesser animal. In great Central New York the cows have titles of nobility, and the "Duchess of Geneva" was sold for $50,000—that is, as much as the "Duchess" of Gainsborough was worth, perhaps more! From the grand re-unions at Rochester, Geneva, and in the West, where

"Slow paced the milk-white oxen
garlanded,"

march to music and roll their great eyes calmly about, to the smaller county fair, in some little agricultural village, the great excitement, the pleasure and the usefulness of these beautiful September days devoted to fairs are unqualified. Many humble sports—the revolving swing, an occasional trotting match, a man with



A HURDLE RACE.



LADY'S ARCHERY AND LAWN TENNIS.

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performing bears, many talkative peddlers; an address from some foreign celebrity; the display of gigantic pumpkins, and all of Pomona's children; the elegant T-cart of the local beau; the carriage of the wealthy Summer resident, down to the unwashed wagon and dingy harness of the farmer, who, perhaps, contributes the best butter and cheese. All these go to make up a lively picture, and recall the *kermiss* of the German towns, particularly when some lanky Ichabod Crane drags his pretty, blushing Katrina across the track, or treats her to an aerial voyage in the revolving swing.

At one of these country fairs last Autumn appeared some Canadian Indians with their graceful game of Lacrosse. It was a pretty sight, and set the village youth to trying variety in the game of ball.

It is astonishing to the uninterested observer, this passion for ball-playing. Scarcely an illustrated paper but has some picture of a victorious team. The present enthusiasm may be said to be about ten years old, and every year, besides the numerous games between professional, semi-professional and amateur clubs, there are contests between the college "teams" of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, Amherst, Brown and Trinity. The college champion games for the last five years have resulted as follows: 1874, Yale; 1875, Yale; 1876, Harvard; 1877, Harvard; 1878, Harvard.

In 1874 the game of football as played at Rugby was adopted at Harvard, and has now become the regulation game at the football-playing colleges. In 1874, Harvard played a game with McGill College of Montreal, which resulted in a draw. In 1874-5 Harvard defeated McGill at Montreal. In 1875-6 Harvard defeated all Canada in two games, and Yale in one. In 1876-7 Yale won the championship. In 1877-8 Princeton defeated Harvard, and Yale defeated Princeton, but no game was played between Yale and Harvard; so, for the present, the honors are divided at football.

No surer test of the vitality of a taste or of its intense popularity than this record of contests of the leading colleges. The story that it tells is that of the tastes of our first young men—what they are doing, thinking of, and emulating. There can be no finer sight than to see them, in the vigor of youth and beauty, running, leaping, working, making a toil of pleasure, strengthening leg and arm and back, and really working while they believe themselves to be playing. It is, of course, the old story over again of the quoit-player; and the sculptor and the painter can have no finer living models. A fine, bronzed, vigorous set are these ball-players; and when the balls they will hereafter attempt to catch shall be what the world calls honors, names, fortunes and renown, may they find that they have trained for victory.

But of all the out-of-door amusements of the American youth, none has had so brave a showing, so proud a record, none has excited such wild enthusiasm, as the boating. The story of the American intercollegiate boat-races, the self-denial included in the long training, the noble and heroic devotion of each man to the tiresome drill, the courageous indifference to danger, illness and dullness in the seclusion of the weeks before the race, the pluck, magnanimity and courage—all, all would make a heroic poem. No doubt the sport, as such, is one of the greatest recreations in the world; but when it becomes a contest it tests the marrow in one's bones. It is a dangerous and an exciting exhibit of how much a man is worth. No doubt many a fine young life has been sacrificed to it. It is no child's play.

Boat-racing in this country is about thirty years old; Harvard and Yale conducting a yearly contest somewhat on the principle of Oxford and Cambridge, and other colleges—particularly Columbia—gaining great credit for races with amateur crews, as well as with those of the colleges. These races were continued harmoniously until 1871, when a foul occurred between Harvard and Yale at Worcester, and the colors were given to Harvard, although Yale was first to cross the line. Acting under the impression that the referee's decision was an unfair one, Yale declined to row with Harvard on the following year; and an intercollegiate association was formed by Harvard. The race of that year was won by the Amherst Agricultural School. The following year a number of other colleges, among whom were Cornell, Columbia and Yale, joined the association; and all three races at Springfield—single scull, freshman sixes and university sixes—were won by Yale. There was great dissatisfaction among the friends of Harvard at the result of this race, as it was claimed, according to their idea, that the finishing-line was diagonal, and that if allowance had been made for a turn of the river, the race would have been given to Harvard. In 1874 the races were on the beautiful Saratoga Lake, by far the best place for them in the United States, and the most elegant crowd of women ever seen at any similar gathering in this country stood on the shores to greet their favorite contestants. Never was there such a blaze of color! It was a saturnalia of flags. The crimson of Harvard, the blue of Yale, the blue and white of Columbia, the yellow of Princeton and the lavender of Wesleyan—all fluttered, not from the flagstaffs alone, but from the slender waists, the round hats, of pretty girls, who were watching "some friend, some brother there"; while they, the contestants, in close-fitting flannel and little turbans of their favorite colors, drew up, awaiting the judges' signal.

Saratoga Lake was capricious; for two days her waves put on white-caps; she was ambitious of a turban herself; the patient crowd came and went. At last, on the third day (Saturday morning), the judges announced that the hour had come, and the crowd went out again, plowing with impatient feet the beautifully-kept grounds of Mr. Frank Leslie, who had opened his gates to the spectators of all nations.

A splendid sight! One that those who saw will never forget, as those nine crews departed. What vigor, what certainty of stroke, what a fine set of creatures they seemed as they bent their lean backs to the work!

Every one felt that *the* race was between Harvard and Yale, with those two fine athletes at the stroke oar—Wendall Goodwin, of Harvard, and Cook, of Yale. Every one followed those two flags, now the crimson, and now the blue, when, alas! an oar was seen to flash in air, a few dewdrops were thrown upward—there had been a collision (*a foul*, as both claimed), and Wesleyan came in second, while Columbia, with her splendid young captain, Jasper Goodwin, coming in first, excited a magnificent enthusiasm. It is worthy of note, as corroborating the foresight of General Grant, that while nobody was talking about this crew, he prophesied that they would win, much to the disgust of his son Ulysses, who was a Harvard man.

This race, and the long quarrel between Yale and Harvard *à propos* of it, is a subject too personal to be entered into. It must be conceded, however, that to Cook, of Yale, the colleges owe the university stroke, and that he has personally given a great impetus to rowing. To him, to Ostrom, of Cornell, and to Bancroft, of Harvard, does rowing owe very much of its later prestige.

In 1875, Cornell came to the fore, and won the race; Columbia second and Harvard third. Cornell disproved the joke against fresh-water colleges, and took the colors in everything. In 1876, Yale withdrew from the association, and Harvard announced that she would row, for the last time, an eight-oar four-mile race, with coxswains, against Yale. Yale won easily. This was at Springfield. In the later association-race at Saratoga, Cornell was first and Harvard second in all races, including the single-scull, freshmen and university.

In 1876, Yale won the intercollegiate four-oar race over Columbia, and also the Dublin University crew, at the Centennial Regatta at Philadelphia, and came very near defeating the famous four of the London Rowing Club.

Harvard defeated, first, Columbia, and then Yale in the eight-oared races at Springfield in 1877; again defeated Yale at New London in 1878, and in the latter year Columbia, bravely going over to England, entered a four in the Henley Regatta, and succeeded in winning the race for the "visitors' challenge cup." This, perhaps, was the proudest moment for American rowing. Every one remembers how Columbia greeted her victorious sons; how their boat, and oars even, were all carried by their enthusiastic fellow-students; how they were victoriously borne through the Fifth Avenue, with the city *en fête*, and received at the Windsor by their venerable President, Barnard, who congratulated them on not only beating England, but actually on beating *Time*—a greater, an older and a more obstinate antagonist than England. All this is history. This race, his victory at Saratoga, and all his connection with the oar, places very high the name of Jasper Goodwin in connection with American rowing.

And on Saturday, May 17th, 1879, occurred at Boston something never before known in American boating—five eight-oar crews belonging to one college (Harvard), each class and the law-school being represented, rowed in competition, the seniors winning and the sophomores taking second place.

They hope, undoubtedly, to go over to England, some day, to rub out the defeat which the college suffered in 1869, on the Thames, in which Oxford made an easy victory.

The principal intercollegiate races of the present season will be the annual eight-oar race between Yale and Harvard at New London, and the race between Harvard, Yale and Cornell at Saratoga, in July; the regatta of the "American Henley."

It would be impossible to enter into the illimitable field of the "single sculls," the freshmen, sophomore, or amateur racing clubs; their name is legion. A dozen "champions" exist; captains who make young oarsmen's faces grow pale. It will not do, however, to leave this fascinating subject without recording the proud international victory of the Beverwycks, of Albany, who won the championship of the world at the Centennial, 1876, defeating the London Rowing Club.

This hasty *resumé* of the boating at those "public pulses," the American colleges, shows that boating is, indeed, one of the prominent out-door amusements. We do not need to recall the figures on the Harlem River, who go darting up and down in the twilight; the long and interesting panorama of the Hudson, as one comes down on the evening train, and sees a boat putting out from every inlet, and gliding up and down the placid sweep of the noblest of rivers, to feel that this is true.

Polo has become an eminently popular thing within three years, at the expense of some broken heads. It first appeared at Newport, under the protection of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and was immediately taken up by Mr. Herman Oelrichs, Mr. Lanman Rogers, Mr. Howland Robbins, and Mr. William Douglas, who sustained a severe injury whilst playing it. It then spread to Long Branch; a Polo Club was formed in New York, and a club-house built about a mile from Jerome Park, about six months later. There the club have given some very elegant parties, and have amused their guests by spirited games. The importation of Canadian or Indian ponies, and the game from Canada, was one of the many out-of-door obligations which our neighbors at the North have laid us under. They certainly have a great proclivity for dangerous games—the Canadians—as their Toboggin, and shooting the slides would affirm.

A writer for one of the recent magazines declares that Polo came from India, where it has been known since the days of Scheherazgade—that is, a long time ago. The game requires fourteen men on vigorous, hardy Indian or Canadian ponies. The players wear colored shirts, velveteen breeches, and bright little turbans. One man advances to the centre, and throws up a ball. Immediately both sides start for it, with sticks four or five feet long, crooked at the end. The ponies rear, kick, and dash about; the mallets come down sometimes on heads, instead of balls! The idea is, of course, to spin the ball toward a certain goal, by the *ins*, the *outs* trying to keep the ball in the field. In this the game resembles our national pitch and toss for the Presidency. The ground must be 400 feet long, and 250 feet wide. It is inclosed by tall white poles, 50 feet from each other, and the ends are marked by two goal-poles, 25 feet apart, each bearing a white flag. The ball must be driven between the flags to secure a victory. The ponies must not exceed fourteen hands in height, and must not show any vice. Spurs with rowels are not allowed, except on special occasions. A player may interpose a pony before an antagonist, to prevent him from reaching the ball. When the ball falls out of the boundary, it must be returned by an impartial person; and before the ball is thrown up by the umpire at the outset of the game, each side must be stationed about twelve feet within the goal posts. Swinging the mallet is prohibited. Such is Polo—a very picturesque game.

There are, already, clubs all over the country. There is no reason why there should not be one in every village. It is very exciting, and not very expensive—the ponies cost about seventy-five dollars a-piece. It is a manly and courageous game, and develops horsemanship in the highest degree.

Lawn-tennis is an exceedingly pretty game, which ornaments a lawn, and makes the players quite pleasing objects from the library window. It is the old battledore and shuttlecock played over a net, at some distance, with balls. It can now be bought for about thirty dollars a set, and is much more exciting than croquet, which it displaces.

That would be a feeble and incomplete picture of the Summer amusements of the American people that left out our monster steamboat-excursions, which through all the Summer go out, loaded to the water's edge, with music, food, and people, for a day's fresh air. They are always crowded—so one wonders what fresh vitality can be gained from them. But they seem to be safe. One never hears of an accident, like that dreadful one on the Thames of last year. The management of all our monster steamboats must be admirable—they seem as safe, though trifling with two dreadful monsters, steam and ocean, or steam and the rivers, or our turbulent inland lakes, as in one's own parlor, and they are certainly very luxurious.

Sunday-school picnics to parks and to glades just outside the city limits are very gay and healthful occasions for city children, and it is claimed that no child has been lost in this great City of New York from such an expedition. How dreadful for them to return to the foul air of a

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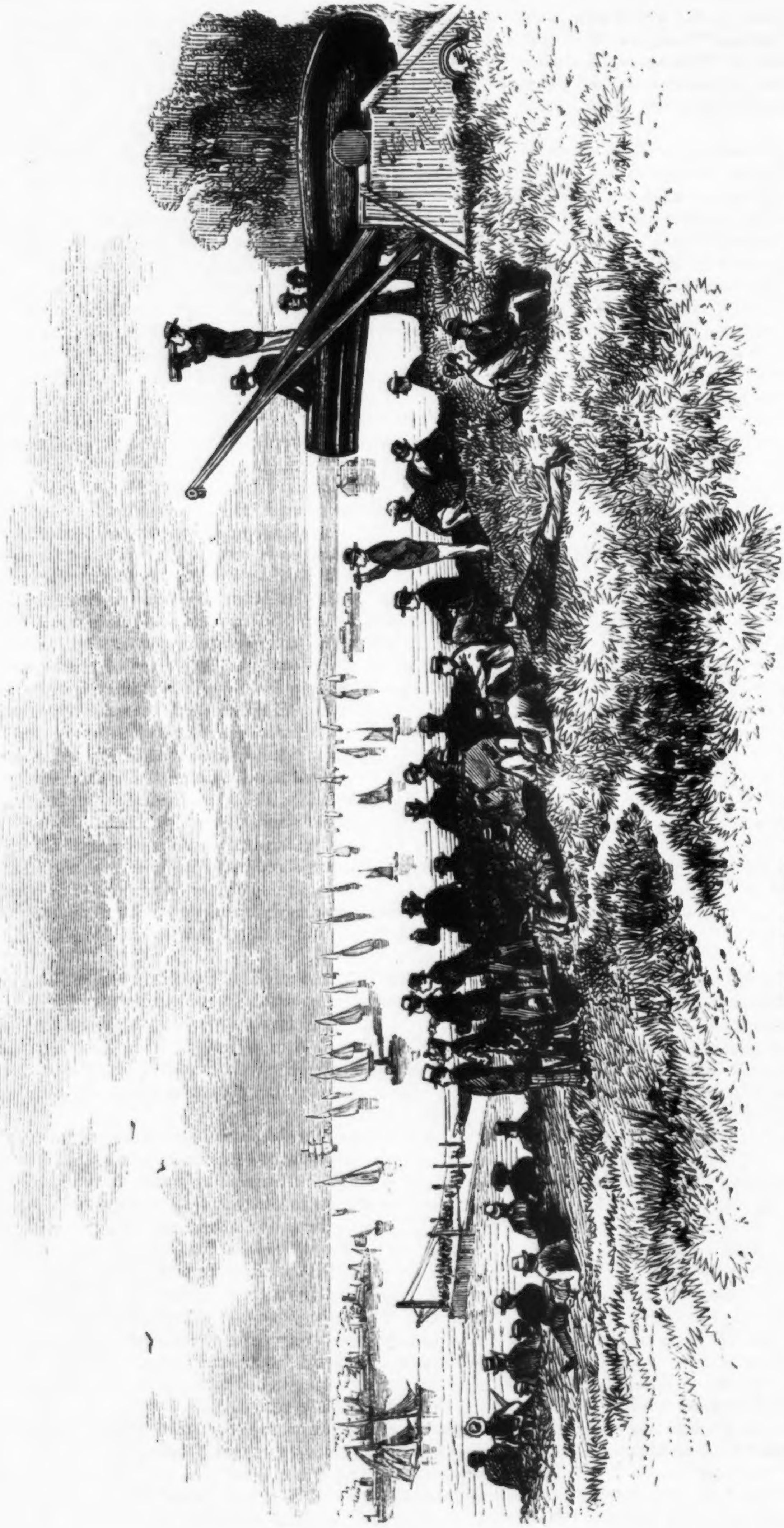


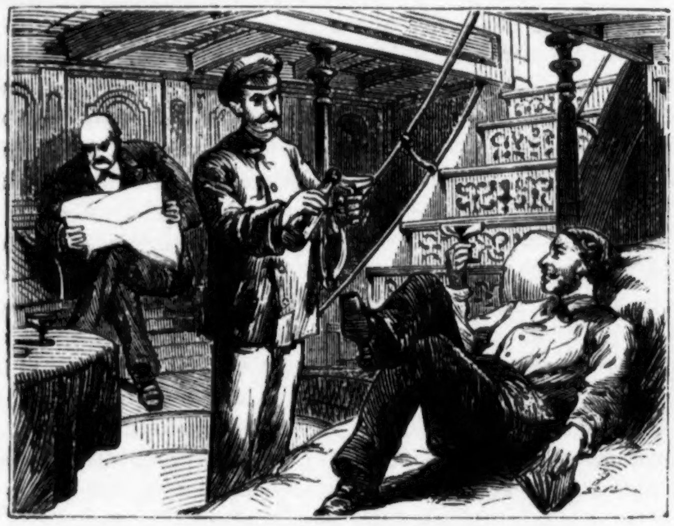
THE YACHTING SEASON.—REGATTAS ON THE LAKES AND HARBORS.

tenement house after such a day!

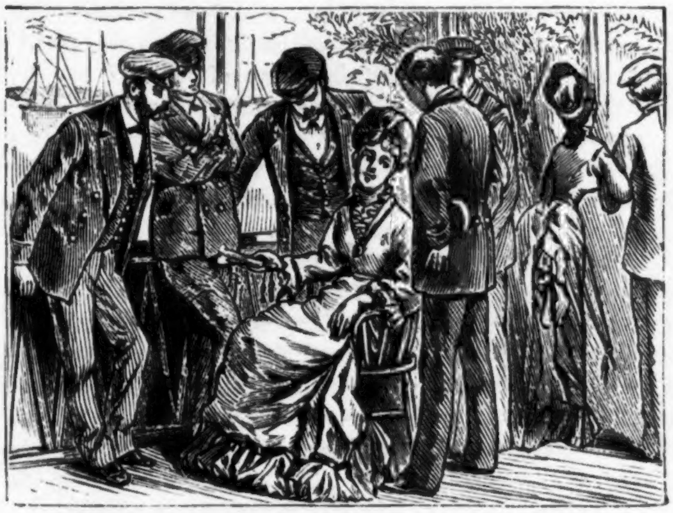
Horseback riding has become much more of a recreation for women during the last ten years. The park has offered to New York women unusual facilities for this delightful and healthful recreation. We have not yet utilized the donkey of England, or the mule of Switzerland, but their day is not far off. We need, also, for the transportation of the lame and the lazy, the *chaise à porteur* of Switzerland. Many women cannot walk, and thus lose the charming, intricate meanderings of a park, or of such a spot as Watkins Glen. Why not give us some drawings of the *chaise à porteur?* and then if some energetic person would only import a few! Those rolling chairs which came over for the Centennial have been of greatest service to many of the persons hitherto chained to the back piazza.

Of open-air concerts, we can only regret that they are so few. There should be one in every park in New York, at least one day in the week. How lovely the music sounds in our clear and unclouded air. All our watering-places should have a *casino,* where the music-loving could meet and cheaply hear the very best music. Our German friends alone conquer this in their open-porticoed and generously roomy beer-gardens or concert-rooms.

As for dancing in the open air, we have not yet reached that. The peasants of the South of France dance gayly under the wal-



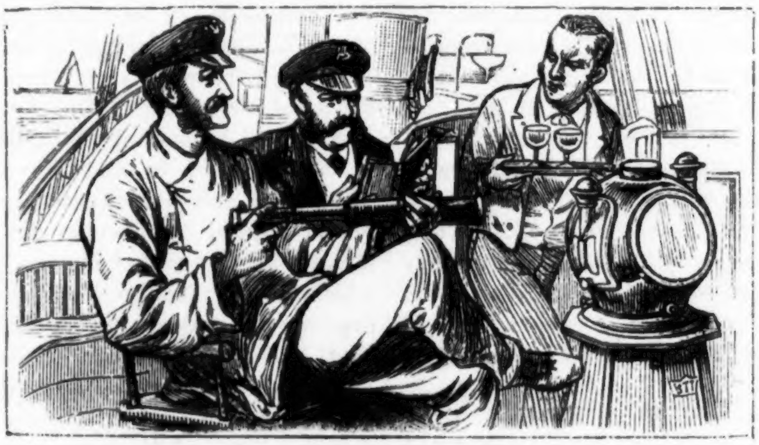
ON BOARD A YACHT.—BELOW DECK IN A CALM.



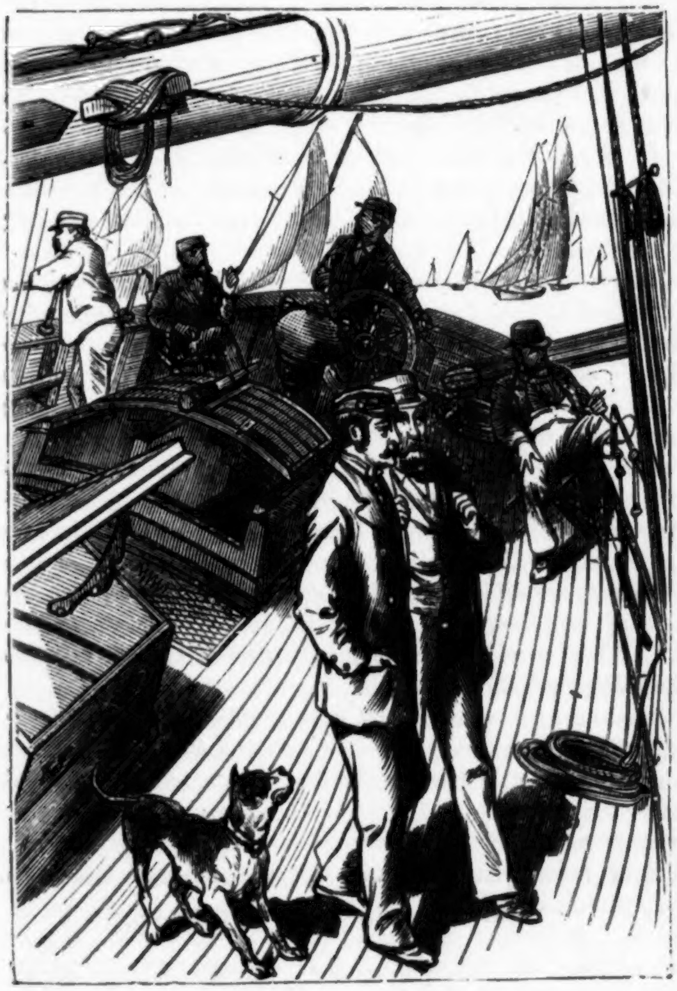
RECREATION ASHORE.

nuts, but none but plantation negroes ever dance in America, except in hot and stifling rooms, under gaslight. Then, again, we do not eat in the open air as we ought to do. In Switzerland, who ever eats anywhere else if he can help it? and why have not the Delmonicoes, or some other vigorous and tasteful restaurateurs, taught us that we can enhance our pleasure by an out-of-door banquet?

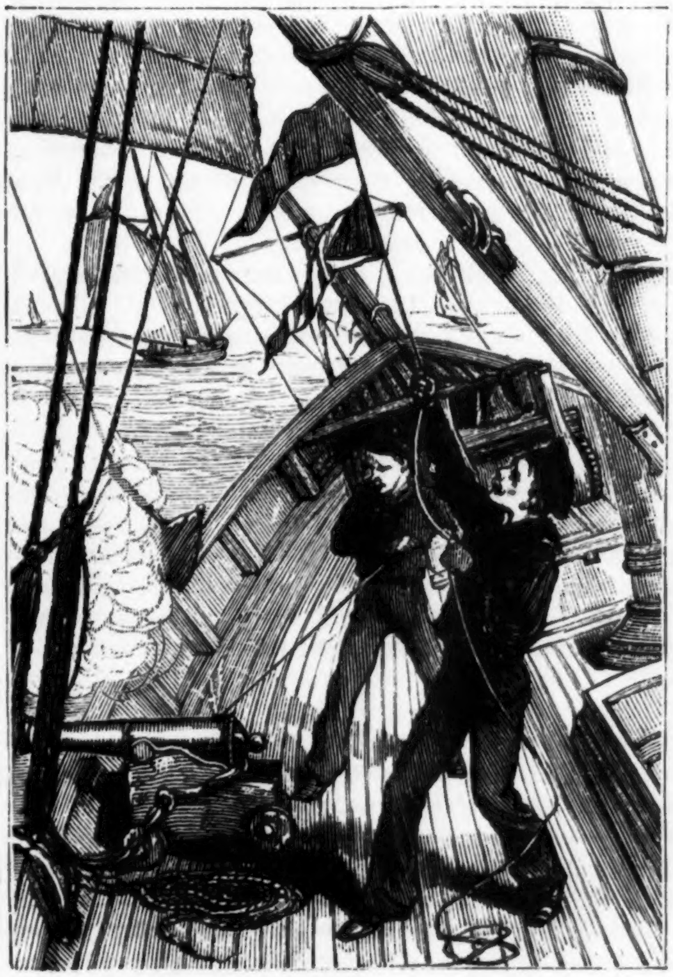
Walking is a very old amusement; it can scarcely be called peculiar to America, and yet it is just now a very great passion. Many clubs are formed for walking into the country from towns, perhaps for journeys of twenty or thirty miles; young men take long walks over a certain State or tract. The Catskills



ON BOARD A YACHT.—THE COMMODORE AND FLEET CAPTAIN.



ON BOARD A YACHT.—UNDER FULL SAIL.



ON BOARD A YACHT.—SIGNALING.

offer great facilities for this sort of healthful recreation. The modern way is to study your shoes, your gait, and the posture of your arms. The result is in most cases good, but women should be careful. They often walk too far and too much. Horseback riding is far better for women, and moderate rowing. But all physical training should be gentle with women. They have not the fibre, the staying power of their English sisters; an American woman can readily ruin her health.

American people are very gregarious: they like to go in crowds. That is, perhaps, why they submit to most notorious inconveniences at watering-places, and endure the troubles of over-crowded cars and steamboats. The country everywhere, just off the grand routes, is full of most delightful retreats, and cool, comfortable, uncrowded seaside resorts abound, but they are not popular; people like to be in a great caravansary or in a crowded steamboat. Perhaps as yet, on this point, we are not entirely civilized.

Americans are prone to take long journeys in Summer—journeys which make a European traveler stare. Already, chartered cars are taking parties to Colorado Springs—that wonderful State, which should be spelled Eldorado—and to the Yosemite Valley, and to the Mammoth Cave. Anxious and determined sportsmen have gone to Lake Mollychunckamug, and other lakes with remarkable names, in search of fish, in the still unsported State of Maine.

It must be said in respect to our palace cars, however, that they have no equal in the world for comfort and convenience, and that they are as comfortable and luxurious as any moving thing can be. A journey, however, through our heat and dust is a trying thing, even with the best of appliances.

The old travel on the Great Lakes, Michigan, Erie, Superior, etc., making of that wonderful and beautiful and unique place, Mackinaw, a Summer watering-place, was as near the perfection of travel in Summer as could well be. "My dear sir," said President Van Buren, once, speaking of a tour through the Lakes on one of these steamers, "I have been to a cotillion party which lasted a fortnight." The first negro minstrels used to sing and play on these boats, and dancing was allowed without an introduction to your partner—such was the order of the day. *Nous avons changé tout cela;* but the question remains, Have we improved?

An American crowd bent on pleasure is a good-natured crowd, and the average American citizen is a well-behaved person. The patience and the serenity about meals always excite the admiration of an Englishman, who is furious if his beer and beef are kept from him a moment. Lord Ronald Gower, a noble and most just observer of our institutions, traveling *incognito* here last year, declares that this good behavior on the part of Americans in their out-of-door sports, their travels, and their contact with each other, struck him very favorably. He, with all Englishmen, was amazed at the profusion of good food furnished on a North River steamboat, and, like Thackeray, praised a country where a full meal could be obtained five times a day.

However, as the old proverb says, "Zeal without knowledge is a fire without light." So the American traveler must choose his pleasure discriminatingly. He can otherwise purchase fatigue and annoyance without much pleasure.

For a walking tour he cannot do better than to choose the Catskill Mountains; the valleys of the Catskill and Katterskill Creeks; the whole beautiful country of the Berkshire Hills, where, if fatigued, he can descend upon the charming and informal watering-place, Lenox; the Shawangunk Mountains, in New York and Pennsylvania, which for wildness are unsurpassed; or, for grandeur of view, the White Mountains of New Hampshire. For these last he wants almost a Swiss outfit. It is very simple—two pairs of easy shoes, some flannel shirts, an easy-fitting, light knapsack, and a coarse, light flannel suit; an india-rubber blanket, rolled tight, is also indispensable, although its odor is by no means pleasant.

Then, for a short tour with ladies, we have Canada and the Saguenay; the fortnight's ride through the White Mountains; the trip to the Wyoming Valley and Delaware Water Gap; and the never-failing Niagara. These trips cost scarcely more than a month at a fashionable watering-place, and require no fine clothes.

The Adirondack season—for it has a season—must be carefully calculated in order to avoid the flies, which sting dreadfully in certain months. Before committing one's self to this most daring leap backward into the manners of the Mohawk, a very careful consultation should be had with some experienced Adirondack traveler.

It would be an interesting dream to imagine old Rip Van Winkle, or some proud and lofty chieftain of the Six Nations, standing on an imaginary height and watching the outdoor sports of the American citizen, who—hard-worked and brain-shattered man!—desires for a few weeks to creep back into that life of the woods, that solitude, which they enjoyed without interruption. They would be tempted, perhaps, to make that original remark, "There is nothing new under the sun," as they saw the attempts which the "civilizee" (to use Fourier's contemptuous expression) makes to reach what the chieftain and Rip Van Winkle enjoyed so much, and so without effort.

Particularly might they smile at that devotion to the rifle which has built up Creedmoor. Perhaps Rip would criticise some of the extraordinary crouchings which the amateur sportsman has invented to get a good sight. It is an extraordinary and almost universal American gift, this precision of the American aim. It is the only international trial in which we have always beaten the English. Lord Harris and his English team of cricketers beat the Americans off the ground, but no English team has approached the American Rifle Team. The grounds at Creedmoor are pretty, the shooting intensely interesting, and the ride thither, past Mr. Stewart's Garden City, very agreeable.

The rifle, that desperate and deadly thing, goes on being improved to that degree, and with such remarkable strides, that it almost defeats itself. The old story about Michael Scott's coon will cease to be a fable, for a thing which carries a bullet so far and with such unerring accuracy needs only to be seen to be avoided by a foe.

The Germans, sure to be in for any out-of-door sports, are already in the field—indeed, have long had their "schutzenfests"; and the American boy, who chooses for his Fourth of July holiday his gun and dog, and goes out to reprehensibly shoot robins, is only one of a vast procession of millions, who, with guns on back, are marching slowly but surely toward that inevitable warfare between the killer and the killed.

No doubt this passion for rifle-shooting is a most useful one, although to many of us it seems a waste of powder. Anything which cultivates the finer senses, anything which improves the eye and ear, anything which gives a man another means of self-defense, is useful and admirable.

Ever moving onward, with steps which hail the dawn, or—

> "Brush the dew upon the upland lawn,"

or carrying off the crest of the sea-foam, are our peripatetic fellow-beings, the seekers of outdoor amusement for

XUM

youth and maiden, who climb yonder mountain, or who dash into the abounding wave at Long Branch. What an important Summer it may be! To many the great question will be put and answered, as to whether or not this Summer shall be the last they spend together, or only the first of many.

As Oliver Wendell Holmes says in his paper about the Schoolmistress, in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table":

"She asked me which way I preferred to walk home.

"'If you will go with me, we will take the long path,' said I."

## OXFORD AND DOG ROSES.

"It feels like England to-day," said a friend, as we drove through the Park together.

"Yes, Oxford and dog roses," said I.

"What association have you with the two?" said she.

"I do not know, except that I saw them together. Oxford, to American eyes, is almost too enjoyable; it almost defeats itself—the antiquity first and the architecture second, and those lovely gardens third. Those grotesque gargoyles, the luxuriant and dainty ivy, 'feeding on the ruins old,' and, better still, the dog roses in St. John's Gardens, and the lime-trees, heavy with fragrance and murmurous with bees.

"The students were gone when we were there, in June, so we had those slumber-laden old, quiet gardens to ourselves, and meditated on our short English journeys, past, present and to come; our perilous pursuit of a cathedral; our Arctic explorations in search of an English lake, or our now quiet, tranquil conquest of Oxford!

"Oxford, always rich, always powerful, always under ecclesiastical or royal patronage, Oxford has continually grown in the richest and most perfect manner. It is incarnate England in its best estate—the estate of Intellect and of Religion. Here is a great race rearing its young, under the combined influences of reason, beauty and of wealth. It seems at first as if no common man could exist, after an education at Oxford. He must be an artist after looking at his college, and a poet after wandering in its gardens; he must be an antiquarian, for every waterspout gives him a lesson several centuries old; he must be an architect, for in his daily walks he cannot escape looking at the best models in the world. Yet, alas for this speculation! how many poor, feeble, unworthy scholars has Oxford turned out! How little our surroundings have to do with our education; how entirely it is the mental food which we assimilate, not that which we eat, which furnishes us with the material for future work and achievement.

"But the short ride from Oxford to Blenheim, royal gift of Anne to the Duke of Marlborough, at once adds to, and takes from, the pleasures of Oxford. It mixes sensations to go from William of Wyckham to Queen Anne, the dullest sovereign England ever had. She had, however, a queenly gratitude when she gave Blenheim to the Duke; and old Sarah, his bad-tempered duchess, knew how to arrange her grounds. To be sure, she had the Royal Park of Woodstock, where Fair Rosamond's ghost still makes the hidden path romantic, to work on, and she had a long purse, which she and John Churchill had, not too scrupulously, filled; but she had taste, too. She planted great, stately groves of trees, which should resemble the Duke's forces at Blenheim; she made the wild park look like a country beauty in a Court brocade—an exquisite combination—and she led you by great, stately avenues, up to her commanding peristyle. Sir John Vanbrugh built the present palace.

'Lay lightly on him, earth, for he
Laid many a heavy weight on thee,'

said some poet, of this ponderous architect. But he built for grandeur, pompous greatness, elevated and sombre ideas. Blenheim is very impressive, very grand, very symmetrical; while within it is a treasure-house of pictures, statues, old tapestry, tables of rare and curious workmanship, and old china of the richest.

"The tapestry is peculiar, and I have not often seen it alluded to. It is a history of the Duke's victories, wrought by some Belgian nuns, and sent to him as a present. It has the merit of an excellent painting in drawing, coloring, atmosphere, and furnishes the walls of two rooms, yet every stitch was put in by those patient nuns. How many tears, how many regrets for wasted lives, how many hours of enforced solitude have been stitched into those spirited groups! It is the cleanest, clearest, most brilliant tapestry in Europe. Then the rooms are full of Rubenses and Vandycks.

"One of the most beautiful 'Henrietta Marias' in all Europe is at Blenheim. Charles had his adored Queen painted very often. She is in her *premiere jeunesse*, with her little curls brought down on her forehead, her great, liquid black eyes and ruby lips looking the image of health and coquetry. She brought French taste to sombre England, and her dress is always charming. Probably Anthony Vandyck had something to do with the grace of that collar—but it was a nice thing in its way.

"After the pictures, then the china. Oh! what old Dresden, what Majolica, what Faience, what Henri Deny, what porcelain, and what not! But "that way madness lies," and we must not awaken the jealousies of the china-maniacs.

"The Gardens of Blenheim are superb. Every tree and shrub, every flower that England's gracious coolness and temperate climate encourages, is found in those delicious solitudes; for 'all the King's horses and all the King's men' would not break the stillness and quiet of Blenheim's grounds.

"From Blenheim, we follow up Fair Rosamond to the Abbey of Godstow, where she retreated and died, they say, and not by Eleanor's dramatic dagger or cup. How many tableaux would be spoiled, how many poems unwritten, if we believed history?—which we do not. We *read* History, and believe Legend. Yet there is something quaint in imagining the broken-hearted beauty in a nun's *coif*. I dare say she made it very becoming, and as one wanders around the ruins of Godstow, the lovely face looks out of yonder lattice, and brings back a vision of that early freshness—that fatal bloom, which insnared a monarch and ruined a woman. For royal favorites are especially to be pitied—they are raised so high, to fall so low; they taste the extremes of human emotion. A royal lover can alone of all men fulfill love's maddest lavishness. He can make Woodstock Park an Eden for his Eve; he can compel the sea and the earth to give up their treasures to his lady—as every lover would like to do; and, alas! he can forget and desert and betray, like any ordinary man.

"From royal Blenheim to holy Godstow, thence to a lovely, rose-embowered, English rectory, all in one day—such a short journey would only be possible in England—and we find at the rectory fruit growing on the walls, espaliers with early peaches, roses in myriads, strawberries by the bushel. Nothing can be so reckless as an English garden in its regulated luxuriance. We talk of Fair Rosamond, and our host shows us an apple named for her. Grave, saintly English rector, he is penetrated, too, by beauty, romance, misfortune. His house is long, low, vine-clad, lattice-windowed—if you dreamed a picturesque house, it would be this one.

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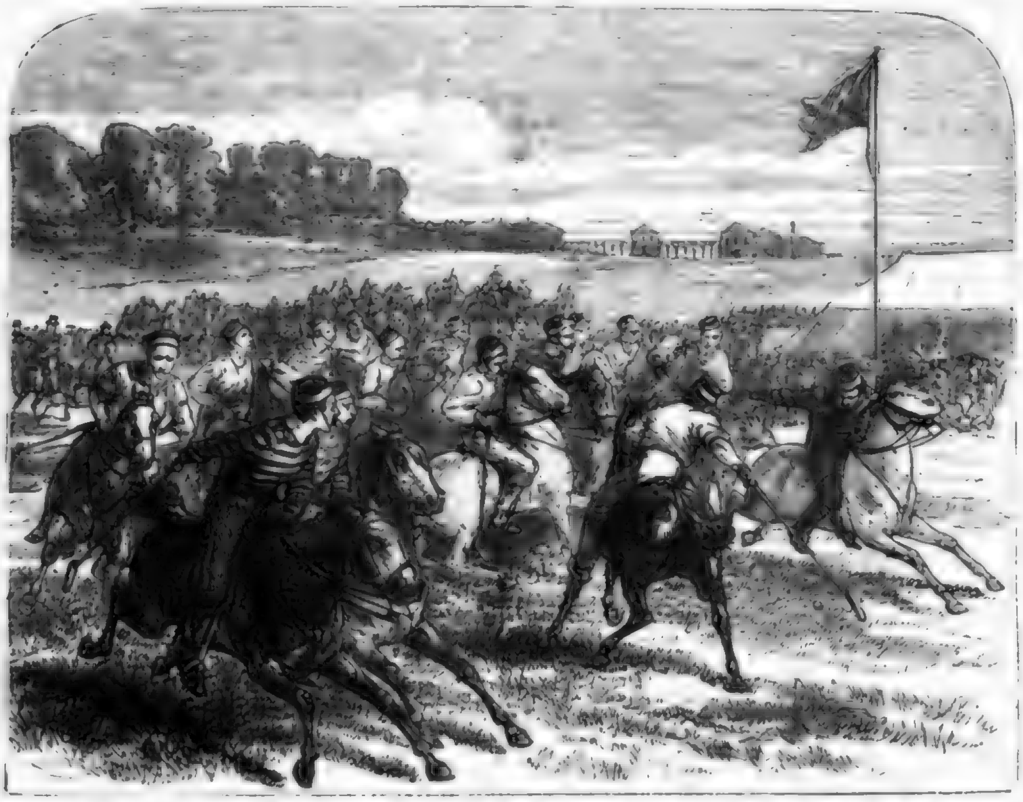


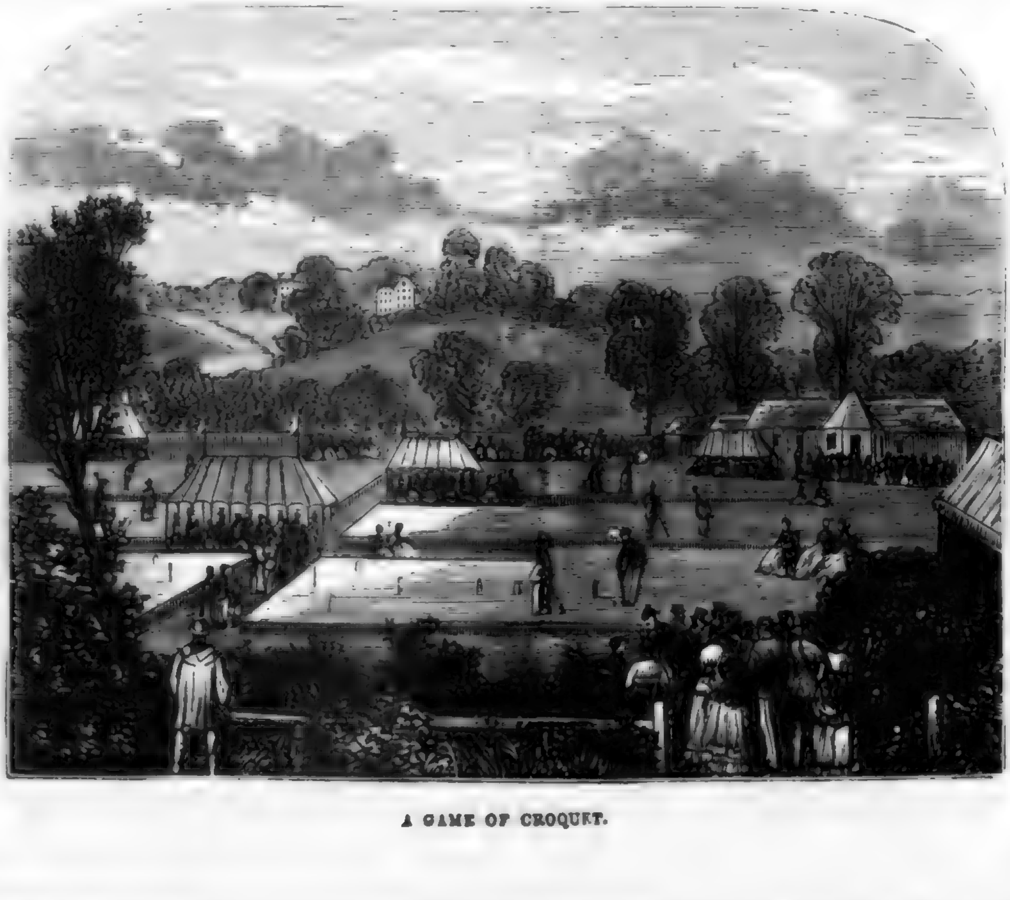
SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— A MATCH AT POLO.— SEE PAGE 130.

"One of the sons has been in India, and has brought home his tiger-skins, and, alas! a lame leg from 'pig-sticking,' as he calls it. But what a home he has to get well in, and to forget hot and unhealthy India; and yet these luxurious homes have nurtured the hardy men who have conquered the world. After giving us roses and strawberries, our hospitable host allows us to return to Oxford.

"And the next day, in the learned city, we explore the Bodleian Library. We ask for the librarian, and a pale and educated face appears under a square Oxford cap, accepts our greeting and our letter, and, being supplemented by a tall, slender figure, proceeds to unlock the treasures for us. Here are illuminated missals, brilliant as sunset; here the work of a patient woman—a volume written in half a dozen different hands, and as many different languages; the literary knitting-work of some unoccupied life. *She* did not have to see Oxford in three days, as we did! Oh! enviable calm! she lived in trim gardens; she had sunny hours of ease and quiet. The pears over her head did not ripen more slowly and surely than she did—this English lady, who wrote this neat book. And so on, through innumerable treasures — autographs, portraits, royal gifts, curious old folios — all the acquisition of learning through the untroubled ages. No Cossack has watered his horses in the Isis. Oxford has never been invaded or destroyed by a foreign foe. There was a man named Cromwell — but even he respected Oxford. For that we will forgive him some of his crimes. Then we go to the great, round theatre, where the noisy graduates cheer their friends, and laugh at their grave and reverend teachers. Looking down on the bald heads, one irreverent boy says, 'That is Golgotha, the place of the *skulls!*'

"But we do not see Oxford in term time. They are off on a thousand hills, a thousand rivers, shooting, fishing, flirting, these men of Oxford, as we look in upon the empty theatre, with its immense and well-suspended roof; yet an atmosphere of youth hangs about it; we remember that for three hundred years young manhood in its prime has gathered here. Here hearts have swelled, and mothers' eyes have moistened; here sisters and sweethearts have cheered the young intellectual athlete at that proud moment of fruition, when the wreath of victory crowns his young brow for the first time. He is the rose and the expectancy of the fair state. Delightful moment of existence, so soon merged in the dusty streams of duty, work, disappointment and care.

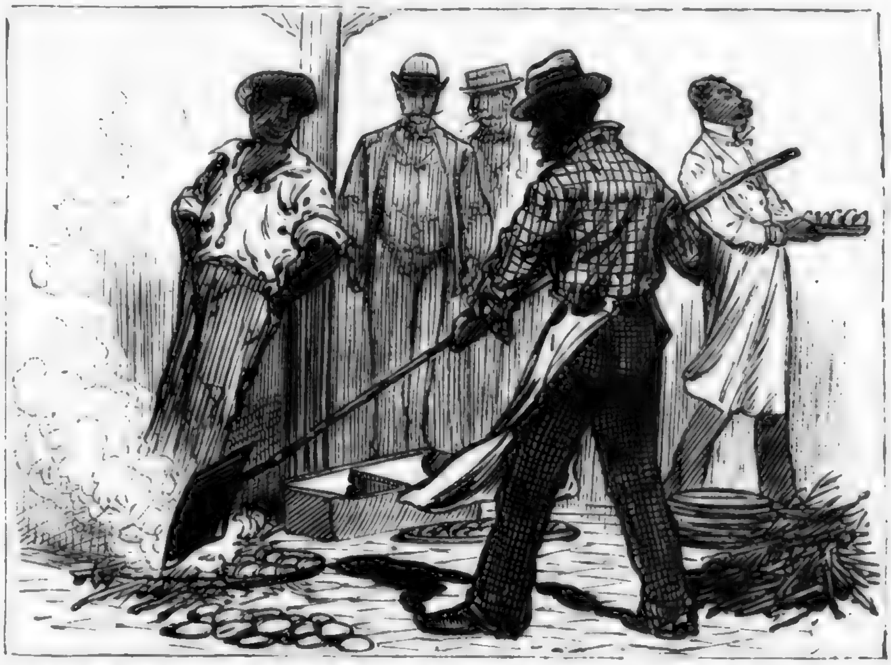
"We go to the banqueting-halls of Oxford, and see the gold and silver cups presented by young princes who have 'kept their terms' at Oxford. They show us one given by Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, first. England is loyal always. But we prefer that antique vase which another Edward gave—that royal and saintly child, who, dying at fifteen, left such a legacy of holiness to his people! Edward, beautiful, saintly boy! His mother's rather than his father's child. Edward, born of Henry VIII. and sweet

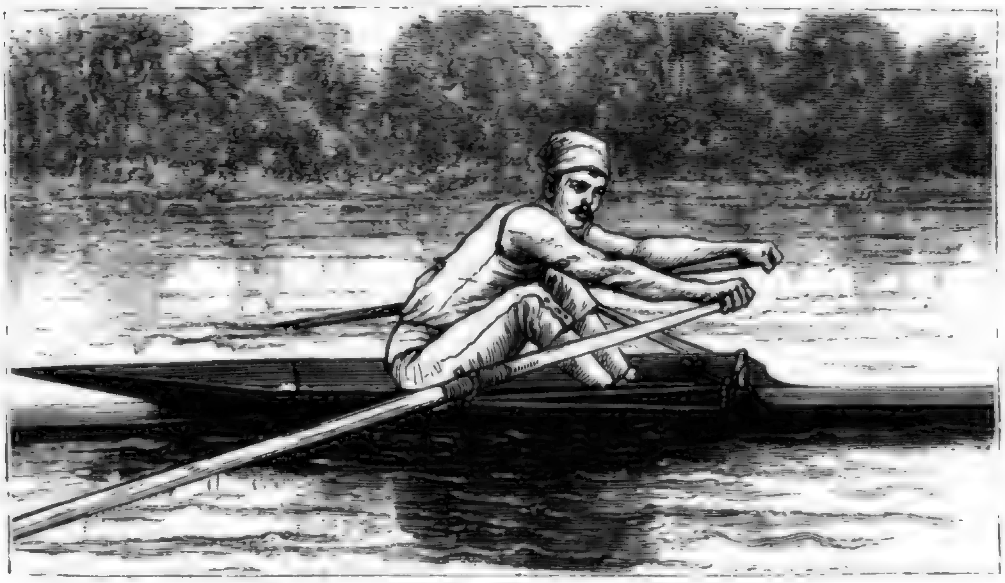


A GAME OF CROQUET.

Jane Seymour. Then we go to church in Oxford, and hear a brave discourse; but, better, we hear the boys sing. One soprano mounts to the heaven like a lark, and carries our hearts up with it. That music of Christ Church, Oxford, is world-renowned; the best boy-choir I have ever heard.

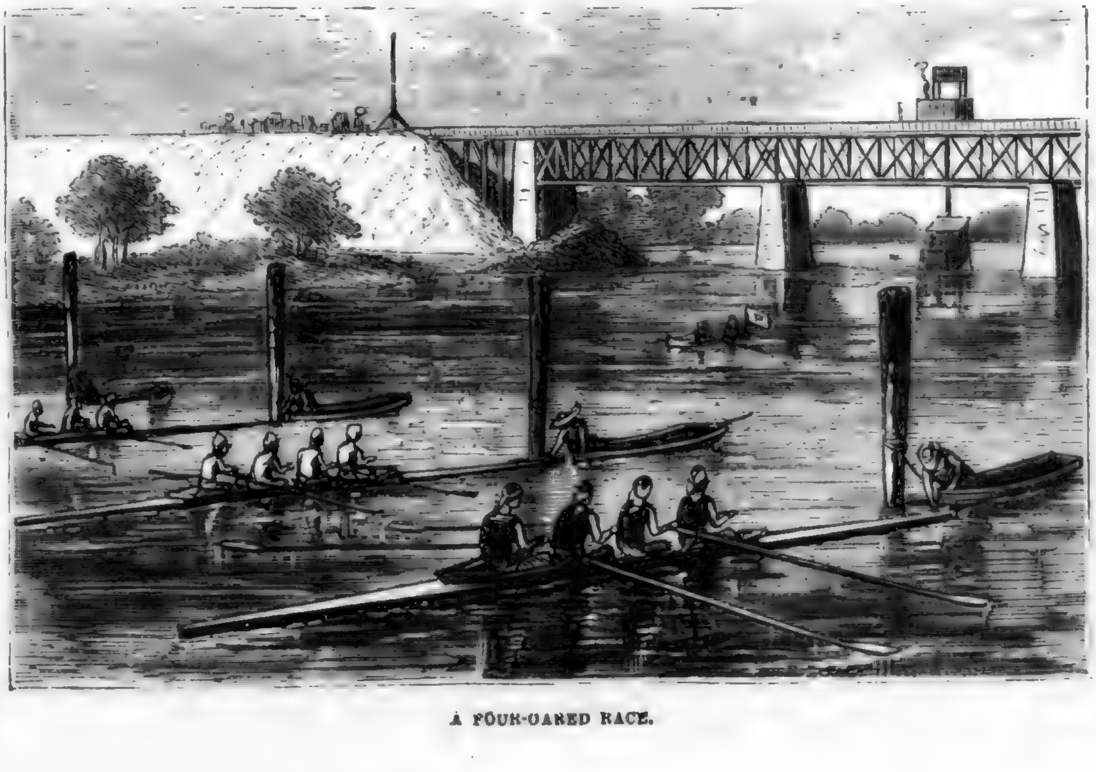
"Then we wander aimlessly and rather helplessly amid the churches of Oxford. We see a beautiful painted window in one, hear a glorious organ in another; but by this time antiquity and history have swamped us, and we are a pair of idiot tourists, the prey of vergers and guides; we go everywhere, pay everybody and see nothing. Our intellects have stopped, like watches, so we determine on another short journey.


SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.— A CLAM-BAKE.— SEE PAGE 130.


A SINGLE-SCULL RACE.

"Not until we have refreshed our overburdened minds by a walk in St. John's Gardens. Here dear mother Nature furnishes us with lime-trees in full bloom, bees *ad libitum*, birds, flowers, shady seats, little children and nursery-maids; the calm waters of the Isis flow at our feet; we thank Nature and take courage, and tearfully leave Oxford.

"Leamington is a good base of operations. Leave your boxes there and drive to Warwick; see Guy's Cliff, covered with immemorial ivy. Warwick is the best piece of feudalism left in England. Those towers which Guy of Warwick built or christened are so grand, so useless, so picturesque, so impossible, they bring back the days when it must have been extremely uncomfortable to have lived. I wish Warwick had never been described. I think the thoughtless tourists of the past might have left that task to me. I would like to tell the world how that bow window hangs over the water, and all about the picture of Charles I. at the end of the long gallery. I think I could make a good thing of those tables given by different monarchs of Europe. But I have been anticipated. I have felt so when I have read Macbeth. If only Shakespeare had not happened to think of it, how I could have dramatized that


A FOUR-OARED RACE.

scene on the lonely heath! But we are anticipated in everything!

"A visit to Warwick Church, and the poor little effigy of a royal child, heir to eight titles, moved me much. They called him the 'Royal Imp,' old English for child, or boy. He was poisoned by his nurse, dear child! As he lies there in his little embroidered gown, and his sweet, innocent profile rising against the blank wall, his chubby hands crossed on his breast, he seemed to me the symbolic infant-martyr, indicating the wrongs done to children by superstition, ignorance or malice. I would have liked to call him back to life, through three centuries, and to have apologized to him.

"Then comes the short journey to the shrine of Amy Robsart—Kenilworth, most disappointing of ruins! We left old Cromwell's face back at Warwick. I would like to go back and insult it, when I remember how his men disfigured Kenilworth.

"Yet you can fill up the chinks in the walls, and the courtyard with guests, if you have one volume in your hand. Take Sir Walter along, and you at least can sympathize with Thackeray, who said, when he visited Tours, and read Scott's description of it in 'Quentin Durward,' his 'regret was, not that the description was not like Tours, but that Tours was not more like the description.'

"When we drove along through the hedgerow toward Stratford-on-Avon, we felt that influence which made *English Shakespeare*. Here were the very dog-roses with which Titania crowns her dusky darling; and here were the starry primroses. Here was that singular insular atmosphere which at once calms, strengthens and encourages—an air good for animals, plants, and men; a fibre-giving atmosphere, such as we have not.

"We had the usual experience—the old house, the seal ring, the pitiable vacuity of information about the most famous man in the world; the church, the bust, and the strange inscription:

'Cursed be he who moves my bones!'

"We, like everybody else, drove on to see the home of the Lucys—Charlecote; and I remember nothing more beautiful than that Elizabethan façade.

"These are trodden paths. What path in England is not trodden? and what path but will be just as beautiful, fresh, and interesting a hundred years hence? It is like first love: every pair of lovers has to travel that delicious road for themselves—no description can spoil it.

"I think Coventry was a disappointment. It is a large, prosperous and modern town. No Godiva arises to the imagination here. She must

'Unclasp the wedded eagles of her belt'

in some more medieval spot. What did some English statesman say of the member from Coventry, when he was objected to because he was a sporting man: "The member from Coventry should have known how to handle the ribbons."

"They wear more ribbon at Coventry than in any town in the world—at least they claim to. That favorite article of female adornment grows by the thousand miles at Coventry. Is it a reminiscence of that favorite bit of *lutestring* with which Godiva tied up her abundant hair, or is it merely a freak of commerce?

"It is not a long journey to go up to York Minster. It leads you through a less beautiful country than that about Oxford and Leamington; but you see that fine old town of York, and revive your "Ivanhoe," for was not dear Rebecca here?

"The Minster is the most consolatory church, for you are not baffled in your researches—you can walk all around it. It has a commanding, clear situation. Almost all cathedrals suffer in this respect; therefore, I think York Minster the most beautiful of cathedrals. It is the only one I ever thoroughly saw. I saw others, as others see them; but the houses crowded about them, and the general effect was marred.

"It is a short journey hence to the English Lakes. I remember that we drove into Keswick just as a thunderstorm had passed. Some belated drops hung on the vines and trees, like tears on the cheeks of a consoled child. We stood beneath the 'dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn'; drove around Derwentwater and Windermere; saw that great fraud, the Falls of Lodore, where the only cataract is Southey's cataract of words—although I believe that it is a mountain torrent after the heavy rains of Autumn; and noted the cottages of Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge and DeQuincy, in a day and a half. It seems so impossible to the American mind, accustomed to our geographical distances, to see in a day or a week what you have been a lifetime thinking of!

'*All* these journeys took scarcely more time than it takes to go from New York to San Francisco; and cathedrals, churches, beautiful houses and parks were thrown in by the way. It is a delightful thing to go and see a beautiful English house. There are always surprises of art and wonders of the past; old portraits about which you can weave romances. The very servants are a curiosity, from the stately housekeeper—who, in a *moire antique* silk dress, receives your shilling with the air of a duchess—to the shiny footman, who, in the absence of his superior officer, is often very insolent.

"But the short journeys which one makes in England are not bounded by geographical limits. You travel into their language and social habits, their prejudices and their peculiarities.

"In the first place, you must learn not to say 'apothecary'—no one knows what you mean. You must 'send to the *chemist's*.' Then, you must not talk of cars, or baggage. One of our young friends, immediately on landing, conquered the phrase: 'When our *luggage* was on the *vans*, and they were *shunted off*, we came up by the *four* train'—three or four expressions which are wholly English. The street-cars are referred to as the *tram*, from the tramway on which they run. If you ask for rare beef, the servant looks at you blankly—you must ask for *underdone* beef; and you must ask for *bitter beer* if you want ale, or the common drink of the country. So on through a thousand ramifications.

"As for their social habits, we must learn much. They are singularly reserved if they think you 'another English'; if they hear you speak of America, they immediately unbend. This arises from the carefully graduated social distinctions. They are the most hospitable people in the world, if you carry a letter; the most severely inhospitable, if you do not. No such carelessness exists about your antecedents there as here. New York admits to her drawing-rooms a hundred, a thousand, English pretenders, where English people never admit one American one.

"One social custom strikes us disagreeably: the wives of artists, actors, singers, and other professional people, are seldom invited into the higher society. The husbands are, but the wives not. I asked if this social custom extended to the husbands of authoresses, or actresses, or female singers. I was told that it did not. They were considered good enough, if their wives were—a curious and poor distinction.

"Mr. Thackeray's daughters were always personages of society, because *he* had had social position before he gained the higher distinction of his literary talents; but the wives and daughters of other literary men, however accomplished they might have been, were often ostracised. It did not seem to hurt their feelings; they were glad to have 'papa' go to see Lord This, or to the Duke of That, and diligently promoted his social pleasures.

"And here is another English custom which, perhaps, American husbands would like to see copied. English wives are far more obedient than American wives, expect less, and are quite patient in giving up proposed journeys, little pleasures and extravagancies, if the lord and master says so. It is a very marked thing to an American wife to see this English submissiveness! A husband comes home and royally says, 'Unpack your trunks, Sarah; we shall not go to Switzerland to-morrow.' And Sarah unpacks; nor asks the reason why. An American wife would look up coolly and remark, 'Very well, my dear; you can stay at home if you like, but I have a less changeable mind. I shall go!"

"I suppose the entire independence of American wives is observed on the Continent," said my friend, who had been a wondrous good listener.

"Oh, yes! I remember an English lady seeing an American husband traveling rather lovingly with his wife, asked the wife in a whisper what it meant. 'Is there anything peculiar in your relations?' said she; 'for you are the first American woman whom I ever saw traveling with her husband!'"

M. E. W. S.

## A MOUND DISCOVERY IN JAPAN.

A MOUND similar to those so common in our Western States was recently found and opened in Japan, and scientific examination of its contents affords ground for a very strong argument that cannibalism was practiced, perhaps habitually, by some of the ancient inhabitants of that country. That the Ormori mound was not a tomb was sufficiently shown by the fact that the skeletons found in it were never complete, and that the bones lay about in disorder, and in no relation to each other; whereas the bones of buried bodies would be found approximately in some position possible in life. Moreover, the human bones were found among those of other animals, and, like them, were broken into lengths convenient for cooking and eating, and were deeply scratched in those portions, such as the joints, from which the eater would find most difficulty in removing the flesh. The discovery is a curious one, as it is the first indication of cannibalism among a people whose characteristics as at present known strongly negative the practice by them of so horrible a custom. But similar evidence has been held by archæologists sufficient to prove the former existence of cannibals in North America.

## COMPARATIVE LONGEVITY.

FOR anything most of us know to the contrary, many of the animals with which we are acquainted may live for ever. We perhaps never saw one of them die a natural death, and on that account, if tempted to speculate on the term of years enjoyed by dog, cat, horse, or cow, we could make nothing but wild guesses, far wide of the true mark.

Even the best-informed speak on this matter with a reserve which shows that we are possessed of very little knowledge. And this is not a matter of surprise, for who ever took the trouble to register the births and deaths of all the domestic animals he owned?

With man it is quite another thing. Long life he has ever yearned for; and as the outcome of that yearning men often waste their lives in the search for an *elixir vitæ*. The age to which his fellows have attained has always been a subject for remark, and the rigid registration of every birth and death in civilized countries makes it now a comparatively easy matter to ascertain man's life-period.

Taking all the human beings on the earth's surface, it has been ascertained that the average duration of life is thirty-three years, and that such is their number that one dies at every swing of the pendulum. Now respecting such averages Babbage has well remarked that "nothing is more proverbially uncertain than the duration of human life, where the maxim is applied to an individual; yet there are few things less subject to fluctuation than the average duration of a multitude of individuals."

It is just such averages concerning the lower animals that we need. At present the average duration of life is perhaps known for no other being but man. All our numbers refer to extreme age, and evidently belong to the hardiest which, in the struggle for existence, have survived that struggle the longest.

Even these extreme age-numbers are scanty. No one can tell us how long a cockroach lives. We know, however, that if a kitchen be troubled with this pest, the enraged cook takes pretty good care to reduce their average term of existence.

One feels very curious to know what is the extreme age reached by this insect, when it is remembered that it takes much longer in reaching the adult state than a horse. According to Cornelius, when a young cockroach is freed from the egg, it has to undergo seven molts before reaching the adult state—the first molt immediately on leaving the egg, the second a month later, and subsequent molts at least once every year. It is thus five years old when full grown. If it were not apparently the rule for an insect to live much longer in an immature state than in that of maturity, we should feel inclined to give a long number as the age of the most venerable member of a cockroach community. On this account, however, they may not exceed, six, seven, or eight years.

The ephemeron, so noted for its short life, dies in a few hours after attaining to its perfect form. The thousands of ephemera that may often be seen on a Summer's evening disporting themselves by the waterside, flitting hither and thither, and balancing themselves in the air, have all departed ere the close of another day. Seemingly so short a life bears a most remarkable disproportion to the time taken up in their development, as in the larva state they enjoy an existence of two or three years.

Now, among the backboned animals, the mammalia for example, the relation between the time taken up in development and that lived after full growth is just the reverse of what is found to obtain with the insect. A mammal lives much longer after reaching the adult state than it did before it.

We may here consider a few examples from the mammalia.

A draught-horse attains its full size at about three years old, and lives ten to fifteen. The life-period of a horse, however, and that of any other animal, manifestly depends much upon the treatment it receives. Your well-fed carriage or riding-horse, with plenty of good fodder and only enough work to prevent its joints growing stiff, may live twenty-five or thirty years. Captain Brown gives the case of a horse reaching forty-two years. This "Old Parr" among horses was a very docile animal, and a performer at Astley's Circus. At a public exhibition in the amphitheatre he would ungirth his own saddle, wash his feet in a pail of water, fetch and carry a complete tea equipage, take

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a kettle of boiling water from off a fire, and do other equally astonishing tricks. When from age the animal had lost all his teeth, and was unable to masticate his corn, the manager had him fed upon bread.

A cow, which is full-grown when a year and a half old, has become old and unprofitable at twelve or fourteen years. Her life is a comparatively easy one, tranquil and indolent; for in this country, at least, she has nothing to do but eat in the meadows during the day and sleep at night. Lazy, well-fed, and otherwise well cared for, these twelve or thirteen years to which she attains probably represent the thirty years of an underworked horse. The horse and cow are good examples in support of the often-quoted generalization for the higher animals, that the sooner one of them reaches the age of maturity, the sooner does it end its term of years.

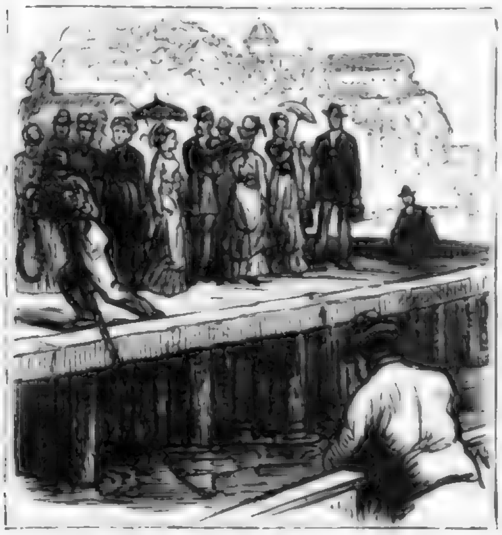
Of flesh-eaters, the cat and dog are generally supposed to live fifteen to twenty years.

The lion is commonly thought to reach twenty or twenty-two years, notwithstanding that decay of teeth to which they are subject, according to Livingstone's observations. The lion "Pompey" died in the Tower in the year 1760, at the age of three-score years and ten.

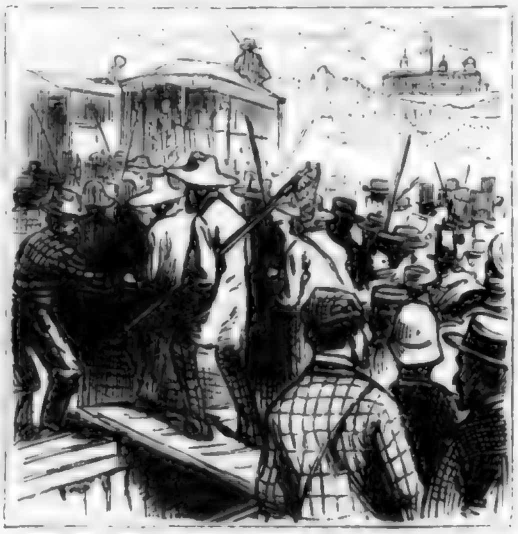
Perhaps one of the longest livers among animals is the elephant, and it is noteworthy that it does not reach its full size until eighteen to twenty-four years old. After this it is commonly reported to live for centuries.

Extremes meet. A highly intellectual animal may live long, and so may an organism not possessing mind at all. A plant has life, but not mind, and, of all living things, certain plants have undoubtedly the longest existence. The baobab of Africa attains to its 5,000 years; and, if we only knew, it is possible there may be even more astounding examples of longevity. Many assigned to the Dragon Tree of Teneriffe a still greater age; though it must be confessed that the estimates of the age of trees are based on vague theories.

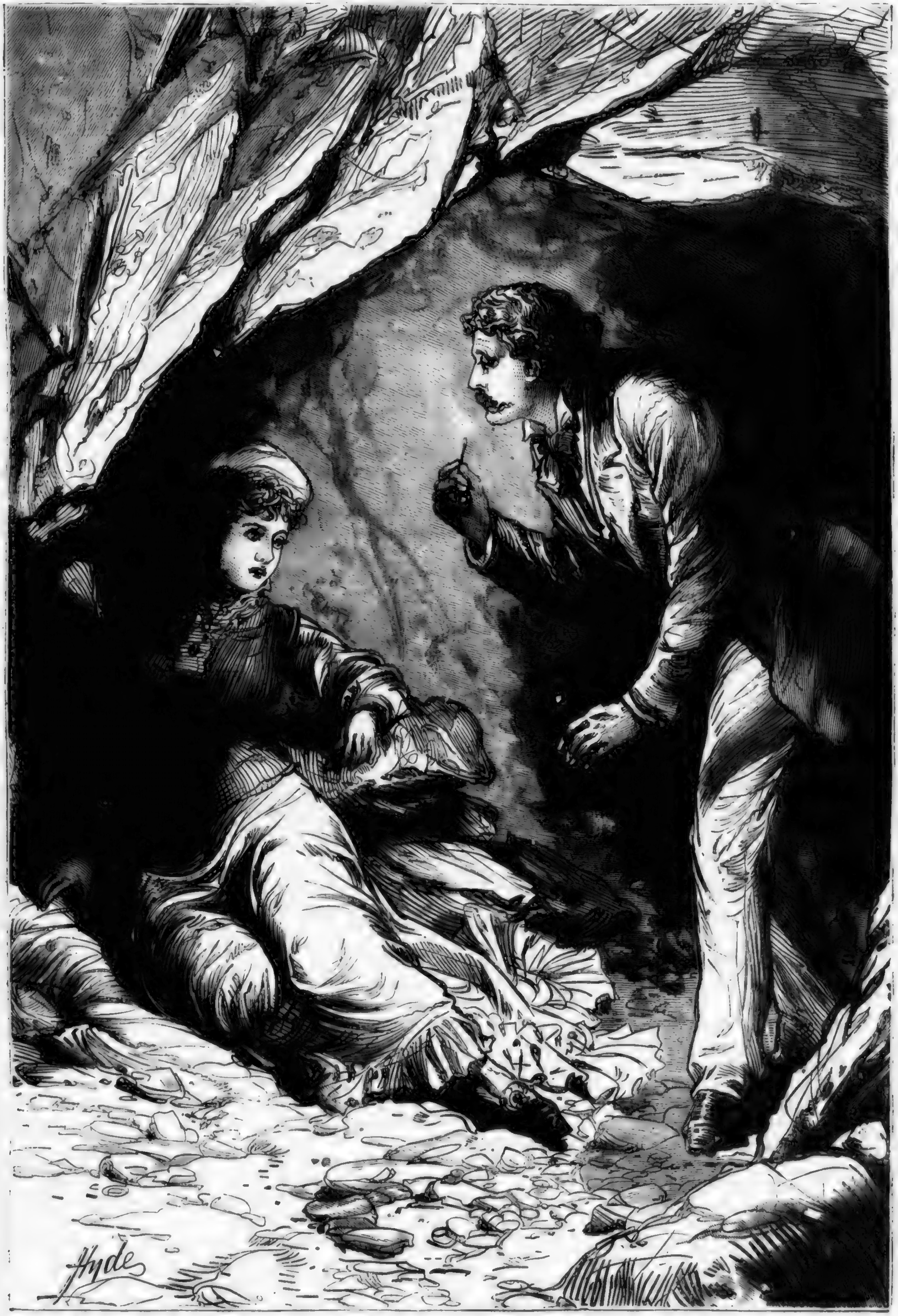
SUMMER AMUSEMENTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.—A SAIL UP THE HUDSON.—SEE PAGE 130.



EMBARKING ON AN EXCURSION.



THE RETURN.



IMOGENE GRANGER AND MOUNT WARAMAUG.—"A FAINT MOAN—AND FRANK HALLOED LOUDLY. THIS TIME THE MOAN WAS LOUDER AND CLOSE BY. ANOTHER HALLO, AND, STRIKING A MATCH, HE BEHELD THE LOST GIRL AT HIS FEET."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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# IMOGENE GRANGER AND MOUNT WARAMAUG.

BACK and forth, with a slow, dreamy motion, swung Imogene Granger in the hammock beneath the grand old maples. She had come out alone to read for the tenth time, if truth were known, a letter which the morning's mail had brought her; and now, while the letter was snugly concealed in her pocket, she rocked back and forth, with arms idly folded above her head, and her blue eyes dreamily watching the fleecy clouds which, far above, were lazily sailing over the soft, Summer sky. Imo could hear the gay voices of her friends, as they promenaded the broad piazzas, and chatted the after-dinner hour away, previous to retiring for—as is the usual custom with Summer boarders—the blissful afternoon nap.

She could catch distinctly the tones of her favorite among Strauss's waltzes, and knew well enough that the pianist, Clarence Boyd, was secretly hoping to entice her down-stairs. But, unfortunately for his efforts, she was not up-stairs, but hiding away in the grove, with a jubilant heart, and nobody near enough to bore her with small-talk, or wonder at her foolishly happy spirits.

Before her, Lake Waramaug stretched itself into a broad sheet of silver, and its ripples danced in the sunshine, and gleamed and sparkled brightly up at the tall mountains which kept guard on all sides of the pretty lake, and which cast their broad shadows above the margin of the waters for the accommodation of numerous merry boating-parties who picnicked on the shore, and fished for harmless sunfish with intense satisfaction.

Imo's eyes climbed each mountain rapidly, and rested finally on the summit of Mount Waramaug, the oldest-looking sentinel of them all, and rugged and rough as any old warrior. A large rock, flat as a table, crowned the top of this mountain, and Imo likened it to the bold head of the grim sentinel who took its name from the Indian chief who—so says tradition—also named the lake.

"Time I was back among my law-books, and that's a fact!"

"I ought to be back, too; but half the club fellows are wandering yet. By-the-by, we've lately received a new member into the 'Jolly-Fellows'—Frank Hammerly. Know him, Jack?"

"Only hear about him now and then. Heard he is engaged to some Southern invalid heiress. Lives in Georgia, somewhere. Is it true?"

"Well, yes; guess so. I heard it also from pretty good authority. He's a lucky fellow, now, isn't he?"

And thus, chatting and smoking, the speakers passed on, nor dreamed of the sweet face hidden from their view by the thick growth of low trees.

And after the sound of their footsteps had died in the distance, Imogene Granger crept silently from her hammock, shuddered at the glare of the bright sunshine, which had all of a sudden lost its glory for her, and, with trembling, unsteady gait, turned her steps homeward.

A tiny brook ran merrily through the woods, and beside it the girl paused to tear into a thousand atoms the letter which, only an hour ago, her red lips had kissed in such a way as made her fairly blush at her own thoughts.

The two who had disturbed so cruelly her reverie were returning. Imo could hear their laughter, as hitherward, beneath the arch of trees, they slowly retraced their steps. Hastily into the swift-flowing stream fluttered the tiny atoms of paper, too atom-like to reveal, should any strive to obtain it, the secret but recently intrusted to them; and, with the flush of indignation and wounded pride yet on her cheeks, Imo moved away, and soon after gained her own room unobserved.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Granger found her daughter lying down, with bandaged forehead, in a room minus the beautiful sunshine which generally flooded it.

"I have such a headache, dear mamma; please do not ask me to go down to tea," pleaded the sweet, low voice.

And if the tones were tremulous with tears, Mrs. Granger failed to notice it, in her motherly rush for the camphor-bottle.

But camphor and solitude both failed to relieve Imogene from the sudden shock her heart had received, even in the midst of her happiest thoughts, and the contentment which seemed to flood her whole soul, as she laid so restfully under the maples a while ago, had changed to a bitter restlessness and amazement that would not be reasoned away.

And so the afternoon slipped, minute by minute, away, and at last, with the shadows of twilight, Imo herself slipped into the world of dreams, and again took up the joy and gladness that, waking, she could not touch.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Granger begs that you'll excuse her, sir."

Frank Hammerly stops in his pacing to and fro in the small parlor of the Jones House, and looks wonderingly at the trim servant, who fingers the door-knob and awaits further orders.

"Is Miss Granger ill?" he inquires.

"No, sir; leastwise she isn't lying down or nothin'."

"That will do, my girl."

The girl retires, and Frank Hammerly is alone with a vague fear in his heart, and a troubled face, very unlike that with which he had entered the house less than half an hour ago.

For the third time that morning he read over a dainty note received in reply to that which Imo had so angrily destroyed two days previous.

> "Come and join us in a picnic to the summit of Mount Waramaug, next Saturday, and maybe—mind, I say *maybe*—I will give you an answer then."

Only a line or so, written with the impulse of a girl's glad, merry heart, and sent forth with the shy delight and consciousness that made its fair writer certain of how speedily the summons would be obeyed.

And now, as Frank Hammerly re-read the invitation which had brought him confidentially to Miss Granger's side, she sat alone in her room right above his head, though he guessed it not, with a haughty, pale face, and an inward loathing and contempt for the foolish heart which had so easily allowed itself to be the dupe of any man.

When supper-time came, Mrs. Jones introduced Frank as a gentleman who had merely come up to spend Sunday. But, to her amazement, Mrs. Granger, who had just finished excuses for her daughter's non-appearance, extended a cordial welcome to the newcomer.

"Why, Mr. Hammerly, what a surprise! How delighted Imo will be! When did you arrive?"

"It is plain she has learned nothing as yet from her daughter," thought Frank, as he bowed over the lady's hand. "Solely to see my friends, Mrs. and Miss Granger," he answered, gallantly, "I came up, madame. Shall only remain over Saturday and Sunday. Sorry Miss Imogene is unwell. Halloa! Fish! *you* here, old boy!" to a young fellow who entered the room, holding up a string of fish, the result of his day's sport on the lake.

A cordial shake of the hand, and Hammerly, in better spirits, seated himself at the well-filled table.

It was a comfort to find that Mrs. Granger was yet his friend, as for the last six months she had been. Little did she know of what had passed between her daughter and the handsome young fellow beside her; but she had always liked him, and her friendly manner now comforted the man more than she guessed.

Charlie Fish was an old classmate, whom Frank had not seen for some months, and his companionship was grateful to the disappointed fellow, who had expected a different welcome from one of the party, at least if the little silent missive yet lying upon his breast might be supposed reliable.

* * * * * * *

Moonlight on the lake, and quivering here and there under the maples as it could find loopholes amongst the leaves and thickly interlaced branches.

Tired of her room, and weary of thought, Imo crept silently from the house, and, wrapping her white shawl about her, hurried toward the grove.

The cool night-breeze was refreshing, for her cheeks burned and her hands were feverishly dry. Toward the hammocks she walked with noiseless step, and only when she stood beside her favorite couch did she notice, a little distance off, the red light of a cigar, and suddenly recognized Mr. Hammerly.

"You looked like a fair spirit, Imo—pardon me, Miss Granger," he said, with forced gayety, for his heart was ill at ease.

The girl turned haughtily, and would have retraced her steps, but in a minute he laid a detaining hand upon her arm.

From the broad piazza of the house, across the lawn, floated the sound of merry voices, and Imo knew that the prospect of a dance to old black Jake's violin would keep the boarders at home for a time.

An uninterrupted *tete-à-tete* with Frank Hammerly was more than she desired at present, and, therefore, she turned a cold face toward him, icy enough to freeze any other man save this one.

"Do not go, I beseech you, Imo—do not act in this strange way! What have I done that you should refuse to see me, when, by your own invitation, I am here? Answer me, if you are not made of stone!"

"What have you done?" she quietly replied. "Why, nothing, of course, except to enter upon a game which thousands of men like you have played, Mr. Hammerly—a game which, fortunately, can be played by two. And, as you know, I believe I have proved my knowledge of your plans sufficiently to thwart you, if I *am* a woman!"

She shrugged her shoulders, and carelessly turned away.

"One moment!" he exclaimed. "I do not profess to misunderstand you, but you have cruelly misjudged me. Oh! Imogene Granger, when I sent my note to you only because New York seemed like a wilderness without your presence, and because I could not wait longer without telling you all my heart had secretly held from you. Believe me, the most earnest hopes and longings that ever a man knew went with my letter over the miles between us. I meant *all* I wrote, and far more than I knew how to tell you. Why did you encourage me with this?" holding before her her own note.

In his excitement the paper fell from his grasp, and fluttered at her feet. Calmly and quickly, ere he could raise it, Imogene placed her slippered foot upon it.

"Your model letter, certainly, called for a model reply," she said; "and now that we have enjoyed our game according to the most approved laws of fashionable society, suppose we turn our attention to other matters. But, first, we will thus destroy the bone of contention."

She ground the note into the moist earth, and then, when it bore no resemblance to paper, it was torn to bits and scattered to the evening breeze.

Frank Hammerly froze at last under the iciness of her manner and voice.

"Give me, also, my unfortunate note, Miss Granger, that I may thus do away with my foolishness."

"I have long since spared you that trouble," with a light laugh. "Indeed, Mr. Hammerly, I wonder a man in your position dared attempt so foolish a game. For your own sake I destroyed the note. Thank me for my friendly service, please."

How beautiful she looked, standing there in the half-shadow, half-moonlight, of that Summer evening. Frank Hammerly longed for her then as he had never longed for her before, and yet while his heart was on fire, she could stand there with that careless, sweet smile on her lips, and a defiant look in her blue eyes which both invited and dared his love.

"Oh, Imogene!" he said, sorrowfully, "I am tired of this." If you are playing with me just to try my love, be satisfied when I tell you that you only on all this earth do I love! And——"

"Stop!" she interrupted. "For Heaven's sake don't add a falsehood to your foolishness. Go with your senseless vows of love to the woman who alone has a right to hear them. *I* am done with you! Friends we were, and might have continued to remain, had you not, in your man's vanity, dared to presume too far. For your folly of the other day (a folly which I am ashamed to remember I replied to, when I should have been scornfully silent), I may some day excuse you, as I shall, no doubt, forget you. But if you add falsehood to egotism, be sure, Mr. Frank Hammerly, I shall utterly *despise* you!"

"Falsehood—falsehood! Miss Granger, I do not comprehend your words. They are hard words, and, coming from a woman, I am helpless; but should one of my own sex——"

"Prove your helplessness, sir," she interrupted; "and be kind enough to observe that the dew is heavy, and I have on thin slippers only. Therefore I wish you good-evening." The pretty head bowed itself gracefully, and Imo took her departure.

Frank lingered a few moments, biting his lip in the effort to restrain his feelings, and watching the shimmering moonbeams as they fell softly through the lattice of leaves overhead, and dropped into the little brook which flowed, singing its one song, at his feet. But it told no tales of the weeping girl who cast one bright afternoon a well-read missive for ever away from her eyes, and allowed the streamlet to swallow up words which her lips had kissed over and over again.

The hammock swung beside him in the night-breeze, but it gave no hint of the glad heart which that same note had flooded with a sunshine all its own. It did not tell of the joyous face, or the blue, happy eyes which were lighted by thoughts known only to that same sunshiny heart. The brook and the hammock betrayed nothing, and Frank turned slowly homeward, and appeared no more that night amongst Farmer Jones's boarders.

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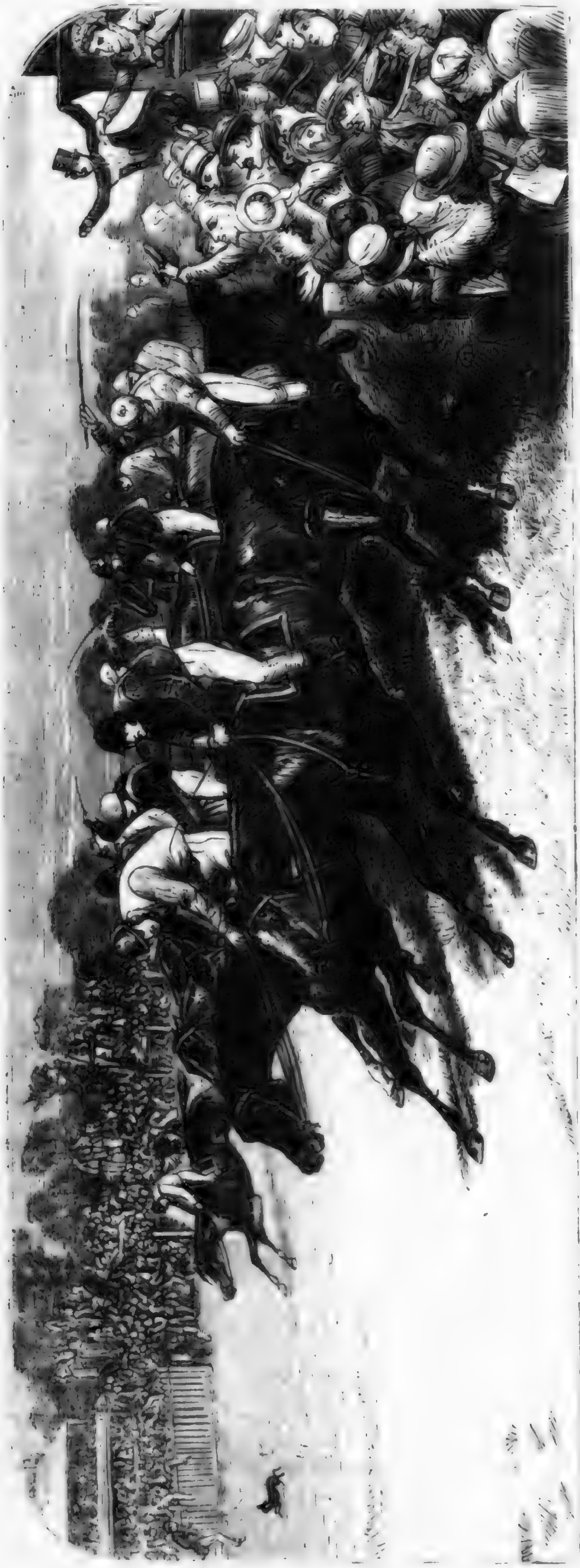
An early breakfast next morning, because the picnic



THE DERBY DAY—THE HORSES ENTERED FOR THE CONTEST, ON THE HOMESTRETCH, ROUNDING TATTENHAM CORNER, AND DESCENDING THE HILL.—SEE PAGE 151.

party longed to be off. Miss Granger, who breakfasted late, pleaded to be excused, on account of "a headache."

"Oh, come now, Miss Imo!" cried Clarence Boyd; "I am afraid these sudden headaches of yours are only a fraud, you know. You never used to be troubled that way. If you don't go, 'pon honor I'll lose half the day's enjoyment."

"Stake your hopes of pleasure on somebody else, then, Mr. Boyd," laughed Imogene. "I am not inclined to climb Mount Waramaug's back to-day—too lazy, or too obstinate, whichever you choose. *Au revoir!*"

She left the room as Mr. Hammerly entered, and, with a scowl at her heart for the wild throb it could not help, gained her room, and sat down beside the window to watch proceedings.

"Well, are we all ready at last?" cried one impatient soul from below.

"Too bad Miss Granger won't go!"

Miss Granger, half hidden behind the vine clambering over her small window, thought it was "too bad" also; but she had her reasons for declining the fun, and even her mother scolded vainly.

"Not going, Mr. Hammerly? Why, how provoking! There go two out of our party. Pshaw! Who'll back out next, I wonder?"

Imogene disappeared from the window, and made her appearance presently, equipped for the scramble, to the surprise of the assembled company.

"Woman's privilege, you know," she cried, gayly. "I've simply changed my mind; that's all right, isn't it?"

Then, remembering that she had left her alpenstock, she ran back for it. In the upper hall Mr. Hammerly met her face to face.

"I thought you were not going?"

"I changed my mind, as you perceive," she replied, coldly, passing on toward her room.

"I understand," he said, bitterly; "but you need not have declined in the first place. I should not have intruded upon your pleasure, Miss Granger."

She paused a little, impatiently.

"Will you let me speak to you a few moments alone, when you return to-night? I would like fully to understand your meaning of last evening's cruel speech. In what way have I deserved to be reproached for falsehood?"

"Conversation this evening will be quite unnecessary, Mr. Hammerly. I can answer your question in a few words. You dared to address words of love to me when you knew yourself in honor bound to another. I happened to be aware of the fact. That is all."

She waited long enough to see the look of dismay which overspread his face quickly, and noticed also the burning flush that rose to his very temples; then, with a blaze of indignation in the blue eyes, she turned away, and entered her room.

He stood where she had left him, when once more, stick in hand, she crossed the hall. Only once he raised his eyes to hers.

"*Some* day, Miss Granger, you will be sorry for all you now feel justified in saying. I cannot even guess when the time will come; but it *will* come."

"When I am sorry, I'll let you know, sir!" came back the mocking reply.

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"Now, then, Clarence, pitch overboard that remnant of chicken. You've eaten enough, old fellow. Help clear up this concern here," pointing to the array of cleanly emptied dishes on the flat crown of Mount Waramaug's bald head, upon which the merry party had partaken of supper. "Lend a hand to save the ladies trouble, my boy, and we'll stow this plunder away in a jiffy."

Thus the masculine portion of the picnickers worked with a will, and it was not the fault of their clumsy but well-meaning hands that any dish was not speedily reduced to useless bits of crockery.

The sun was yet high in heaven, and the air perfectly delightful, as the group stood together on the mountain's summit, watching the beautiful lake below. Like a silver letter S, it wound itself gently about the feet of the grand old hills which guarded it so safely, and flashed up from its broad bosom a million times a million of diamonds glittering in the sunshine.

"How like midgets those people look, below there, don't they?" said one.

And Clarence Boyd lifted his voice with a clear, ringing "hurrah!" and presently upward floated from the "midgets" on the lake an answering "hurrah!" like the faintest cry of an infant.

"We are pygmies to them as well," said Clarence. "But come—who wants to explore the cave?"

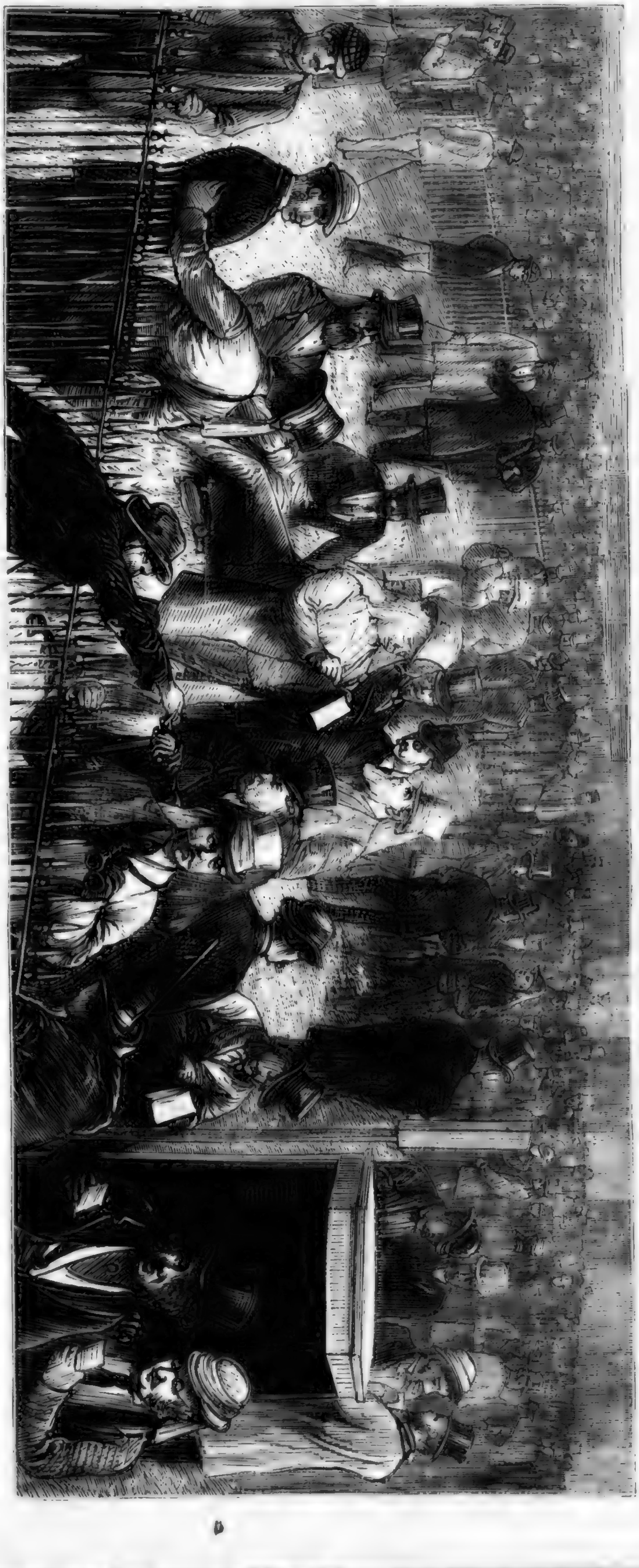
A general assent followed, and the question arose who would venture a slide down the steep rocks, below which beckoned the narrow entrance to the famous cave.

Imagine a smooth-faced rock, some ten feet from base to crown, in an almost upright position, utterly destitute of shrub, or even the dry, tough species of grass usually covering the sides of a mountain. At the base of this rock a narrow ledge, where one might stand for a moment's breath, and then a slide similar to that first mentioned, ere the cave's mouth could be fairly reached.

What wonder that Mrs. Granger, from her safe perch on old Waramaug's cranium, shuddered a little, and desired to change her mind about exploring the cave!

"I wouldn't slide down that rock for the world!" cried the old lady.

Two or three others of the party slackened in their enthusiasm as the route downward was more intently studied, and at last the exploring party was reduced to four or five venturesome souls, who rather courted the



THE DERBY DAY—A SKETCH IN THE BETTING-RING.

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danger of the thing. Imo, reckless and headstrong always, but more than ever to-day, refused her mother's advice to act like a sensible girl and stay where she was. None more eager to venture into and through the cave than she.

First young Boyd, seated upon the edge of the slide, slipped rapidly downward, until triumphantly his feet rested upon the ledge below. With open arms, he invited the ladies to follow, and he would receive them safely. Another gentleman half slid, half rolled, down the steep decline, and then followed the ladies, one by one, with little screams of terror escaping from rosy lips in quick succession, as, doubling their small feet under them, they fairly fell into the open arms below.

Imo led in this peculiar procession, of course, and Clarence Boyd and Mr. Fish received her.

A moment only to breathe, and then another slide; while far above, standing on the extreme edge of the summit of the mountain, poor Mrs. Granger and her timid companions peered anxiously down over the rocks, and screamed, vainly:

"Oh, be careful, Imogene!"

So faintly, however, her entreaties reached over the distance between herself and the explorers, that they had very little, if any, effect. And Imo turned her defiant face upward, and waved "hurrah!"

The cave at last! Seemingly nothing but a mass of rock, thrown by some convulsion of nature in a singular heap together. The largest of them had a round, smooth top, upon which were engraven curious hieroglyphics—by whom, or since when, not even the oldest native of Waramaug could explain.

The cave itself was once supposed to have been the hiding-place of a tribe of Indians. This tribe gradually dwindled away, until only the chief remained, and from him the mountain was probably named.

Our party of explorers were only following the example of hundreds of yearly visitors to the village below (New Preston, it is called by some, Waramaug by others), and as each visitor expressed himself or herself quite satisfied with one expedition to the cave, it is fair to presume that the process was far from being agreeable.

The entrance was between a narrow ledge of rocks scarcely wide enough to admit a good, ordinary-sized body; but through it Clarence Boyd pushed himself, with many grunts and groans, until once fairly inside he called out:

"Oh, there's plenty of room—come on!"

Imo followed, and stood beside him, finally, in total darkness save for the glimmer of light through the entrance, and with her cheeks scratched from contact with the rough granite.

The others followed, Mr. Fish bringing up the rear. For a few steps the party proceeded in an upright position; then a bump on the head caused Clarence, the leader, to drop, with a warning cry, on hands and knees, and for what seemed to them an interminable distance they crawled, like Eve's tempter, along the damp ground, while close against their shoulders and sides pressed the rough walls of the cave.

Then, far above, suddenly twinkled through the thick darkness a glimmer of light, and once more the explorers stood upon their feet.

The sensations of the party were dreadful; they could not breathe freely, so close and heavy was the atmosphere; and, if one spoke, how hollow and unnatural the voice sounded. As for seeing each other, that was simply impossible, except when, above their heads, a crack or shiver in the rocks admitted one tiny ray of sunlight.

"Once let me get out of this, and catch me doing the cave again!" exclaimed, in sepulchral tones, young Boyd, and the cave echoed his words dismally.

In some way the party got turned about. There were two wide fissures leading from the space in which, at last, they stood in dismay and darkness, uncertain how to proceed.

"I feel a passage this way!" shouted one.

"And I feel another here in this direction," came the answer.

Imo, without knowing it, had slipped into the fissure near her, and, supposing the others to be beside her, stood silently resting, and allowing her thoughts to travel back to one whose face had haunted her through the whole day.

"What a pity Frank Hammerly could not have come," at last spoke out Mr. Fish. "By Jove! he is a splendid fellow! Always the first, with his cool head, to lead in a venture like this, and always coming out right at the end.'

Some light, gossipy talk concerning the face, figure, and manner of the absent gentleman took place while the party rested a while, sitting flat on the ground there in the darkness. And Imogene listened in silence, with her heart beating fast at mention of his name.

"Handsome, is he?" repeated Fish. "Yes; but his heart is the best I ever knew a man to possess. And yet, by George! he's got himself into a confounded scrape by that kind heart. I've a mind to tell you the whole story—only keep dark about it. I have a cousin who became insane at the death of a lover who resembled Frank. Frank met her, quite accidentally, soon after, and she imagined him to be the lost lover returned to earth. So, as her life depended upon the state of her mind, her physician urged Frank to allow her to think so, and see her as often as possible. Of course it was very embarrassing for the poor fellow, who really could not take a fancy to her in return. But, as she cannot live long, anyway, he humors her, and she acts, poor little girl, as if he were truly the lover so long dead. He is the kindest fellow in the world, and he told me, some time ago, that every time poor May puts her arms about his neck, and calls him 'Henry,' in those tender tones of hers, he feels like a scoundrel receiving that which he has no right to; and yet, for her sake, and for the sake of her mother, he is obliged to humor her notion. It is too bad! I'm sorry for Frank, with all my heart!"

Stifling the cry in her heart, Imo hastened away where she might think and weep unobserved, and blessed the darkness that shielded her. Closer and closer the air seemed. She could not breathe, and the cruel walls of the cave pressed closely against her.

"Where are you, friends?" she had strength to gasp, and then knew nothing more.

A little later—ragged, tired, scratched, and with dishevcled hair—there emerged from a small hole, high up the mountain-side, a miserable party, who, having made the grand exploration of the cave, devoutly desired to let it alone for the future.

Up the rocks they scrambled in haste, and, some going one way, some another, Imogene Granger was not missed —or, rather, was supposed to be with one or another of the party—until, finally, standing on the pinnacle again, her absence was discovered.

But she would soon make her appearance, no doubt, they said to frantic Mrs. Granger, who declared loudly that "her daughter must be lying dead at the bottom of those horrid rocks!" and refused to stir from the summit until she was found.

It was growing dark, however, and Charles Boyd advised the others to go home, while he and Mr. Fish remained to search for the missing girl.

An hour later, Frank Hammerly, restlessly wandering around the farmhouse, welcomed the party back, and learned from the weeping mother of Imo's mishap.

* * * * * * *

"Clarence, where is she? Oh, can't you search more truly?"

"Hallo, Hammerly! have you come to help? She came out of the cave with us; I'm sure of it—or, at least, I'm almost sure! Where can she be, poor child?" and the three men called and called till voice gave out.

Through the narrow cave entrance pushed Hammerly in despair, and shuddered as he thought of Imo lost in the labyrinth within that mass of rock. He would search it through for her, he said to himself, while the others searched outside.

A faint moan—and Frank holloed loudly. This time the moan was louder, and close by. Another hallo—and, striking a match, he beheld the lost girl almost at his feet.

The blue eyes opened wider, and the pale face grew rosy, at last, when Imo knew whose arms raised her, and whose voice encouraged her to walk, despite her weakness.

So, slowly the rescuer and rescued crept back to the entrance, while thick darkness wrapped them about, and the silence was unbroken even by a whisper; for Frank could not speak from the fullness of gratitude, and Imo dared not lest tears should betray her. But, when finally the glimmer ahead showed them to be near the outer world, a soft voice said:

"Mr. Hammerly!" then paused.

"What is it, Miss Imo?" was the questioning reply.

"I am sorry now."

Very faintly and tremulously the words were uttered, and in the dim light Frank saw that Imo's head was bowed, and caught a glimpse of a sparkle on the lashes of the blue eyes he loved.

Well he knew to what she referred when the confession was made so humbly, but he could only draw the little figure closer to him, and kiss the hand which his own raised to his lips.

Then, "If you are really sorry, call me Frank," he whispered, not pausing to learn the cause of her changed opinion of him, but glad and content to take the joy thus suddenly offered.

"Frank, I *am* sorry!" she repeated; and the old cave seemed no longer a gloomy place of terror to either of them.

"Hallo!" shouted a voice from outside.

And "Hallo!" came the answer from within from two glad voices.

# THE RACE FOR THE BLUE RIBBON OF THE DERBY.

The Derby! Visions of assembled thousands, of flashing horses, of dazzling colors, of long odds, of bets and books, of straight tips, of gloves, of lobster salad, of champagne, of gypsies, of unlimited chaff, of dusty roads, and of splitting headaches!

"*Moi je suis de Marly!*" "I have been to the Darby!"—I pronounce it thiswise as is the fashion in Merrie England. I have nobbled my cool five hundred; I have plunged up to my chin on the favorite, and taken a goodly slice out of my ancestral estate thereby; I have backed the dark horse—a horse as dark as Erebus, and have landed my sixty chinking sovereigns to one; I have bet dozens of gloves with the fair sex, and have never been paid my winnings; I have gorged on *paté de foie gras*, and made a guy of myself over Veuve Clicquot; I have had my fortune told by melting-eyed daughters of Egypt; and have fractured the limbs of hundreds of wooden dolls; I have played at Aunt Sally, and have chaffed a live Duke; I have occupied the box seat of the crack drag of the Four-in-Hand Club with Baby Budcombe of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; and I have ridden behind a costermonger, seated beside a donkey as "vudn't go." I have tooled down in a white frock coat built by Smalpage of Maddox Street, with a Maréchal Niel bud, costing a guinea; and I have attended in a suit of garments handed from a peg by a gentleman of Jewish aspect, in Wellclose Square, off Ratcliffe Highway. I have hobnobbed in Chateau Yquem with the Prince of Wales, and have guzzled beer with a Welcher. I—— but why proceed thusly? Let me rather narrate the scenes and incidents appertaining and specially belonging to the great English festival of ye Darby Day.

Long before the earliest lark in the earliest London bird-shop hops down upon his square foot of dusty turf, to sing his welcome to the Derby morning—and even before his happier brother, the country lark, so long cruelly separated from him, has sprung from his nest in the dewy clover, and left his little family, to rise high up in the white clouds to greet the precious sun of May, hundreds of vehicles are already fitted out for the Derby—that great carnival and saturnalia of the London citizen.

The giant, roomy van, that would comfortably hold a large portion of a regiment, has long since been launched from Bishopgate Street inn yards, and its red curtains and cushions brushed and tidied. Before sunrise on the Derby Day, natty dog-carts have been rinsed, and rubbed, and respectable family carriages have been dragged from dusty suburban coach-houses by amphibious men, whose faces wear a holiday smile. Even hearses have been looked on with longing eyes by greedy undertakers, who, finding themselves hopelessly melancholy and undisguisable, have ordered them in again with a sigh. Omnibi of all colors have been on the move at supernatural hours; noblemen's drags have been admiringly drawn from their hiding-places; Hansom cabmen have been hours at their toilet, or, rather at their cabs' toilet; and even the costermonger's barrow has been cleansed of its shrimps and whelks long before daybreak, ready for the day's pleasure—for on this day all London has risen, recklessly determined to enjoy itself.

There is, indeed, nothing you see in the streets, of a Derby morning, but has some reference to the day's enjoyment. Those sturdy girls, tramping along the Fulham Road, who are carrying on their heads huge baskets of crimson flowers, are coming from the market-gardens by the riverside with bouquets for the Derby. Those wagon-loads of lilac-blossoms that trotted into Covent Garden at daybreak are decorations for Derby cabmen. That smart man with the bowed legs and brandy-and-watery eyes, walking up Cheapside, is the driver of the Aldersgate Street Derby omnibus—I can see it by the red geranium in the buttonhole of his buttoned green cut-away, by his bird's-eye scarf, and by the oiled curls on his left temple. Those three young men in white dust-coats, going arm-in-arm up Newgate Street, are three city clerks in the house of Brown, Jones & Co. For to-day, at least, they will wipe from their minds all drudging thoughts of single and double entry. Early shops are already doing a large business in blue rosettes for whips, in green vails for white hats, and in cockades for the conductors of Whitechapel vans. In thousands of fish-shops hampers are loading with lobsters, and Fortnum and Mason are both nearly insane in

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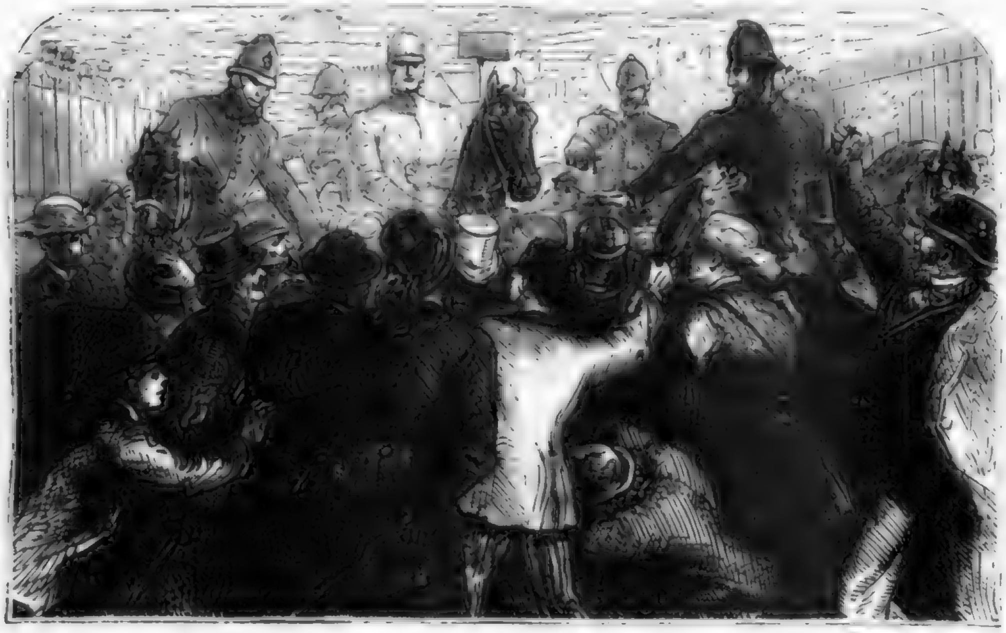
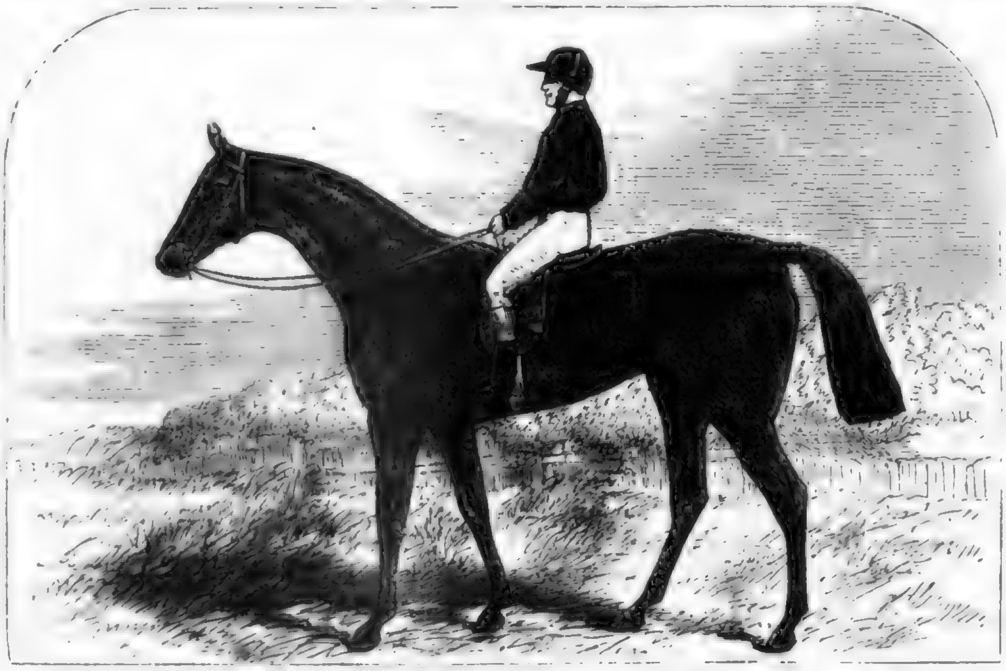


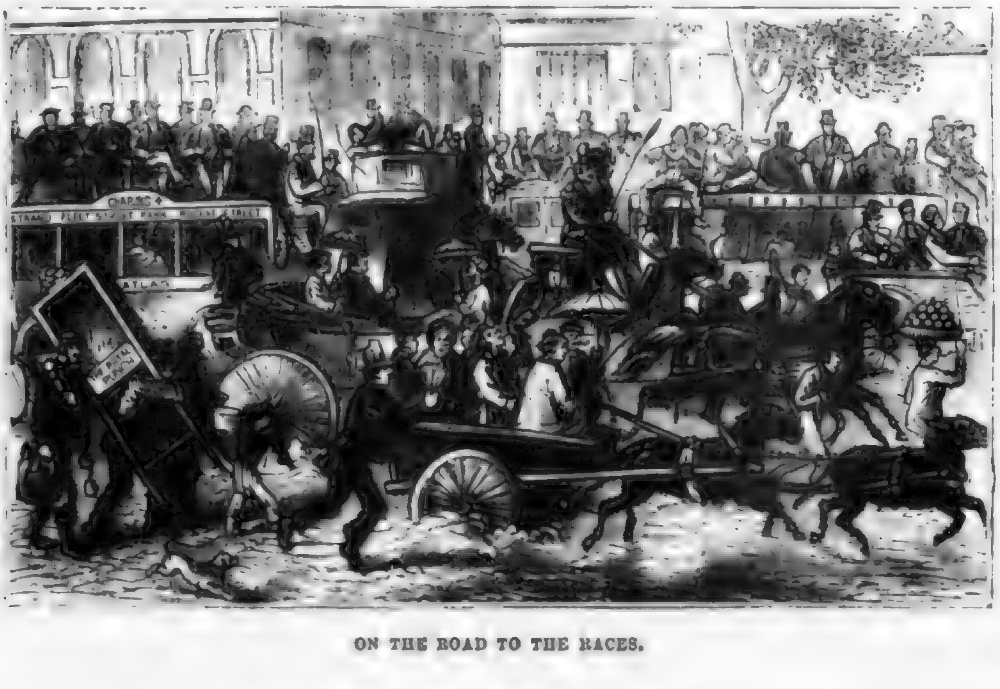
BRINGING IN THE WINNER.

their efforts to get off chicken salads, game pies and champagne in time and in sufficient quantity—for the Derby Day is a chicken-eating, champagne-drinking day, and either winning a bet or losing one makes a man very hungry and very thirsty. Bouquets, primrose-colored gloves, lobsters, champagne, green vails, post-horns and dust-coats are "moving off," as business men say, at high rates. Coaches, cabs and carts are being launched, early breakfasts are being eaten with great rapidity. All London is in a simmer. The very London sparrows are persuaded that something unusual is going on. Alas! did he but know it, many a fat man is that morning eyeing the frail gig which, ere the evening, will be a miserable wreck on some distant Surrey road.



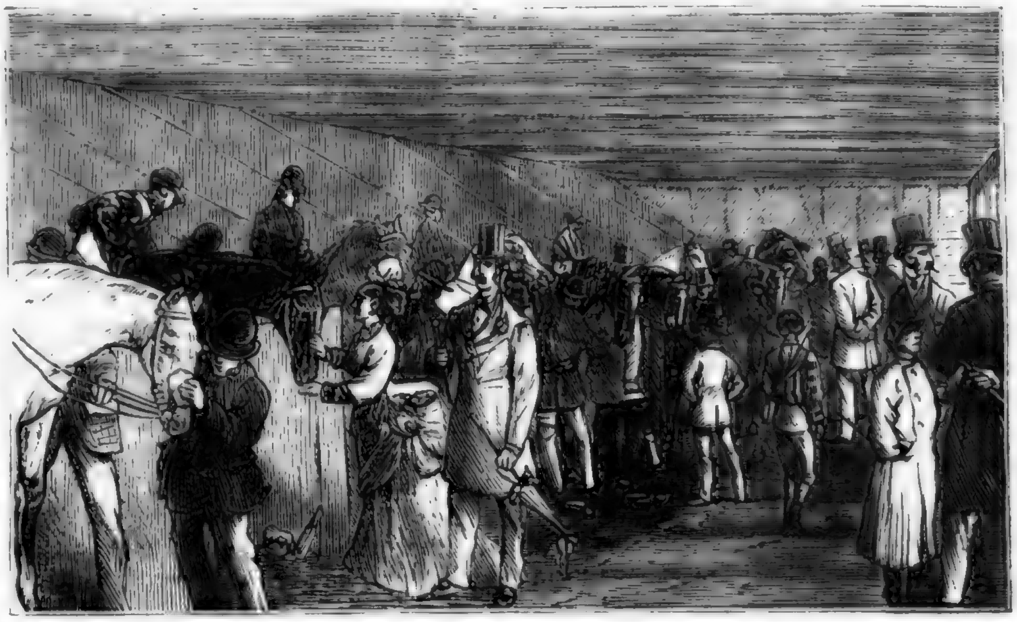
SIR BEVYS, WINNER OF THE DERBY OF 1879.

From the nobleman grandly sipping his coffee in his Belgravian home, to the costermonger sopping his tea in a Holborn alley, there is throughout London one universal resolve to enjoy the day. At present all is smile and sunshine; the future is banished. The thief, who to-night will lie with blackened eyes and bruised mouth in the dark cell of the "stone jug," is now rampant and shouting; the betting-man, with thousands, who to-night will be furtively looking at his revolver, is now exultingly dotting up his betting-book. But away with these carrion-crow thoughts! for is it not the morn of the Derby Day? Parliament has suspended its labors to go to the Derby; fashionable doctors let death do its work for one day; merchants leave their offices; business, for one day only, is entirely suspended, and all the world, its sisters and its cousins and its aunts, hie to Epsom Downs.

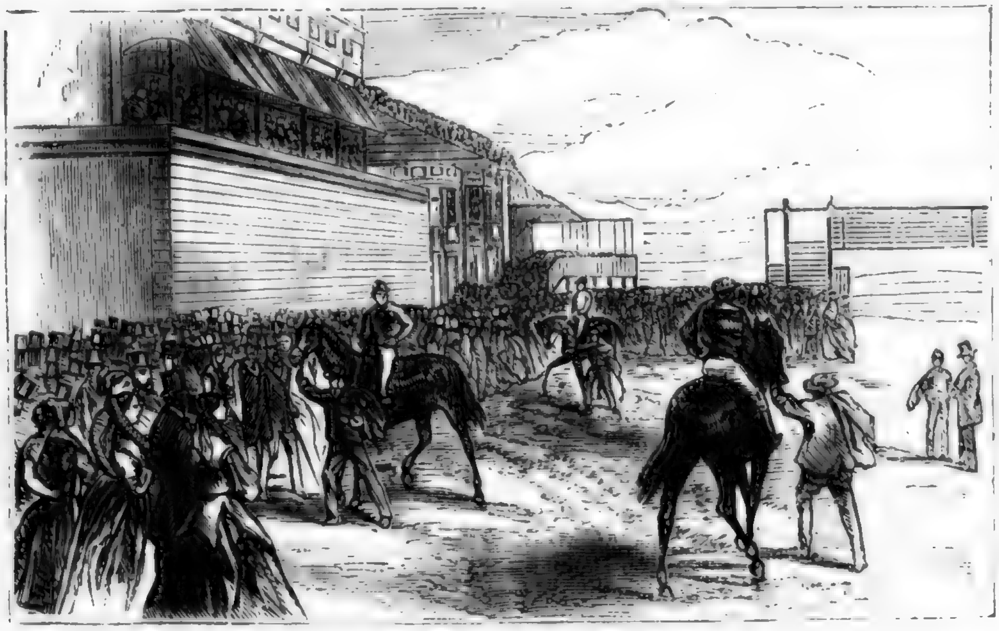


ON THE ROAD TO THE RACES.

The excitement that, long before daybreak, begins to rouse London, commences, at about eight or nine o'clock, to assume an organized shape. The names of the running horses are talked about in the streets, and as the golden hands of St. Paul's point at IX, armies of carriages are on the move, and vehicles of all ages and conditions begin to fill the roads leading to Epsom. The Westminster Road, the Kingston Road and the Blackfriars Road present so many distinct motley processions. The black mass is blossomed over with green vails, extempore flags and rosettes. The brass and silver harnesses shine gayly; the drivers' coats look glossily new; pretty faces and blowsy faces peep from vans; jolly publicans bowl along in traps, and already the thirsty van from Shoreditch is tapping its huge stone jar of porter, and offering a passing cabman early refreshment.

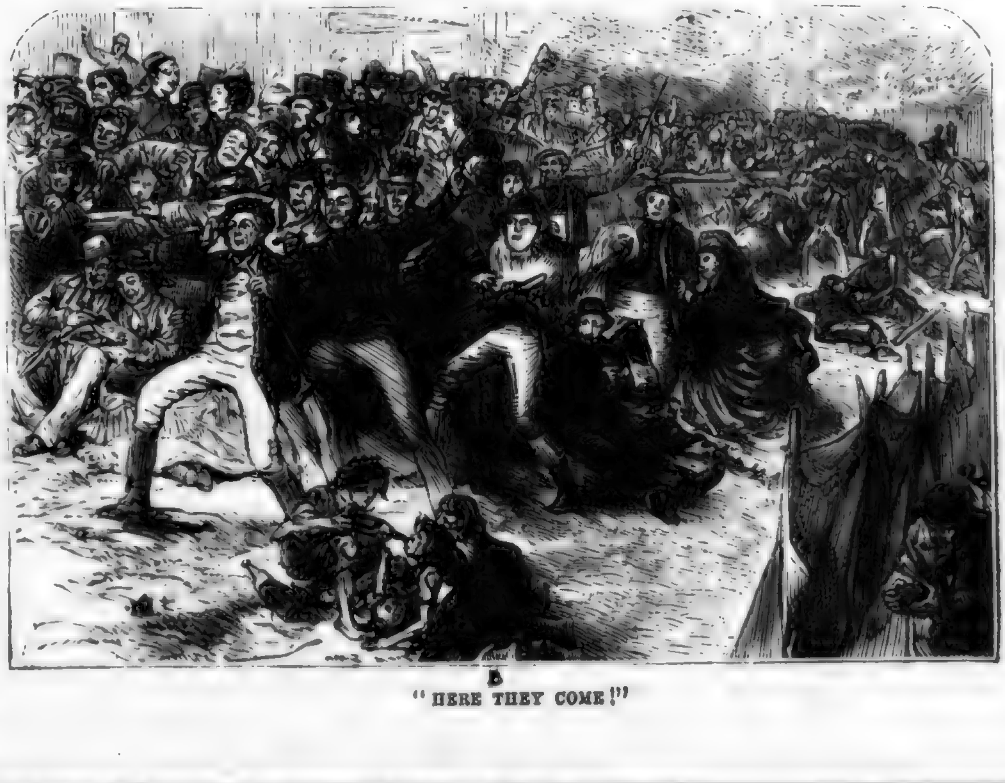

SADDLING FOR THE DERBY OAKS.

And now as the slow, ponderous omnibi, the small dog-carts, the flashing hansoms, the overloaded spring vans, the dashing drags, the insolent curricles and the quiet broughams get detached from London, the scene becomes more artistic. The saturnalia has begun; and now the pedestrians, the man in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat over his shoulder, the sham negro with his music-stand, the Aunt Sally proprietor with his clubs, and the three shies a penny with his truck of sand-bags and cocoanuts, begin to join the English carnival, and the country boys, in shapeless hats and smock frocks, begin to offer you birds' nests, and white thorn and green bunches of oak-apple, which no effort could carry home.


PARADING THE HORSES BEFORE THE START.

The man in the hansom cab buys a bough of May, and sticks it before him as if he was Birnam Wood, and was driving post-haste to Dunsinane. The man with the cornet ceases to tootle, and taking to pelting the next omnibus to him with thrush's eggs, is instantly touched up with a four-in-hand whip; upon which he leaps down and offers to fight the whole dragful of "men in the guards" for a new hat.

The green expanse of Clapham Common, its ponds, furze and clumps of trees are all welcomed, and here and there at entrance-gates, carriages are ready to start, and neat grooms, in white cords and the nattiest of boots, wait at the horses' heads.


"HERE THEY COME!"

Now, too, one begins to see the green, fan-leaved chestnuts, mountains of blossoming cones, and elms ruffling dark with countless leaves, all glowing with the tenderest green of Spring and Spring's sunshine. Through open gates we catch glimpses of ladies and nursemaids at windows, or ladies and gentlemen dressed ready for the carriage, which is coming round directly. There are tigers, too, sitting at garden gates, in a ruminating way, on luncheon hampers, and the daintiest of servant-maids, with sly pertness, stealing looks over garden walls.

Toward Tooting, there is not an inn where you do not see men in leggings, with handfuls of hay under their arms, like vegetarians gone mad; expectant landlords, standing in a Henry VIII. attitude, at doorways, and vans already prematurely broken down, stranded by the roadside on slips of dusty turf.

And now the country begins in real earnest. The great, uninterrupted green fields spread out, the ripe grass glitters with golden flowers, the lark sings overhead a short piece of music in honor of the Derby, and the thrushes may be heard at intervals from the whitethorn bushes in the orchard, soon to be scared away by the grind and roll of wheels, the clack of whips, the din of hoarse cornets, the missile-like chaff of cabmen, the songs, the shoutings, the cries of alarm, the shouts of "Correk card, with the names of the 'orses, and the names, weights and colors of the riders," and the offers of ginger beer, lozenges, taffy, oranges and gingerbread nuts; and as with these cries exulting shouters dash or creep by, the respectable people, in garden seats on the lawns, look on with quiet delight, and just beyond, between the lilacs, the gardeners and the maids snatch a furtive and a grinning glance as, in one unbroken line, three-deep, jerks forward the carnival procession.

There is not a fair widow or haughty old maid along the road to whom thousands of impertinent kisses are not blown by audacious men in omnibuses on this the Derby day; and through the whole cavalcade, through laugh and shout and storm of chaff, rises at intervals louder than all a stock cry—that of this Year of Grace being, "What, never?" "Well, *hardly* ever!"

The great army on wheels has left many stragglers wrecked in country lanes at sharp turnings and at cross roads, but the bulk has arrived by train or road, safe and well, and at last debouched upon the Downs. Epsom is full of men with blue cards in their hands, and is blocked up with bivouacs of carriages; beer is dashing into glasses, dusty throats are gradually recovering their proper tone; betting men are running about after betting men, and light-legged men after tight-legged men. As for the Downs, its rolling surface is covered as with the tents of an invading army.

The Grand Stand, like an unroofed house, is as yet thinly peopled, and only with a moving population, capricious in their choice of seats. All along the ropes the broughams and drags are moored in one long rampart; ladies in *ravissante* toilets are taking down bets in exquisite little books, with the greatest anxiety and the most delightful ignorance of what they are doing. Menkind, dressed by Smalpage and Poole, are engaged in mild flirtation or in making up sweepstakes. Aunt Sally is being dinted in the rear, and already have the varied booths, from sparring up to fortune-telling, commenced to do a rousing business.

Before I come to the event of the day I shall say a word or two anent the Derby and the Downs. Epsom is derived from the old Saxon name Ebbisheim, or Ebbis's Home or Palace—the name of an English Queen. For many years Epsom has been celebrated for its salts. About the end of the seventeenth century it rivaled Bath and Tunbridge Wells in the number and quality of those who resorted there to drink its mineral waters. Pepys, in his Diary, Aug. 14th, 1667, says, "To the Well—where much company; and I drank the water, but they did not, but I did drink four pints."

The precise period when horse-racing first began to be practiced at Epsom is a matter of uncertainty, but many believe it dates as far back as the reign of James I. Pepys, in his Diary, May 27th, 1663, says, "This day there was a great thronging at Bunstead (Epsom) Downs, upon a great horse-race and foot-race." Annually, from 1730, races were held at Epsom, and in 1743, the prizes were valuable ones, the field of horses running for them very large, and the company attending the races not only numerous and fashionable, but graced by royalty. Year by year the prestige and importance of the Epsom meetings increased, and in 1776 the *Morning Post* of Oct. 23d states that "On this day the October Meeting at Epsom begins, at which good sport is expected, many capital horses having gone down there from Newmarket to run for the different plates and sweepstakes." The account of the sport and the nature of the racing is given in the next day's *Post*, from which it appears that the race for the Town Plate of £50, for five, six year olds, and aged horses, the best of three 4-mile heats, and for which a field of thirteen started, "was one of the finest races ever seen."

In a sweepstakes run for on the same day, a curious accident which befell the jockey of the winning horse is thus recorded: "Just before he came in at the winning post, being crossed by a gentleman on horseback, the rider was thrown; but his leg hanging in the stirrup, the horse carried his weight in, and won—miraculously without hurting his jockey."

The year 1780 may be said to form an epoch in the history of Epsom Races, when the Derby Stakes were first instituted and the foundation laid for the subsequent honor of the "Blue Ribbon" of the turf conferred in name upon it up to the present time. The twelfth Earl of Derby was its sponsor, and like the "Leger," it was some five years before the "Derby" came into prominent notice.

The *Evening Post* of May 6th, 1780, merely mentions the race thus:

THURSDAY.

The Derby stakes, of 50 guineas each, h. ft., colts and fillies, the last mile of the course:

| | |
|---|---|
| Sir C. Bunbury's ch. c. | 1 |
| Mr. O'Kelley's b. c. | 2 |
| Mr. F. Walker's f. | 3 |
| Sir F. Evelyn's b. c. | 4 |

For the first twenty years from the institution of the Derby in 1780, its number of subscribers in each year averaged 35, the average number of starters 10, and the average number of those placed, 4. To-day, the average number of subscribers is 300, starters, 30, and placed, 3. Sir Charles Bunbury carried off the Blue Ribbon on three different occasions, Lord Egremont 5, and Lord Derby once only. S. Arnull rode the winner on four occasions. J. Arnull was equally fortunate. The Chiffneys rode the winner three times, and, and on one occasion, pocketed the full stakes through their own horse, Priam, winning. Clift rode five winning mounts, and Robinson six.

In noteworthy incidents connected with the Derby, the year 1794 was remarkable on account of only four horses starting for the race. In 1824, Robinson the jockey made a wager, in which he obtained *very* long odds, that he would in that year win the Derby, win the Oaks, and win a wife. Of course the chances were in favor of those who laid the odds, but on this occasion the odds were floored, for Robinson won the Derby on Cedric, the Oaks on Cobweb, and his wife—no, what I mean to say is, he also got married within the Derby week.

The late Sir Drury J. Dickinson informed the writer that he found Robinson (the greatest man in England for that day at least), after riding the Derby, quietly taking a glass of beer in a remote marquee, and that he, Sir Drury, sat with him for a long half hour, enjoying a most unhorsy gossip.

Originally the weights carried for the Derby were: colts, 8 st. 7 lbs.; fillies, 8 st. 3 lbs.; but now they are 8 st. 10 lbs.; and 8 st. 5 lbs.

The race-course at Epsom is not, naturally, one of the best in the kingdom, either for the horses to run on, or for that portion of the spectators who are obliged to stand on *terra firma* to view the running. The distance run by the horses for the Blue Ribbon is exactly one mile and a half, the first half mile being on the ascent; the next third of a mile the ground is level; from the bend into the straight run home, and to within the distance, it is on the descent, and from this point the remainder is again on the ascent. This great variation in the ground, as run over, often reverses and upsets calculations based upon the running of horses who may have previously shown to good advantage over the level flat at Newmarket; the contests for the 2,000 and 1,000 guineas' stakes, as run for at the latter place, are looked to as pointing out with some certainty the future Derby and Oaks winners, and the Epsom winners would be oftener and more truly indicated by the method of judging of a future result by a past and determined event, if it were not for the difference in the nature of the two race-courses.

The Grand Stand is the finest in England. Its length is 126 feet, and it will accommodate 5,000 persons, its immense leaden roof above having seats for 2,500. The interior is divided into several rooms, one of them a refreshment saloon, being 100 feet long by 38 feet wide. Dickens thus describes a visit to the victualing portion of the Grand Stand at Epsom: "Here we are! Let us go into the basement. First into the weighing-house, where the jockeys 'come to scale' after each race. We then inspect the offices for the Clerk of the Course himself; wine-cellars, beer-cellars, larders, sculleries and kitchens, all as gigantically appointed, and as copiously furnished as if they formed part of an Ogre's castle. To furnish the refreshment-saloon, the Grand Stand has in store 2,400 tumblers, 1,200 wine-glasses, 3,000 plates and dishes, and several of the most elegant vases we have seen out of the Glass Palace, decorated with artificial flowers. An exciting odor of cookery meets us in our descent. Rows of spits are turning rows of joints before blazing walls of fire. Cooks are trussing fowls; confectioners are making jellies; kitchen-maids are plucking pigeons; huge crates of boiled tongues are being garnished on dishes. One hundred and thirty legs of lamb, 65 saddles of lamb and 130 shoulders of lamb; in short, a whole flock of 65 lambs have to be roasted and dished and garnished by the Derby Day. Twenty rounds of beef, 400 lobsters, 150 tongues, 20 fillets of veal, 100 sirloins of beef, 500 spring chickens, 350 pigeon pies; a countless number of quartern loaves and an incredible quantity of ham have to be cut up into sandwiches; 800 eggs have got to be boiled for the pigeon pies and salads. The forests of lettuces, the acres of cress and beds of radishes, which will have to be chopped up; the gallons of 'dressing' that will have to be poured out and converted into salads for the insatiable Derby Day, will be best understood by a memorandum from the chief of that department to the *chef de cuisine*, which happened, accidentally, to fall under our notice: 'Pray, don't forget a large tub and a birch-broom for mixing the salad!'"

The House of Commons openly adjourns for the Derby Day, Lord Palmerston having settled the question for ever in the following emphatic language: "Sir," addressing the Speaker, "I rather think that we may say that an adjournment on the Derby Day would please the House. *In fact, to adjourn over that day, is part of the unwritten law of Parliament!*"

Having said so much on the subject of Derby, and the Downs in general, I shall return to my particular Derby Day. The first race is to the Derby merely what the tuning is to the overture; and let us suppose ourselves just in time for the "event." The black lines of people begin to huddle closer; the customers of the distant amusements collect nearer to the ropes; the luncheon hampers have a temporary respite; there is an uneasy ebb and flow of humanity—the thousands going this way meet the thousands going the other way, and jostle for a passage, especially in places barred by gesticulating and coldly logical policemen. Dwarf jockeys pass through the crowd, who observe them with respect, and pretend to know who they are, and whose horses they are going to ride. Turfy men shout to anybody in a maniacal and eye-rolling way, 3 to 1, bar 1; 7 to 2 against Zut; 8 to 1 against Falmouth; 11 to 1 against Cadogan; and the war-cries are answered by—12 to 1 against Squirrel; 30 to 1 against Blue Blood; 40 to 1 against Alpha; 1,000 to 5 against George Albert.

The farmers and citizens, the boys looking for bottles, and men putting up dangerous expedients for breaking legs, with planks and barrels, jam closer together; and now the inclosure around the Grand Stand is Babel with the voices of frantic betters. Every one is eager about he knows not what; crazed, he knows not why; and clamorous about something or some one—so infectious is excitement, and so much of the sheep flesh is there about us.

But hark! the bell rings—ominous warning to some; the death toll of a thousand fortunes. Now could we but see them—countless shoals of golden sovereigns flash by us, ready for the lucky winner's net; now, before the steady, unwavering cordon of policemen, the unwilling and remonstrating crowd slowly scatter and retire. With impatient clamor the bell rings, insisting on the course being cleared—and in time it is cleared, even of the usual dog, who, bewildered and impatient, races down for his life, and without a competitor, literally walking over the course. Now looking from the Grand Stand, the Downs seem alive with converging armies, the flags of its tents being their banners. Now looking from the Downs on to the Grand Stand that unroofed building seems black with the masses of the wealth, and rank, and beauty of England.

The weighing has begun, and the two hundred and eighty-seven subscribers and twenty-three riders are nervously quiet as the eventful moment draws near. The names of the twenty-three jockeys are soon on the telegraph, so that when the numbers are run up and the race is won, we shall at once know which horse has won. A deep hush falls on the betting men, as on soldiers advancing to the deadly breach; the little saddles are put on—the natty, little, new saddles, so light and tight, are examined; the girths are scrutinized and tested by shrewd eyes and hands. The small cavalry regiment is at length ready—the smart little men in the poppy-colored and canary-colored silk jackets, are at length equipped for the combat. They cant up almost simultaneously their left legs, and at that mute signal the trainer, in his rough gray coat, and the nose of a bottle of "gruel" sticking out of his side pocket, tosses "his boy" up into his seat. And now the horses leave the paddocks for their preliminary canter, and the crowd becomes so excited that it is all the "bobbies" can do to prevent their touching the horses with their handkerchiefs, and thereby making them run

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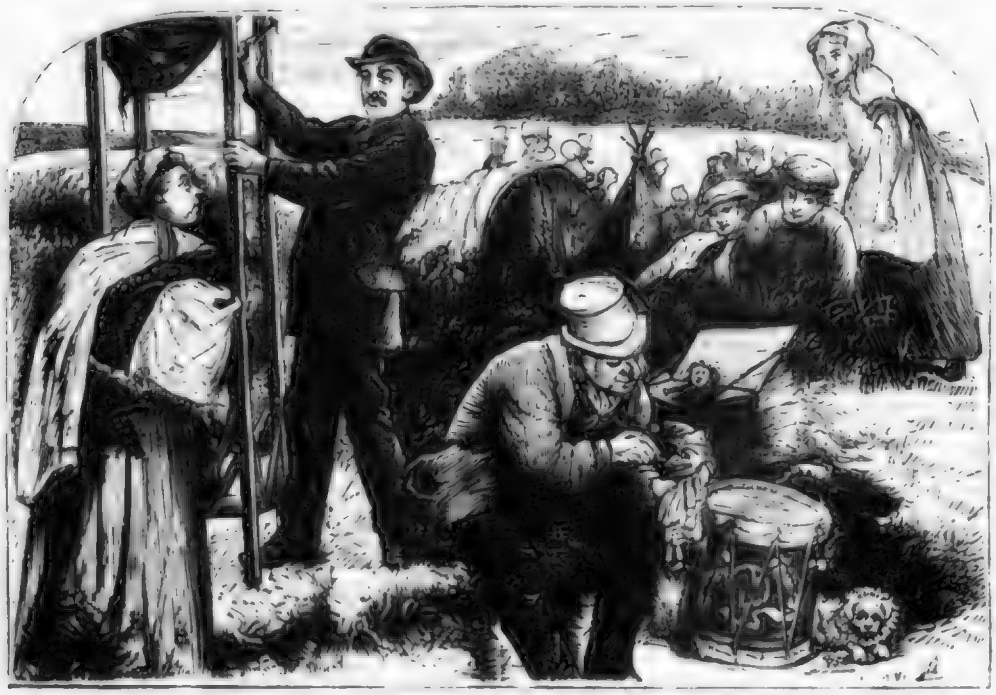
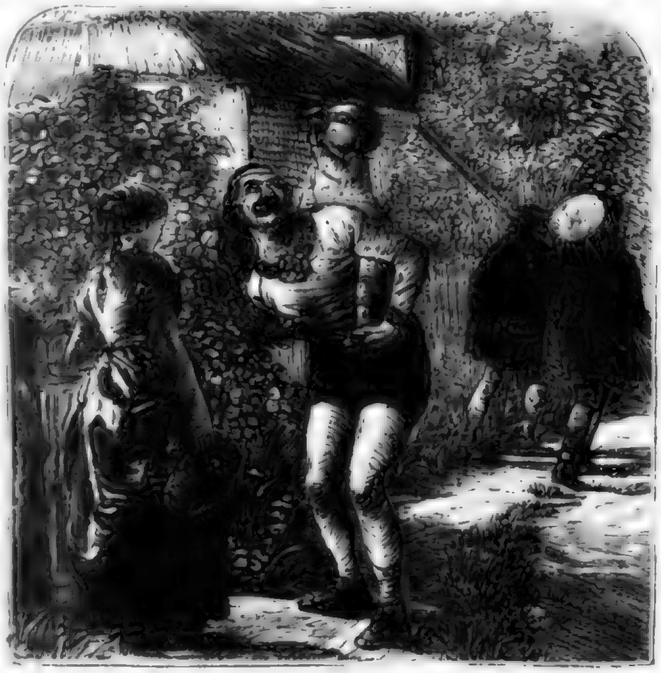


A SCENE ON THE ROAD TO THE DERBY—PUNCH AT HIS TOILET.

away, to the utter ruin of their owners and their riders. And this is one of the prettiest moments of the day. First, there is the long green ribbon of the turf, even and unspotted, save where orange-peel tinges it yellow, or where sandwich-papers blow across it, white and rustling. Then there is a stir and flutter in the crowd, as when wind passes along the top of ripe mowing-grass, as the first clump of horses appear, and dart onward toward Tattenham Corner.

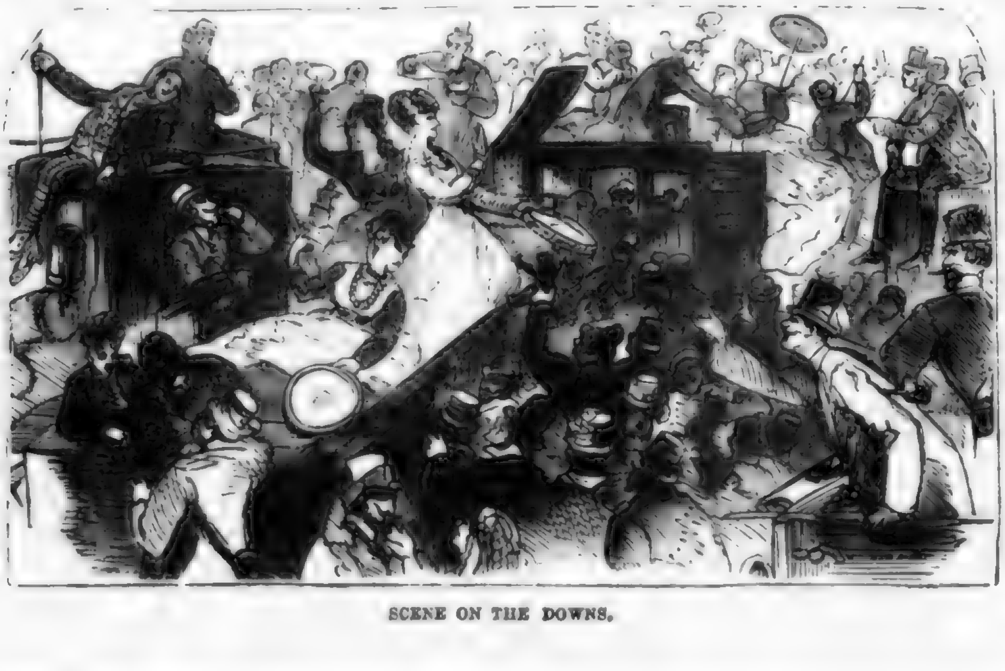
The "correk cards" are consulted by thousands, to see which is Cadogan, and which Charibert, and which Palmbearer, and which Visconti. The blue jacket, the chocolate, the red, the black ball and orange stripe flash by, one after the other, with a careless vigor and splendid stride that astonish the foreign visitor. There is a hollow, "quadrupate" thud, thud on the turf, as Cadogan sweeps by at glorious speed, but apparently without effort or any painful sense of labor. The favorite is instantly a war-cry in the crowd, and passes by unthought of and unheeded, as the real winner in the race of life often does, till his destined hour comes. The novices have a firm belief that the race has begun every time a horse passes for his preliminary canter.



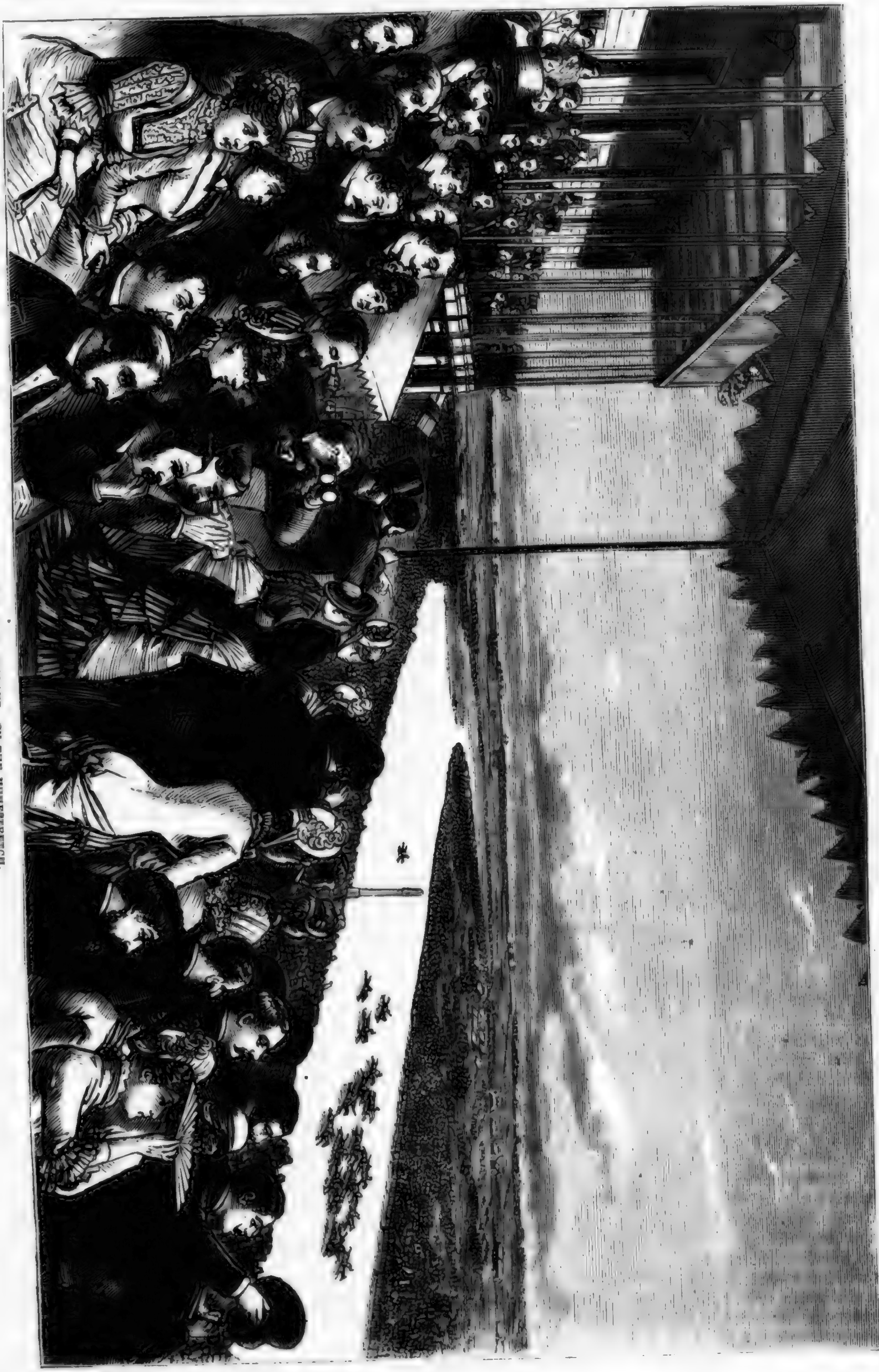
SCENE ON THE ROAD—STOPPING FOR A DRINK.

The real time for starting has come. The starter is at his post, and, with wonderful temper, trying to keep his rebellious twenty-three children in one steady line. But among thirty horses there are various tempers, and various moods of these tempers. High blood, with a dash of the Arab in it, is fiery and irrestrainable. The same spirit that makes them win makes them also restive, fractious and impetuous. They paw the turf, they snort, they rear, they prance, they jostle each other, they leap and start, and come back; and all this time the crowd on the stand, and on the tops of carriages, and on benches and amphitheatrical seats of all kinds, is in a fever of excitement. At every false start, thousands of voices call out, "They're off!" till at last no one believes the cry. "They're off!" causes every time a stir and movement in the crowd; but the final and true announcement, "*Now they're off!*" occasions a peculiar and indescribable pulsation that only the real start, after all, can produce.

The bulk of the people who are straining their necks and looking in every spot in the horizon but the right one, do not know what the horses are doing, or who starts them, or how far they run, or even whether they run once, twice, or three times round the course. It is only the more



SCENE ON THE DOWNS.



DERBY DAY IN ENGLAND—ON THE HOMESTRETCH.

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experienced ones who first see the little dots moving along the horizon, like puppet figures in a child's theatre. The horses have really been started as the flag lowered. They went off, as we hear afterward, in a magnificent burst, and rushed at high speed toward Tattenham Corner; and along that severe rise on the soft, elastic turf, they tore at a pace increasing at every stride. Now they are lost behind the crest of the hill, but reappear in an instant.

This is the moment that makes every heart seem almost to cease its beating. It is the climax of all previous excitement. If you watch the Grand Stand, now packed so dark and close with heads, you can almost see the brasswork of the opera-glasses glitter, when the cry of "They're coming!" is raised, as the horses dart over the hill like arrows shot from a bow. Every face on the Grand Stand turns at once that way, with the simultaneousness of a drill movement—you can see the white of the faces as the heads turn all at once; and it pictures a grand mutual excitement in the hearts belonging to those faces as vividly as if each spectator had tossed up his hat, or screamed, or beat his hands together.

The race is run in two minutes and forty-five seconds; yet, in the excitement, it seems prolonged to half an hour. "Here they come!" echoes along the line, and those who do not take off their hats are gently reminded of the popular wish by pokes of parasols and rough, bonneting blows from unseen fists. Yet even now it is difficult to realize the speed of the horses, as the jockeys, their silk jackets puffing in the wind, steer them along, apparently calmly and with forbearance, for they are saving their full speed for the last burst, the last tremendous, fiery charge at the winning-post. Already the weaker horses are weeded out, and the poorer-spirited tailing off, but the bulk are still tolerably together.

Then a great soughing, as of an approaching wind-storm, will arise from the mob, whose impatience has carried it to the extreme bend of the horseshoe-shaped course, and round which they can see the racers winding. The soughing is heard by the host on the Grand Stand and in the betting-ring and thickly-studded low-lying parts, and as trees moan and move at the distant voice of the hurricane, so do these, each man nudging his neighbor and nervously asking, "What's that? what's that?" Then, sudden as great rain-drops, will be heard brief, sharp utterances from the favored ones who, armed with race-glasses, occupy high places. "Palmbearer wins! Victor Chief wins! he's lengths ahead! No, Charibert does it! Visconti is forging ahead!" As the horses approach us, the crowd rolls forward on the ropes like madmen, and every one, according to his bet or the inspiration of the moment, shouts "Red!" "Blue!" "Yellow!" "Black!" not knowing what he is saying or what he is doing.

At the Grand Stand, the cries grow maddening, hands, hats, sticks wave, and rouse the horses to fresh efforts. Hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of pounds snugly ensconced in the three leading ships! Which three? All twenty-three, as they weigh anchor on a sunshiny afternoon and glide out on a smooth, green sea, look likely enough; and the colors of all are equally gay, and the twenty-three pilots are jaunty and confident, as though shoals and quicksands were unknown. But, despite the sunshine and the smoothness of the sea and the gay bunting and the confident pilots, the adventurers on the beach and on the cliffs are not at ease. How can they be? They very well know—indeed it was this very arrangement that induced them to embark in the venture—that of the fleet of twenty-three, nine-tenths are certainly doomed to wreck; that only three can, by any possibility, make the voyage, the remaining twenty striking on unsuspected rocks and sand-bars, and sinking in sight of land, carrying with them the hearts of nine-tenths of the 200,000 venturers, who, turning their backs on the treacherous sea, will grind their teeth and curse their evil luck, while the fortunate few whose three ships have breasted the tide are radiant with delight, and stab the great host of ruined ones and beggars with shouts of exultation. Foreseeing this, is it any wonder that 200,000 spectators shout and cry and snigger, and act like the lunatics that they are?

The horses fly; the struggle is beautiful. Mr. Acton's Sir Bevys forges ahead, and, superbly ridden by Fordham, wrests the blue ribbon of the turf from Palmbearer. Sir Bevys is an outsider, starting at 20 to 1. The favorites shut up like snails. Long ago the telegraph has gone up with the number of the winner, and to the horror and amazement of thousands of betters.

And now, close after the last horse, like a black sea that has burst its bounds, the mob rush in, and lo! the long green ribbon of turf vanishes as if it had been sponged out. There is a tremendous meeting of conflicting tides of humanity. The mob push madly on to see the winner, and to swell the triumph of the jockey, that quiet little boy with the flushed face, and eyes staring feverishly with excitement. One can scarcely believe that that calmly pacing horse is the same one that, five minutes since, flew maddened before the clamor of 200,000 frantic people.

The winners are going about declaiming their superior knowledge on the subject of Sir Bevys; and the losers are going about, too, showing that no sensible man, knowing anything about horses, could have done anything but just what they had done; and only wish the race over again—that's all.

But one thought is now paramount in the minds of the majority on the Downs, and that one thought is "luncheon." In a moment the green Down is blooming with lobster salad—a perfect azalea-colored bloom freckles the grass for half a mile. Guardsmen on the tops of drags, throw themselves into cupbearers' positions, gold or silver headed champagne bottles in one hand, and tapering glasses in the other. Smart, soldier-like grooms cut the fetters of Fortnum and Mason's square hampers and release the imprisoned roast fowls. The family parties in the open carriages are busy with plates on their knees, and in a true picnic mood of enjoyment; glad for once to shuffle off the tedious and monotonous ceremonies of daily life.

In an equally happy, but much noiser way, the people from the vans are feasting, with the occasional episode of a friendly fight. Beer is glug-glugging out of shiny brown jars of the portliest dimensions, and huge books of sandwiches are being disleaved. If the foreigners present had any idea that the English were a grave people, they must have had that idea by this time thoroughly removed. Never was such Saturnalia or carnival scene as this, now that the excitement and noise, lulled for a short time by the interval of luncheon and dinner, bursts out again from the long white dining-booths, and the great multitude betake themselves, with fresh animation, to "three shies a penny," archery, cocoanut-splitting, shooting for nuts, and other amusements delectable to the holiday-seeking citizens.

Presently the bell rings for the last race. Again the course clears, the horses pass like a flash of lightning; again the telegraph goes up, again the mob surge over the course, and the Derby Day is over.

The return to London consists of collisions, break-downs, free fights, flour-throwing, doll-pelting and chaff. Many enter Babylon rejoicing, and many—too many—with ghastly shadows on their hearts.

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# PAUL AND VIRGINIE.

## A EUROPEAN ADVENTURE.

By M. T. Caldor.

"I AM charmed to be able to complete your European experience with a glimpse of my uncle's chateau life," said the young Baron L—— to his American guest. "We shall be likely to find him in the library at this hour, and you shall be informally introduced. Afterward there will be such a rush of visitors, one will not be able to obtain a word from him."

"And yet his nephew throws his sympathies on the other side, if I comprehend aright your tirade last evening over those matchless cigarettes?" observed Paul Dunmore, lightly.

The young baron shrugged his shoulders.

"My uncle is cold, cautious, calculating, and a great man. He has much to risk besides. And I, *parbleu!*"

"I cannot realize the good fortune that brought me here," returned Dunmore. "It seems all like a dream to me."

"A most unpleasant reality might have been mine but for your timely help there, on that treacherous Alp. I am only too glad to be able to be of service here, as a friendly acknowledgment," answered the baron. "But come—let me give you the introduction to the count before all the court politicians seize him," he added.

Paul followed, with a heart beating high with anticipation and gratification, as if it could not be really he himself who had found entrance into this charmed circle, of whose immense importance in the great political affairs of Europe he had heard in the reading-rooms and public places.

With the familiarity of a privileged member of the household, the baron went through a pretty music-room, and from thence drew aside the damask draperies of an arched entrance, and stood a moment on the threshold.

At one of the costly inlaid tables, each a gem of art, was a group of three gentlemen, evidently deeply absorbed in conversation over a small chart.

"Ah!" muttered the baron. "I have brought you to a sight not often vouchsafed to common mortals. Those three men are the 'chiefs of the clan'! Look well at them, Dunmore; for, I assure you, a single tilt of those united brains shakes the whole Continent. Look at that old fox, B——! Bah! how he crushes out men's hopes and lives and noblest ambitions, if they come in the way of his iron *régime!* What new mischief are they concocting now? Come, let me show you that world-famous old portfolio of which the count is so proud, and by that time they will disperse."

Dunmore followed his lead, and admired the treasures of art and letters as heartily as one could desire. But he could not forbear casting furtive glances toward the group of gentlemen.

The count's tall figure and stern, iron-like visage were easily recognized; but the others he might never have looked upon, except for this opportunity, and he desired to improve it.

Their entrance had been observed, and the count presently beckoned to his nephew, who advanced promptly, and, after a few low words were exchanged, came over for Paul. The presentations were made in the most simple manner, and the stranger received a courteous greeting.

"My nephew says warm things of your courage and gallantry," observed the count, in a tone that was evidently abstracted, and without vivacity. "I trust we shall be fortunate enough to entertain you while you stay here. Ludwig, did you show him that Shakespeare death-mask?"

And, in obedience to this hint, the baron took him away to a cabinet beyond, and Paul considered that they were again dismissed from the count's mind.

They remained some time before the cabinet, and the three magnates returned to their conversation. It was the baron's restive start and evident attention to their talk which drew Paul's notice that way.

"But now I tell you, count," the great man was saying, "the danger is not so insignificant as you think. Let this alliance be consummated, and the opposition party is immeasurably strengthened."

"Ay, the Princess Maude is their trump card," added the other. "If she wins the duke, there is no telling what anarchy will come of it."

"The real question is, can she hold that restless fancy of his?" asked B——, meditatively.

"I hear wondrous accounts of her remarkable grace and beauty. You know, count, that she is just brought away from her school, and kept in seclusion here. Lady Hildegarde, I understand, is her present chaperon."

"I begin to suspect that the affair is of more magnitude than I knew. It would be a sorry thing for this pretty schoolgirl to upset all our well-grounded plans."

"Many a good scheme before now has been ruined by a lovely woman's art."

"Or by her willfulness. They must needs guard her closely, if they stake their all on this chance."

"If she would only fall in love and be as obdurate as some of her sex," began the other.

Here the count burst into a low, mellow laugh. He had glanced over to the cabinet. All unconsciously, Paul Dunmore stood in the attitude and looked almost as handsome as the youthful Apollo in marble in the niche beyond. A swift, unfathomable look crossed the count's face.

"I have it!" he muttered. "Ludwig told about his wonderful gallantry and a romantic temperament. It is worth a trial, at all events."

The others looked questioningly into his face, and he laughed again, saying, in a still lower voice:

"Leave me alone. I have an idea, and I must see what I can work out of it."

After that the door was thrown open, and a string of visitors announced.

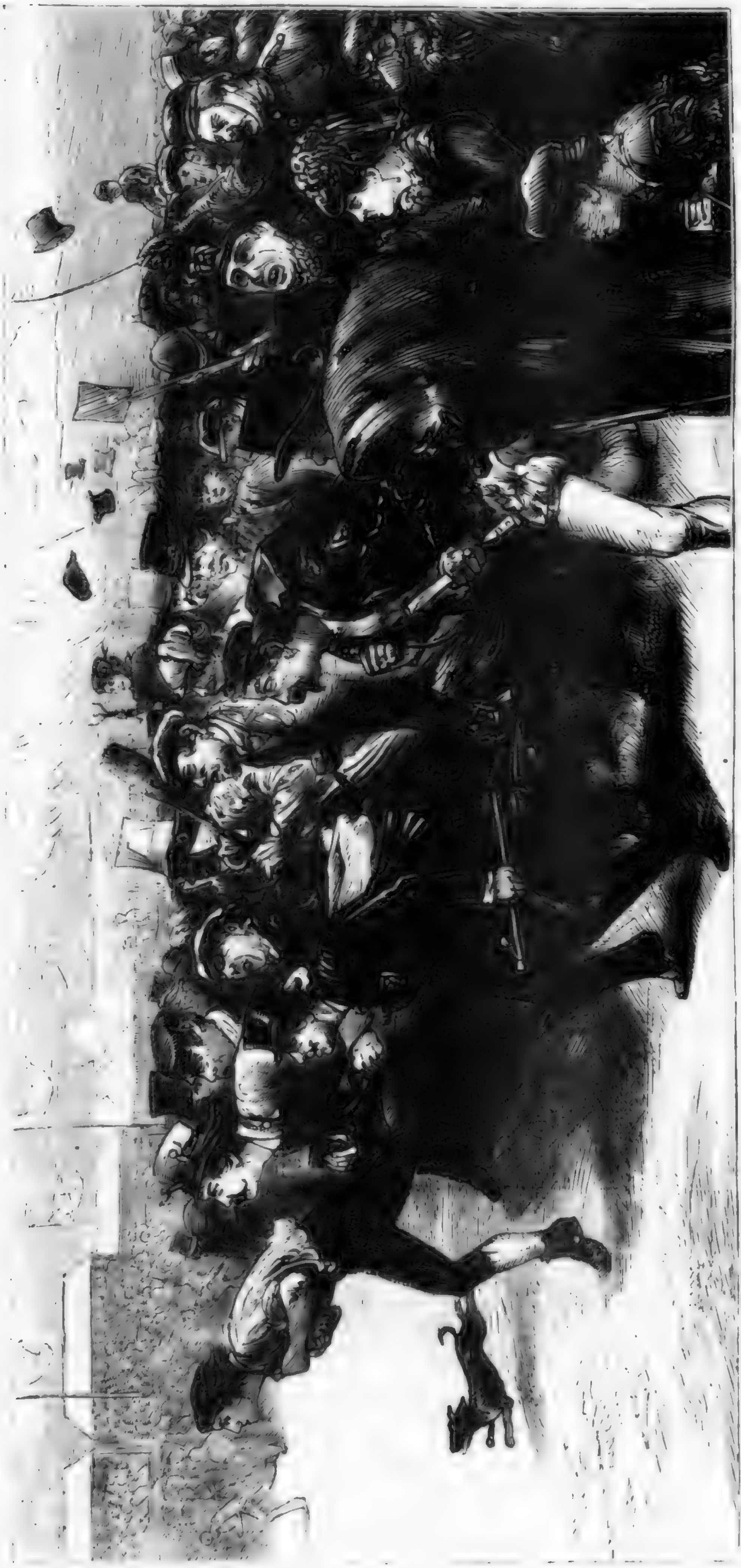
Paul Dunmore was not a little flattered to find himself the object of the count's chief attention in the drawing-room. Quite unconsciously on his own part, he was drawn to exhibit to that astute intellect his best aspirations; and it must be admitted that he betrayed also his weaknesses and shortcomings.

The Baron Ludwig lifted his eyebrows a little as he watched this most unusual attention.

"What now?" he queried, under his breath. "Has he so fervent gratitude for the safety of his graceless nephew and troublesome ward? or is it a politic movement, bestowed for the country's sake? However, it makes it very comfortable for me, and exceedingly pleasant for Dunmore."

"I have been persuading your friend to remain a few weeks with us," remarked the count to him. "He ought not to lose our fair and the *fête*."

"How very delightful!" declared the baron; but he pulled down the corners of his mouth, and commented, *sub rosa*, "There is certainly something in the wind—only, I'm so stupid and he so foxy, it's a wonder if I ever find it out."



THE DERBY DAY—THE RUSH ON THE COURSE—"WHO'S WON?"

"By-the-way, Ludwig, I am afraid I shall have to send you off for a few days. It is a small affair, and will not keep you a week."

"You are pleased with Mr. Dunmore, uncle?"

"Exceedingly. One does not often meet with so fresh and enthusiastic—I could almost say so poetical—a character."

Paul Dunmore heard, and his cheek glowed with something very like gratified vanity.

He retired to his private rooms, in a dream of enchantment.

The baron was off early in the morning. He took a hasty leave of Paul, assuring him that the count had promised him every pleasure the chateau could contribute.

The count made him, indeed, feel perfectly at home. Garden after garden, fostered with the most generous and unsparing care, opened upon him its charms as he strolled down the rolled walks. All was absolute quiet and silence—a sylvan solitude, indeed, with the plash of the water, and the murmuring rustle of the trees, and the low twitter of bird and insect.

Paul threw himself upon a mossy bank, and fell into a dreamy, delicious reverie, all unconscious that his own graceful figure and handsome face completed the picture.

"Shall I ever have another such glimpse of my ideal Paradise?" he asked himself, presently. "But a Paradise that has no Eve," he added, with a smile lighting his face.

Scarcely had the idea suggested itself, when a little rustic gate opened noiselessly, and a lady came tripping through.

Paul shrank back, and watched her graceful movements as she glided here and there. A wide-brimmed straw hat concealed her face, and the young man was wishing its envious screen away, when her own fair hands removed it, and tossed it lightly aside.

The Eve was worthy of the Paradise. A fairer, sweeter, nobler countenance Paul had never seen.

"Can she be of the count's

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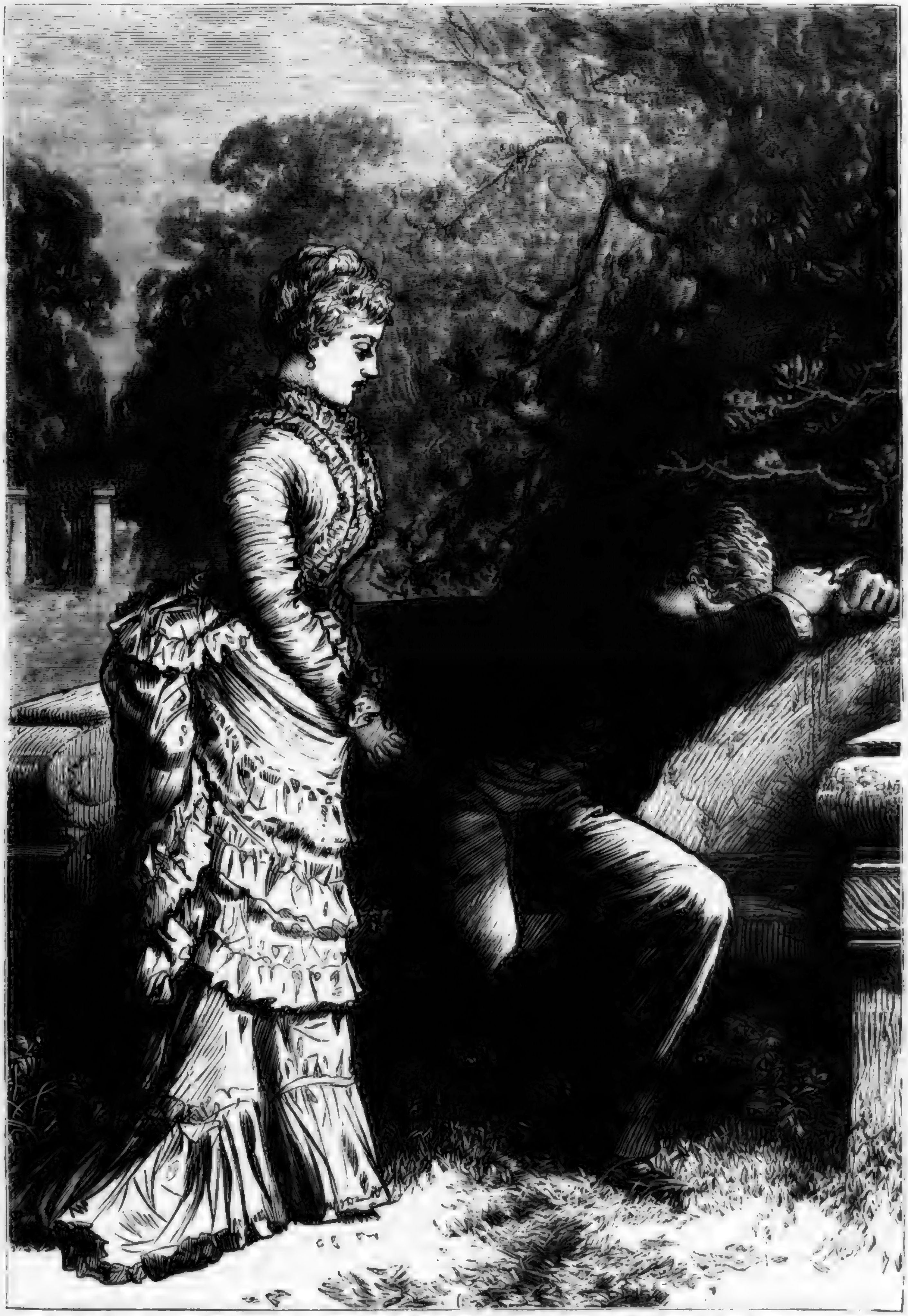

PAUL AND VIRGINIE.—"'THE DUKE—THE DUKE!' REPEATED HE. 'YOU TAKE ME FOR A DUKE! WHAT, THEN, ARE YOU!' 'ALAS! I'D RATHER BE THE HUMBLE VIRGINIE THAN THE PRINCESS MAUDE,' SHE SAID, GENTLY."—SEE PAGE 159.

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family?" questioned Paul. "There is a highbred air about her that would not belie a throne, and yet, likewise, a guileless, unsophisticated artlessness that might adorn the gardener's daughter."

She had evidently come thither to enjoy the retirement and beauty of the secluded glen.

The young man was just wondering if he ought to make known his presence, when there came a sudden and most unpleasant interruption.

The little gate through which this lovely Eve had entered Paul's Paradise clashed angrily beneath a ruder touch, and the next instant a man with wild, inflamed countenance, disordered garments and erratic movements that would have proclaimed an escaped lunatic, without the flashing blade which he was flourishing, came leaping toward the lady.

She heard the noise, and, turning, seemed to comprehend the danger, for a low cry escaped her. Yet she stood erect, facing him heroically.

It did not require any further call to bring Paul Dunmore to his feet, and the next instant he stood beside her, saying, quietly:

"Do not be alarmed, madame. I will divert his attention, if possible. At all events, I will save you from any violence of his."

"May Heaven reward you!' whispered she, faintly.

"Take the seat yonder, and do not seem to notice us at all," directed he.

And the lovely lady obeyed him, now for the first time stealing a questioning look at the youth's handsome face and manly figure.

The madman, muttering fiercely, came leaping on.

"Where is she? I promised that her innocent blood should appease the offended gods. A maiden pure and noble—surely there could not be a more acceptable offering."

"Come over to the altar, then," interposed Paul, quick to catch his wild thoughts. "Just the spot for such a deed is over yonder. I am sent to help you. Lend me your knife a moment, will you, that I may cut a withe to bind the victim?"

The man glared at him, half in anger, half in some stupor of amazement; but he clutched firm hold of the dangerous knife.

"No; the knife is for her! he hissed, in a deadly tone that made the sweet face beyond blanch to a yet deathlier hue.

And he laid his hand upon Paul's shoulder, and would have swung him out of his path; but that young gentleman suddenly grappled with him, and, after a struggle, the knife was safely in Paul's possession.

The lady was no passive spectator. She hastily unwound her silk scarf, and helped him tie the struggling hands, though she was trembling violently.

"There! secure at last!" cried Paul, triumphantly, panting for breath.

"And what will you do with him? How near are the count's servants?" she asked, in a soft, silvery voice.

But this question was settled for them. A loud holloa was heard, and two men came hurrying through the gate.

The lady turned around appealingly to Paul.

"Pray do not let me be seen by them. It would make unnecessary gossip."

"Do not be concerned," he answered, reassuringly, and hurried his prisoner toward them.

Ten minutes afterward the little glen was as quiet and silent as if no other human footsteps had ever marred its peacefulness. Paul hastened back, and found the lady where he had left her, very pale and agitated still.

"You are faint," he said, in a voice of tender concern.

And, hastening to the nearest spring, he made a cup of one of the great leaves, and brought it, dripping with the cool water.

"How can I ever thank you for my safety from such a frightful peril?" she said, presently, while a soft color crept into her cheeks.

"I am only too thankful that I was allowed to be of service," returned Paul, warmly.

The soft color deepened on the fair countenance.

"It *is* a lovely spot. I meant to come every day and enjoy it; but now——"

"I hope it will not lose your favor. The men told me that the madman escaped only last night. His keepers have carried him back, and will guard him more watchfully. They were much alarmed lest the count should be angry."

"You—know—the count?" she asked, ingenuously.

"I am a guest at his house. Are you one of the family?"

She shook her head slowly. Suddenly a bright smile crossed her face, as if she had seized upon some delightful solution of a mystery. She looked at him eagerly, almost wistfully, and then checked some earnest speech upon her very lips, and turned to him a radiant face, while she said:

"It is all like a romance."

Suddenly she looked up archly.

"One would think we were old friends. And I—do—not—even know your name. I was wondering if it could be Prince Arthur—or—or—Sir Galahad."

"It is Paul——"

"You might have come out of the romance," she said, with another playful little laugh, "and these are surely meet surroundings. Ah, I wonder if I could look like the sweet, *spirituelle* Virginie! But it is really my name."

"There could not be a fairer. But what an odd coincidence!" answered Paul.

"Let us ask no more. You are Paul, I am Virginie. Here, that is quite enough to know."

Paul was only too willing to humor her dreamy mood. They talked after that about the pretty romance, and from thence strayed to wider topics, and in all found kindred tastes and quick sensibilities, answering as to a magic spell.

It was the lady who roused herself with a nervous start.

"How the time has flown! I shall be expected home. I ought not to linger longer."

And she could not hide from him that she went reluctantly.

"Let me see you through the gate. Must I not ask whither your home lies?" he ventured.

"Nay"—with another smile—"you are to know nothing, except that I am Virginie."

"If it might be Paul's Virginie——" began the audacious young man. "How anxious I shall be to know that no bad result follows your fright. Will you not give me some alleviating sign?"

"I might hang a wreath of violets on the bough here, to show that I am able to walk hither to-morrow," she said, graciously.

"At what hour? If I might come and see it."

She shook her head, and, smiling archly, vanished.

Paul went slowly back, in a dream of enchantment.

The count came to look after him just before dinner, still in that most gracious condescension.

"Well, my dear fellow, I hope you have not found the place very stupid. I am afraid you miss Ludwig, but we will soon have him back."

"I have been in a land of enchantment," answered Paul.

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The count's eye glinted over as with some really pleasant thought, and the benignant look was eminently becoming to that grave, grim countenance.

"Tell me about it, my dear fellow."

And Paul related his afternoon's adventure, and looked up for the count's censure or approval.

"A most romantic adventure, truly; and well begun, my hero. I think I guess who is the heroine. There is a good little girl to whom I have given the key of the rear gate. Thank Heaven you were at hand to save her! What a pretty idyl you will live there! You shall have the glen to yourselves; I will take care of that."

And certainly the count's smile had no rebuke.

The noble-master laid his hand on Paul's the next morning, saying, sportively:

"I mean to keep my paradise clear of further intruders. If the fair Virginie has the key to one gate, Paul should hold the other. So there it is, my lad."

"How graciously all things smile upon me! I am certainly in the land of enchantment!" thought Paul Dunmore.

* * * * * * *

"Virginie!" cried Paul, little suspecting what tenderness thrilled in the single word.

She was coming toward him smilingly, a wreath of violets hanging on her arm.

"He is here! Ah, yes, he is here!" whispered Virginie's fluttering heart.

"Now, indeed, the sun shines for me!" cried Paul, making room for her upon the rustic seat. "I think the glen is even lovelier than yesterday. Will you let me read a poem that should have been written in just such a spot?"

And he read the poem, and they talked of the sweet, subtle meaning, in low and tender voices, with shy glances and tremulous smiles.

Day by day this innocent pair met there in the sylvan solitude.

"Virginie," said Paul, one day, "is it possible for mortal life to be so much like a dream of Elysium? I am frightened when I think what golden sands drip away these wonderful days from us. You are enjoying them, too, my Virginie?"

"Yes, I enjoy it all, Paul."

"And you know that I love you?"

"Yes, Paul."

"And you do not frown upon me or blame me?"

The deep, soft eyes opened widely.

"Blame you, Paul? Why should I?"

"Because I have spoken nothing plainly. But, indeed, that is your fault, my darling. You have always checked me. You have said, 'Wait—not yet'; and I could but obey."

"Because this freedom is so sweet. I dread the formalities and bonds of artificial life. Nevertheless, Paul, if you must speak, I shall hear."

"I love you, Virginie. My proudest, dearest hope is to have you for my wife."

The crimson glowed on her cheek, a glad smile shone in her eyes.

"Yes, Paul."

"But, Virginie, you know nothing of the life to which I should take you. Could you leave your home here, your native land?"

"With you—yes, Paul," came softly but firmly. "I have grown familiar with the thought, and the distance now is nothing."

"But your friends—what will they say? Pardon me, dearest; you know I am still in utter ignorance of your real position. I have a little fortune, such as will keep the wolf securely from the door of an humble home; but the whole of it would scarcely pay the count's expense in this glen, and I fear——"

"Hush! what need to carry on the farce? I have suspected the disguise. I am only too happy that my heart goes where my hand is pledged. I thank you for the sweet lesson you have cared to teach me. It is beautiful that love and duty need not conflict."

"I—do not comprehend," stammered Paul, a terrible presentiment sending its deadly chill through him. "Virginie, you think me—whom?"

"I know that Feramorz and the king are one. Happy, happy Lalla Rookh that I am! Ah, do not doubt but Paul is dearer than the duke, my friend," she said, smiling upon him with that radiant, enchanting look he had never been able to resist.

But Paul grew deadly pale.

"The duke—the duke!" repeated he. "You take me for a duke! What, then, are you?"

"Must our pretty play be ended? Alas! I had rather be the humble Virginie than the Princess Maude," she said, gently.

Paul Dunmore sprang to his feet with a bitter cry.

"The Princess Maude!" he almost screamed. "You are the Princess Maude!"

The lady looked at him in deep amazement.

"What!" said she; "were you all the time deceived? I did not think it could be. The count implied——"

"The count!" vociferated Paul, gnashing his teeth over the name as if it were that of his deadliest enemy. "Oh, I fathom the count at last! I understand all the treachery he has made me unconsciously guilty of. What cares he if my heart is broken, so his schemes are accomplished?"

"Paul, Paul!" implored Virginie. "I cannot understand your anger. Cannot you love your Virginie even if her name proves to be the Princess Maude Virginie?"

"But what can humble Paul Dunmore offer to the princess?" he asked, bitterly. "I am no duke; I am a simple American citizen, who came here to visit the chateau of the count because I had rendered a little service to the Baron Ludwig, and he wished in some way to repay me. Understand me, I implore you. I am not the duke—the duke who has a right to claim the hand of the Princess Maude."

"Not the duke!" repeated the lady, with quivering, whitening lips. "Ah, Heavens! and it is *you* I love!"

They stood staring at each other with wild, sorrowful eyes, their cheeks pallid, their breasts heaving stormily beneath the tide of suppressed emotion.

Upon this unhappy scene came the count, calm, suave, complacent still.

"Ah!" ejaculated Paul, sharply; "it is a true Eden, after all, and the serpent is here likewise. Look you, sir count! I shall speak to you as man to man to-day. How dared you trifle with a man's honor—his heart-strings even, as if they were wires made for your hands to pull to and fro in your wicked game of politics? You have cheated us wofully. Whom will you answer to for all this wickedness?"

The princess stretched out her hand with an imperial gesture.

"Count ——, answer me at once! Who is this whom I have taken to be the noble duke to whom my hand was pledged?"

"Paul Dunmore, an American citizen, as he assures me. And my nephew asserts the same," replied the count, steadily.

"Cruel, cruel, Count ——!" she cried, fiercely.

"And wherefore, my tragic young lovers?" he asked.

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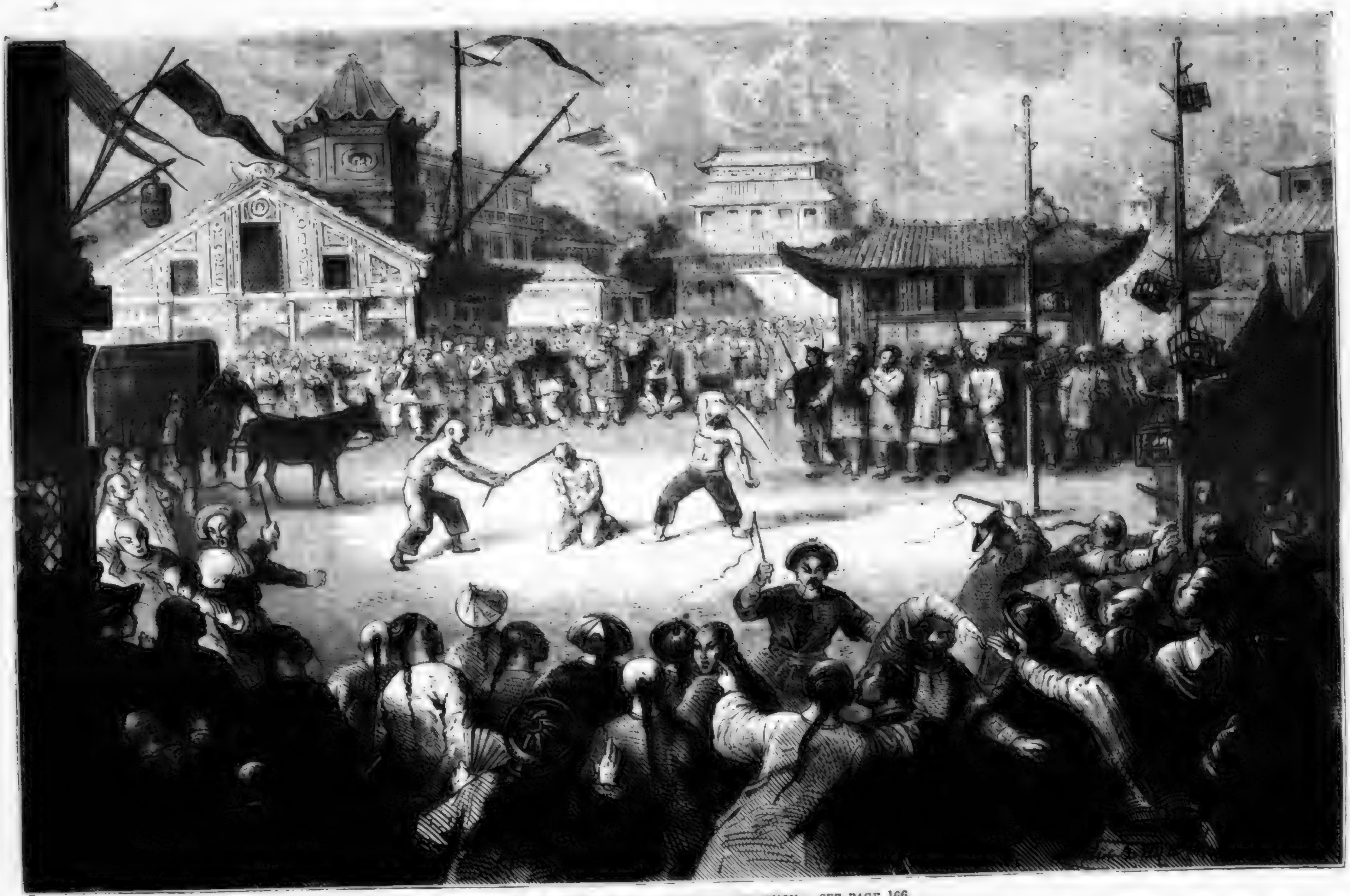
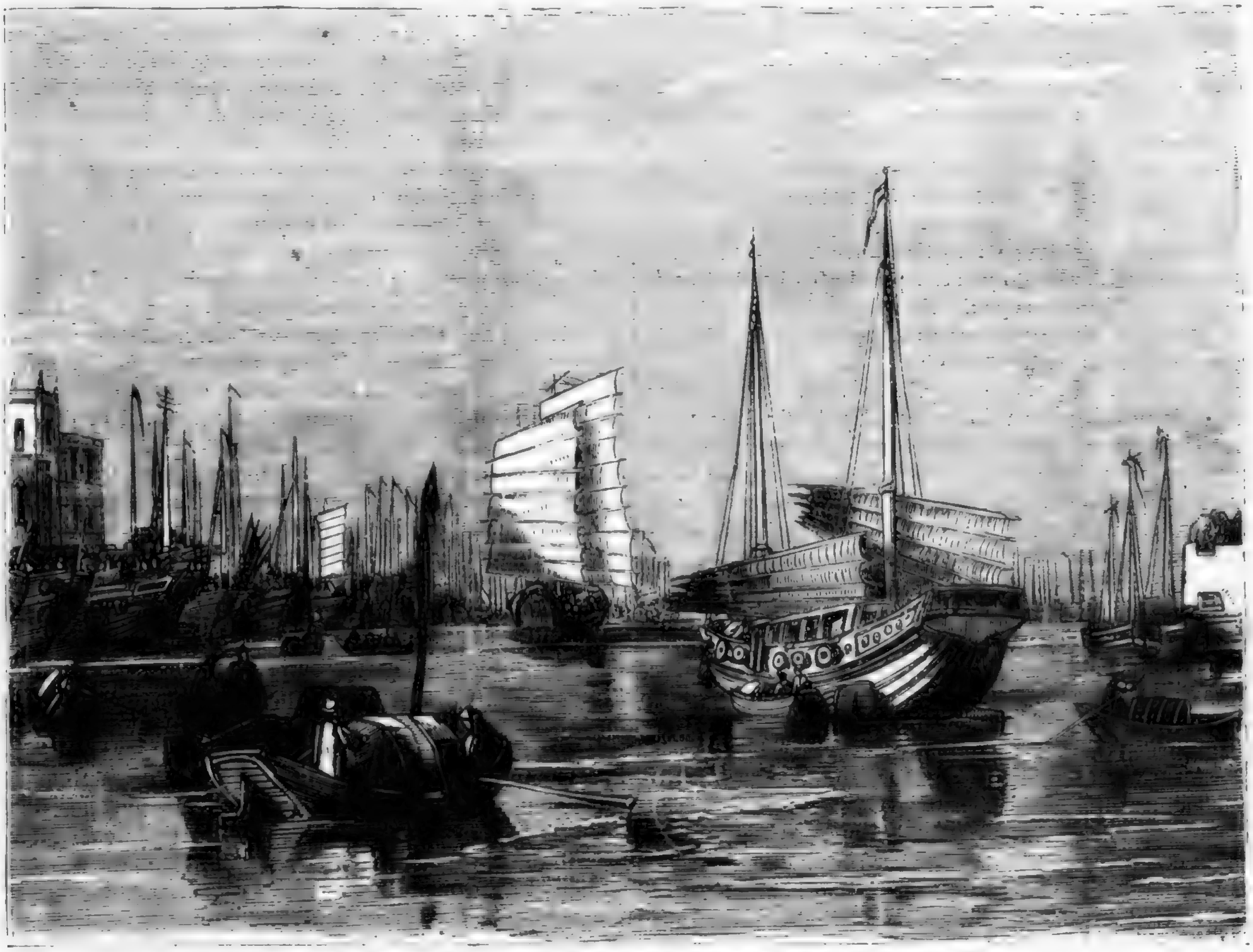


SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.—A CHINESE EXECUTION.—SEE PAGE 166.



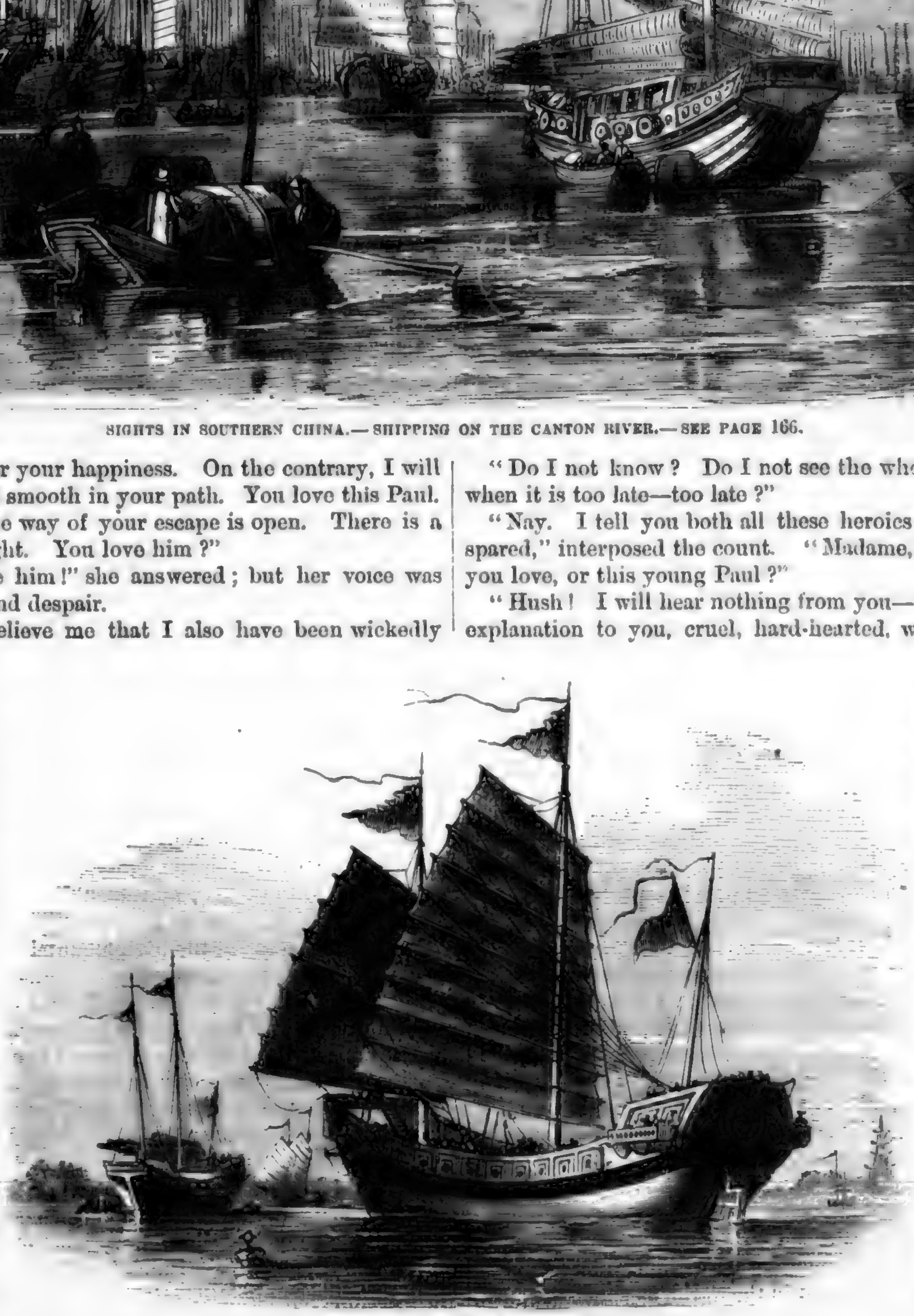
SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.—SHIPPING ON THE CANTON RIVER.—SEE PAGE 166.

"I shall not bar your happiness. On the contrary, I will make all things smooth in your path. You love this Paul. Take him. The way of your escape is open. There is a safe path of flight. You love him?"

"Yes, I love him!" she answered; but her voice was full of horror and despair.

"Virginie, believe me that I also have been wickedly cheated. I never dreamt of your rank or true identity. Oh, what can I say? I love you—I love you! but I dare not ask you to make this tremendous sacrifice for my sake. Forgive me, pity me, Virginie!" implored Paul.

She gave him one eloquent look, as full of wild adoration as of keenest anguish.



A CHINESE WAR-JUNK.

"Do I not know? Do I not see the whole plot at last, when it is too late—too late?"

"Nay. I tell you both all these heroics may be safely spared," interposed the count. "Madame, is it the duke you love, or this young Paul?"

"Hush! I will hear nothing from you—I will make no explanation to you, cruel, hard-hearted, wicked monster that you are! Oh, Paul, Paul! you were right—it was too beautiful to last! Why did we not see? Why did we not remember that even in the story the hapless lovers were sundered? To you I say that I count his rank, his wealth, his high position, as so much dross beside your love. But it is scarcely two months ago that I knelt before the altar, by my brother's side, and took the most solemn oath to give myself for the welfare of my native land by my marriage with this noble duke. Paul, pity me—I cannot violate my oath! If you love me truly, never seek to look upon my face again!"

Paul stretched out his hand to clasp the cold fingers offered one moment to his touch; but not a word could he articulate.

The count gave him an impatient thrust.

"Fool, idiot! why do you not plead with her? She is a woman, and she loves you. You can win her yet."

A glance as contemptuous as his own was Paul's sole reply. And then he turned to her.

"You are right, noble lady," he said, sorrowfully; "there is nothing I can do for you but to fly from your beloved presence. Do not think that I shall cease to pray for your welfare. Innocent victims that we are, we have one sole consolation. We will keep our honor and our self-respect. And, at least, we may rejoice that this hard-hearted plotter has been foiled. May Heaven keep and bless you. Farewell!"

He turned, slowly, and went down the path.

There was a little gasping cry—a wild sob:

"Paul, oh, Paul!"

The count's black brows unbent. A grim smile crept to his lips.

Paul turned; she was standing with eyes raining their bitter tears, with pallid cheeks, and tremulous hands outstretched, as if to detain him.

"Farewell!" repeated he, steadily.

With one fierce effort, she wrenched herself away.

"Yes, farewell, Oh, Paul—there is another and better world! God bless you till we meet—there! Now go, go!"

And Paul obeyed. Like one stunned by some sharp blow from all knowledge of present suffering or pain, he walked steadily down the path till he found the main avenue.

It was months afterward, when he was safe in the seclusion of his American home, that he read the brief account of a marriage in European high life, which was quite likely to make a great sensation in the political world—so the *Court Journal* averred. Still it also lent a new hope to the recent Liberal movement, which was being felt even in autocratic monarchies.

But, with his eyes on the blue heavens which overhung the bluer sea that rolled toward *her* abode, he murmured:

"God grant you have found peace, Virginie!"

# SIGHTS IN SOUTHERN CHINA.

By Thomas W. Knox.

In the past few years the American public has had its interest in China aroused to an unusual degree, in consequence of the discussion of the so-called Chinese question. A great deal of information has been given concerning the ways and habits of those subjects of the Emperor of China who have ventured to America, and much that is true has been mingled with a liberal amount that is conspicuously inexact. But we have not received much light concerning the ways of the Chinese at home, as the disputes of the politicians and their followers have been mainly confined to topics within our gates. Consequently, a few pictures of the Chinese in China may not be without interest.

China is the oldest nation in the world, as she is the most populous. The number of her inhabitants is variously set at from 250,000,000 to 400,000,000. No regular census has ever been taken of the inhabitants; there is an occasional enumeration for the benefit of the tax-gatherers, and it is assumed that the people evade this as much as possible. Consequently, after each enumeration, the city authorities are said to add fifty per cent. to cover contingencies; the provincial authorities add something to cover any possible mistake of the estimates, and then the imperial officials put on another percentage to make sure that the figures are high enough.

The cities pay their taxes to the provinces, and the provinces to the General Government, in proportion to the population, and thus the interest of the local authorities is directly opposed to that of the imperial power. There is a great deal of rascality in consequence, and the Chinese are very matter-of-fact in assuming that there will be dishonesty, and conducting themselves accordingly.

There is a good story of an ingenious plan that was adopted by a rajah of one of the islands of the Java seas when he wanted to collect the census. The taxes throughout his dominions were paid in rice, and for each man, woman and child there was a fixed tariff of a certain number of pounds of that staple article of food. But the rajah was badly robbed on every hand. The village chiefs took out something for themselves when they handed their collections over to the district rulers; then the district rulers made a squeeze of the rice before they reported to the rulers of the provinces; the provincial governors had families to support, and were compelled to steal something in order to make an honest living, and so they took a goodly quantity to themselves before they paid their collections over to the rajah's treasurer. Then the treasurer was not an honest official, which has been defined by somebody as the noblest work of God, and the rarest; and so he set aside a little saving against a rainy day. By the time the taxes reached the rajah he was despoiled of more than half his due; and, though he knew perfectly well what was going on, he could not help himself. He ordered a census of his dominions, but they were too smart for him. The village chiefs made an estimate ten or twenty per cent. too low; then the district rulers made a similar under-estimate when they reported the population of the villages under their control; the provincial governors went and did likewise with their official reports, and the treasurer took good care that his returns tallied with what he had paid in to the rajah's store-houses.

Plainly it was necessary to do something; but what to do, and how to do it, were sore puzzles to the rajah. He did not sleep well at night, and his favorite wives complained that they were favorites no longer.

One night a spirit came to the rajah while he slept, and told him to rouse himself to mighty deeds. He roused himself, listened to the spirit, and then did as the spirit had told him. And this is what happened.

He went to the top of the high mountain that overlooked his capital, and there sat down to commune with the gods, and hear what they had to say. He had often done this, as both himself and his people were pagans, and as full of superstitions as the American Congress is of statesmen. It was the most natural thing in the world that he should commune with the spirits, and equally natural that they should make a revelation to him. And on this occasion they revealed something that made his hair stand on end.

They told him that his people were threatened with a terrible plague, that would sweep them from the face of the earth. They had been neglectful of their religious duties, and the gods were about to punish them for their sins.

The rajah was in great grief at this news, and asked if the gods would not be merciful and put the plague off for the present; or, if somebody must suffer, he would much prefer that it should be his neighbors, who were constantly at war with him, and gave him a great deal of trouble. The gods said they did not see it in that light, but if the rajah would call next day they would let him know if possibly some means of atonement might be found. They did not give him much hope, and all they would do was to promise to think the matter over.

The rajah told his story that night, and great was the alarm at the terrible news. It was sent by swift runners, and as soon as possible it was known through all his dominions. Everybody was in a condition of suspense to know what the gods would finally determine on their next interview with the rajah.

The gods seemed to be not altogether without bowels; for when the rajah went to see them the next day they agreed to let up on the plague to a certain extent, provided the people made a proper token of their faith in the power of the deities. To this end it was necessary that they should erect a statue in honor of the Goddess of Mercy, through whose intercession the divinities had been induced to relent. The whole people must take part in the business, and if any one neglected to do so he was to be swept from the earth—he, and all his relatives, and his next-door neighbors.

To the end that all should take part in the work, it was ordered that the statue to be erected should be cast from needles, and that everybody should contribute one needle, and no more. The village chiefs should send each a packet of needles, and there was to be a large needle for every man, a number two needle for every woman, and a number three for every child. They were to be done up in packages, with the names of the villages on the outside, and the district rulers were to send the parcels forward with the labels unbroken. And all this was to be done without a moment's delay; the district rulers and the provincial governors were threatened with the wrath of the gods if they lost a minute of time in executing the decree.

When the packages were all collected, the rajah went to have another interview with the gods, to know how the statue should be made, and how it should be set up. The gods then told him that he should put the needles into his private safe for security and as a memorial of the devotion of his subjects, and that a bronze statue of equal weight with the needles should be set up in front of the palace in commemoration of the event. This was done, and the people were happy.

When the next time came for collecting the taxes, the king said to his treasurer: "I find that the provincial governors have not dealt squarely, and perhaps their subordinates have been lying to them. Here is an exact list of the population in my dominions, men, women and children; and I wish you would be kind enough to see that the taxes are properly paid into my treasury. If you don't, there will be trouble. I have a duplicate list in my pocket, my son has another, my prime minister a third, and the original packages of the needles which the people sent are locked up in the safe."

And this was the way the rajah took the census. The plan is commended to the Emperor of China.

There is a great deal to be seen in China by the traveler from foreign lands. It is not many years since it was forbidden to travel in the interior of the country, and even at the present time there are localities where one is not entirely safe from annoyance by some of the people. The recent treaties between China and other countries have opened up the empire to trade and travel; nominally, at least, you may go from one end to the other of the vast empire without hindrance. But it is not always easy to do what the law allows. The foreigner is not welcome in China, and he has obtained his present position there more by force than by good-will. In the great cities he is regarded with indifference; but in the interior the people frequently run after him in crowds; and when crowds are assembled, there are nearly always some turbulent spirits among them who make things disagreeable. In my first journey in the interior of China, it did not take me long to find out that I was not looked upon with respect, and I was thankful sometimes that I did not understand the language, as I should have been compelled to resent some of the remarks that were made in my hearing.

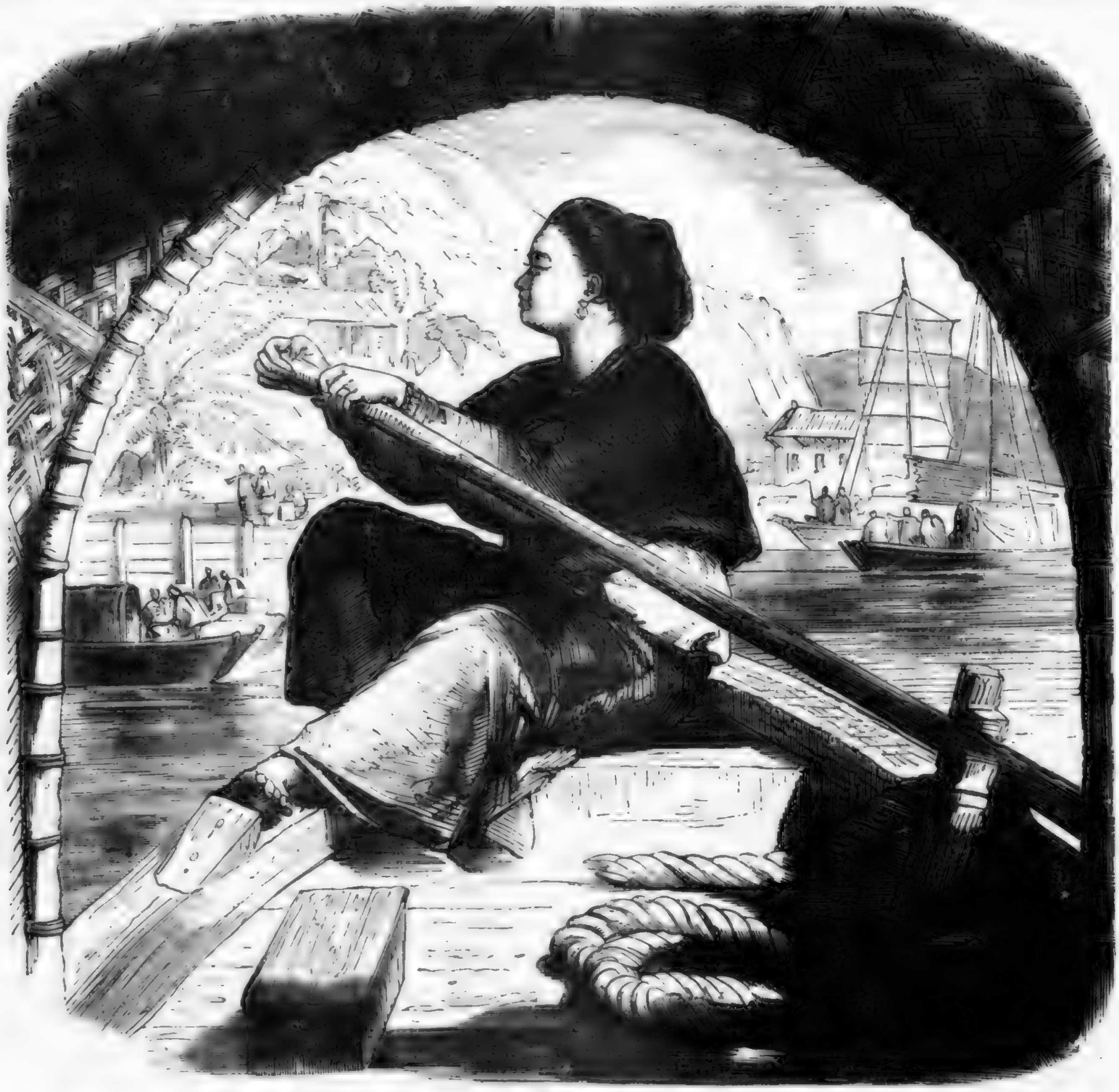
I went, on one occasion, in what is called a house-boat, on a journey through the network of canals to the south of Shanghai. When we reached the first bridge over the canal, the gentleman who accompanied me, and who had lived some time in China, suggested that we had better retire to the cabin of the boat till we had passed the bridge. When I asked the reason, he smiled, and said:

"It is one of the favorite amusements of Chinese men and boys to drop dead cats and other disagreeable things on the heads of persons who pass beneath the bridge in case those persons happen to be foreigners. If we sit on our deck we will very likely get something of the sort on our heads, and so it is better to avoid trouble by taking to the cabin."

We did as he proposed, and it was well that we did so. As we went under the bridge several handfuls of mud were dropped, and also a quantity of dirty water. We heard a derisive laugh as we went on, and when we were a few yards away we could see half a dozen men and boys looking over the parapet of the bridge and observing the effect of their performance. I presume they were out of dead cats at the time, or we would have received a dose of what my friend had mentioned. After that occurrence, I always found that I had business below deck whenever a bridge was to be passed.

The pleasure of the journey was somewhat marred by the facetious habits of the Chinese, and I think it would take a long time for me to become accustomed to their peculiar ways, and regard them as funny. The dislike for foreigners runs through the whole animate population of China, whether it has two or four legs. Chinese ponies will kick you, or try to do so; Chinese cows, especially if they have calves in their care, will run at you; the dogs will bark and the cats will hiss and run away, and even the ducks will keep up a loud cry of "Quack! quack!" until you begin to consider their remarks personal. A foreigner in the interior of China is almost as badly treated as are the Chinese in San Francisco, and he has the grim satisfaction of knowing that all the incivility is not on one side.

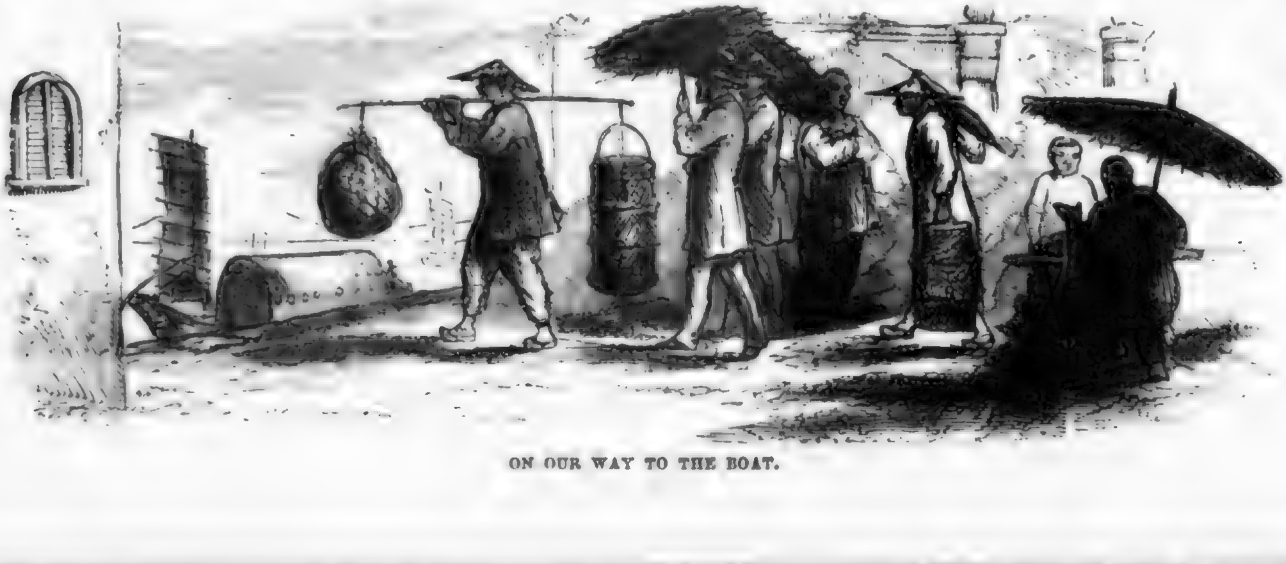
The great majority of the foreigners who go to China make their first acquaintance with it at Canton. The steamer lands you at Hong Kong, an island on the coast, which was ceded to England after the famous Opium War about thirty years ago. Hong Kong is an English colony, and has an excellent harbor, completely sheltered from all the winds that blow. The island is a mountain, rising very boldly from the water, and the port is nestled at the foot of this mountain, on its northern side; there is a great deal of up-hill and down-hill to it—the former when you go away from the water, and the latter when you approach it. The peak of the mountain is 1,800 feet high, and one of the favorite excursions is to ride in a Chinese chair to the summit. On my first afternoon at Hong Kong I made this excursion, and had a magnificent view of the harbor, which seemed to be almost beneath my feet, and the main land beyond.



A SAMPAN-GIRL.

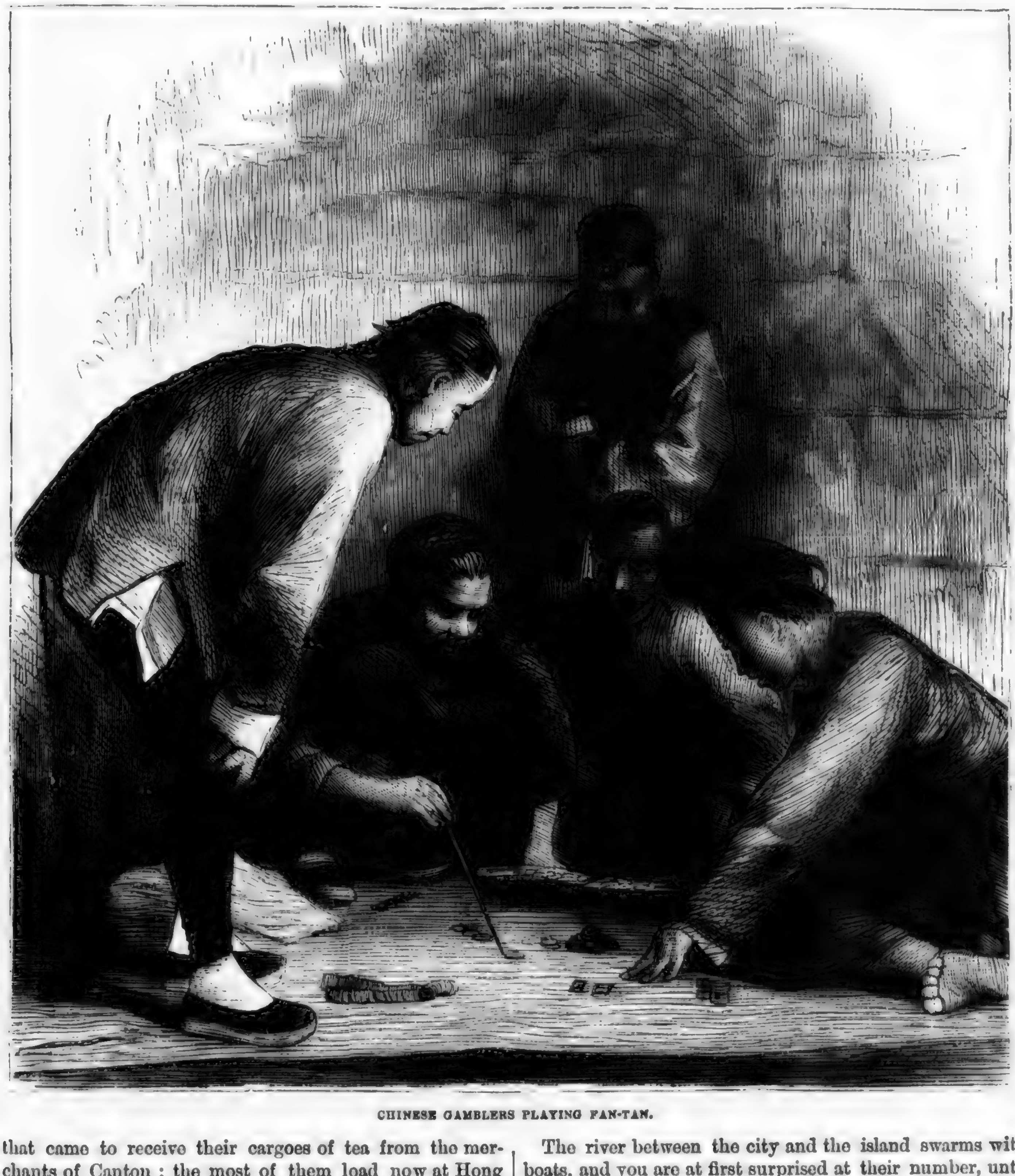
It was like an August afternoon in New York when I started from the city, but very soon the weather changed. Every mile that I advanced along the zigzag road the temperature fell, and by the time I reached the summit, my overcoat was not sufficient to keep me from shivering. It is an odd sensation to an American to be carried in a Chinese chair, but he soon becomes used to it; the vehicle is a very comfortable one, and as there are generally four men to carry it, the bearers are able to go at a good pace. They keep step with a slightly swinging motion, and every twenty or thirty minutes they stop a while to rest. The chair porters at Hong Kong are not the most amiable gentlemen in the world, and the stranger must look sharply after them if he would save himself from being cheated.

From Hong Kong to Canton is about ninety miles, partly through a bay and partly by the Pearl River. The route is a pretty one, as the islands in the first part of it



ON OUR WAY TO THE BOAT.

rise sharply from the water, while in the latter portion the banks of the river are full of animation, and the river itself is crowded with boats of many kinds and descriptions. A tall pagoda rises above the forest of shade trees and the dark cluster of houses at Whampoa ; it is a picturesque structure, and the luxuriance of the tropical climate is shown by the bushes and climbing plants that adorn it. Whampoa was formerly the anchorage of foreign ships that came to receive their cargoes of tea from the merchants of Canton ; the most of them load now at Hong Kong, which has become the seaport for this part of the Celestial Empire.



CHINESE GAMBLERS PLAYING FAN-TAN.

As we come nearer to Canton the animation of the scene increases. We can see the city stretching away over the flat ground and the hills on the right ; while on the left is the Island of Honan, with its groves of sacred trees and its temples of great antiquity. In these temples are the holy pigs, which are kept to a great age, and are literally so fat that they cannot see out of their eyes. They are consecrated in some way to the gods of the temple, and their religious character enables them to escape the usual fate of their kindred, as they are not converted into pork, like an ordinary pig of civilization, but die a natural death, and are then buried in the garden attached to the temple.

The river between the city and the island swarms with boats, and you are at first surprised at their number, until you remember that Canton is famous for its boat population, and in this respect is unlike any other city in the world. The boat population is said to be not far from 60,000 ; it consists of people who are not allowed to live on land, at least in this province, in consequence of some old law of the empire. They may go elsewhere and live on shore, but when they come back to Canton they must take to the water again. They are born on the boats, and they pass their lives there and die there; you see them of all ages, from the child creeping about the deck with a cord tied to him to prevent his falling overboard, up to the gray-haired veteran of seventy, or the matron of an equal number of years. It is proper to add that the children are much more numerous than the adults, as a very large proportion of the men go away to seek their fortunes elsewhere. Nearly all the Chinese sailors on foreign ships in the East are from this population, and so are many of the Chinese that have come to America. Many of the women go away to other parts of the empire, but their number is not nearly as great as that of the emigrating men.

Nearly all the emigration to America is said to be from the province of Kwang-Tung and a neighboring province. Canton is the commercial centre of these provinces, and, in fact, the name of Canton, as we pronounce it, is derived from that of the province. The population of the city is set down at a million, which is probably not far from the correct figure.

The boat population we can more fully appreciate, as we can see the boats covering the river and forming a fringe that reaches a considerable distance from the shore. The boats are of all sizes and kinds—some of them so small that two men are a full cargo for them, and others so large that they seem almost like ships. They find occupation in transporting passengers and freight across the river, or from ships to the shore, and *vice versa*, and their owners are willing to work for a very small sum. I was at Canton with two friends, and we hired a boat for our exclusive use during our stay for fifty cents a day; the hotel-keeper told us we had been swindled, and that he could have engaged an equally good boat for us at half that price. The one we hired had a deck with a roof over it, that made a comfortable sitting-place for four persons, where we were sheltered from the sun. It was "manned" by two women, who were quite skillful with the oars, and used to take us very quickly over the stream. A couple of children sat in the stern, where there was a small kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartment; the whole not more than five feet square. The husband of one of the women was employed as porter in a foreign warehouse, and the second woman was his sister. They seemed to be a happy family, and perfectly contented with their home on the water.

Many of these floating craft at Canton are known as flower-boats; they are so called because they are gayly decorated, and in the season of bloom they abound in flowers. It is the fashion among the Chinese to give parties on these flower-boats, just as we give them in halls or in picnic groves. Several of these parties were in progress the evening after my arrival at Canton, and the boats were so brilliantly lighted that I thought at first they were on fire. They were covered with lights from end to end, both inside and out, and as the air was perfectly still, there was no difficulty in keeping the lamps trimmed and burning. There was a wedding-party on one of the boats, and they let off a quantity of fire-crackers, enough to set up a whole Fourth of July in a goodly sized village in America. Then they burned blue lights and other pyrotechnics, and, on the whole, they seemed to be having a lively time.

These flower-boats are very comfortable for an evening party, as they have large windows in the sides of the cabin, and then there are plenty of lounging-places on the roof for breathing the cool air.

The captain of our boat was known as "American Susan," for the reason that her boat was a particular favorite with the American captains when their ships were anchored in the river. As we sat in the shelter formed by the bamboo awning over the deck of the boat, or "sampan," as it is called by the Chinese, Susan was the principal figure of the landscape. She sat in the angle at the bow of the "sampan," with one leg doubled, and the foot of the other resting against a bit of plank nailed on the gunwale. She wielded her oar gracefully, and as the sunlight fell upon her bronzed face, with its mass of black hair, totally destitute of bonnet or hood, she was by no means unprepossessing. The "sampan" girl is quite an institution of the southern ports of China, and of none of them more so than of Canton.

Formerly the Chinese navy consisted of native ships propelled only by sails, and very clumsy and useless affairs when compared with foreign steamers. Many of these junks are still in use, especially on the inland waters, where they have only the craft of their kind to contend with. They have usually only a single deck, which curves greatly between bow and stern, and their rudders are made very large, so that the craft can be speedily turned. The sails are of matting, with some ten or twelve stays of bamboo, and a line extends from the end of each of these stays to the stern, where it is in the control of the steersman. A Chinese sail can be very quickly furled, as it has only to be let go, when it comes down with a run. But they do not allow of close sailing into the wind, and when the craft goes about it needs a good many hands to manipulate it. Like all Chinese craft, the war-junk is very high in the stern, and the helmsman is fully exposed to be picked off by a careful marksman.

But since the Celestials learned the advantage of an acquaintance with foreigners, they have adopted European gunboats, which have done excellent work in the suppression of piracy. The French and English gunboats have been of great use to China, as they have destroyed a large number of piratical junks; but, unhappily, there are still a good many left to destroy.

A festival on the Canton River is always a grand affair, as the water is alive with boats, and every one endeavors to appear at his best. At certain seasons the dragon is worshiped, and a huge craft known as the dragon-boat is brought out. It is propelled by some thirty or forty rowers, who paddle in unison, and keep up a terrific shouting, whose object is supposed to be the awakening of the god. The boat is made to represent a dragon, and is sufficiently hideous to make a stranger unwilling to meet it on a dark night. In the centre and at the bow there are gorgeously dressed men, whose duty it is to beat gongs; and they give a great deal of expression to their movements—or, at any rate, to the sounds they produce. A way is opened for the boat through the throng of junks and sampans, and the spectators add their clamor to swell the volume of the general din. Fire-crackers are burned, and sometimes the smoke is so dense that the spectacle is much more cloudy than clear. But the Chinese like this sort of thing, and the Festival of the Dragon-boat is one of the grandest affairs that the water-population can indulge in.

One day while I was at Canton, my friend and myself took a stroll on shore above the city. As the heat of the sun was rather high, we armed ourselves with Chinese umbrellas, which are made of paper and bamboo, and are as light as they are cheap. We wore the ventilated hat peculiar to the East, and by walking slowly and keeping as much as possible in the shade, we managed to save ourselves from becoming overheated. Through fear of a shower, we had taken our light overcoats; but they were not needed, and we consigned them to a porter, who tied them in a bundle. This bundle was slung at the end of a pole, and to balance it at the other end there was a loose basket which contained certain refreshments we deemed it judicious to take along. The porter went in front, and

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led the way wherever we moved, while another porter followed, with his umbrella tied to his hat and a basket in one hand. We formed an imposing procession, especially when we returned to our boat, which was kept waiting for us at the bank. Some of the natives stood still to look at us, and one dignified Celestial folded his arms and remained erect as a sentinel while we passed.

We had a good many sights that afternoon, and are not likely to forget it in a hurry. One of the first things shown to us was a place where ducks are hatched artificially, and not only ducks, but all kinds of barnyard fowls. The hatching is done in ovens which are kept at an even heat; as soon as the shells are broken the little chicks are placed in a box which has a thick flooring of feathers, while strips of down are arranged so that they hang from the top of the box and keep the tender inmates from the cold. The duck factory, as my friend called it, is on the bank of the river, so that the ducks can be taken out to swim as soon as they are old enough. It is quite a common sight to see a flock of ducks on the water, under the charge of a herder; he has a long pole with which he preserves order, and as they are accustomed to him from their earliest infancy, they never attempt to disobey him. One man will manage a hundred ducks, and not have hard work of it at that.

The hatching establishments buy their eggs from poultry-raisers, or they take them on shares, and give the owner half of all the chicks produced.

One of the sights of that day was a fight between crickets, or beetles. We stumbled upon it accidentally, and considered ourselves very fortunate, as it is not easy for a foreigner to get a glimpse of this amusement. The beetles they use are not unlike a cockroach in general appearance; they are kept in little cages of bamboo, and sometimes the prices paid for them are very high. Our guide told us that it was not unusual for well-trained beetles to bring $100 apiece, and he had known them sold for $200 or $300. When they fight, they are placed in a shallow bowl, and as much attention is paid to the rules of the game as to those of a prize-fight or a walking-match. In the present instance, we arrived just as the beetles were being placed in the ring; as no bowl was handy, the battle was arranged to come off in one of the bamboo cages. The scene was in a garden, and under the kindly shade of a tree. The betting was lively, and a small boy who was present seemed to take as much interest in the contest as did any one else. Before the match was over, I think at least $100 must have been wagered on it.

The beetles fight by seizing each other with their cutting mandibles; the game consists, like any other prize-fight, in disabling your opponent while saving yourself from injury. The training is done by putting a beetle, when quite young, into a bowl with another whose mandibles have been removed with a knife or scissors. Of course he wins, as the other is defenseless, and in a day or two he is matched with another that has been only partially mutilated. He wins this fight, but with more difficulty, and so they go on with his education, matching him each time against a beetle somewhat stronger than the previous one. He gains courage from never being beaten, and consequently when he is shown into a ring for a regular fight, and money is risked on him, he expects to win, and hangs on with the energy of a bulldog. He does not give in till he has been utterly disabled and torn to pieces. In the fight that I saw, they were at it for at least half an hour, and one of the beetles had his mandibles completely torn off before his backer would cry quits. The law prohibits these matches, and they are held surreptitiously, as prize-fights are held in England and America.

The Chinese are inveterate gamblers, and they have a great many games on which they risk their money. The most popular of these is known as fan-tan, and it is played by rich and poor alike, the amount of the bet being proportioned to the purse of the player. The authorities have endeavored to suppress it, but it goes on in spite of the law. It is not allowed in Hong Kong, and whenever the police discover a gambling-den, they make short work of the game, and lock up all persons they find there. But in Macao, a Portuguese possession about fifty miles from Hong Kong, the game is freely allowed, and one of the recreations of the foreigners at Hong Kong is to take the steamer to Macao on Saturday afternoon, and remain there till Monday morning to play fan-tan.

*Fan-tan* is played with a quantity of copper cash and a brass rod like a long pencil sharpened to a slender point. The leader of the game takes a double handful of these coins, and places the lot in the centre of the table, or on the mat where the game is played. Then he covers the pile with a bowl, and asks the party to make their bets; when they have done so, he removes the bowl and pulls away the coins from the pile in pairs. The operation is facilitated by the hole in the centre of each coin; he is not allowed to touch the coin with his fingers, but all the removals must be made with the rod I have mentioned. It is a bet as to whether the number will be odd or even, and there are certain little complications about the game that make up the percentage in favor of the bank.

The amount of excitement that the players develop is quite surprising. I have seen them trembling so violently that they could scarcely hold their money in their hands, and on one occasion I saw a man faint and fall to the floor. He did not remain there long, as he was an incumbrance, and was speedily taken up by the servants and thrown out of the door.

Abbé Huc relates that in the north of China, where it is very cold in Winter, the gamblers will play until they have lost everything, including the clothes on their backs. They are then thrust naked into the streets, where they speedily freeze to death. If a shopkeeper rises early and finds a corpse in front of his house, he moves it on to the doorstep of his neighbor, as the police will make it troublesome for him if the matter is reported. The neighbor finding it, gives it another move, and so it is passed from one to another till it reaches a vacant lot or is thrust altogether out of the city.

The same writer says that when a Chinese wishes to revenge himself upon another, he manages to hide a corpse on his enemy's property, and then notifies the police. The police go there and discover it, and then begins a series of investigations, which result in stripping the unfortunate victim of the conspiracy of all his property. And if a corpse cannot be found with ease, the seeker after revenge will go and commit suicide on the premises of the man he wishes to injure, and thus succeeds in making a sure thing of it.

Many of the boats on the river are devoted to the sale of various commodities, and a considerable amount of business is thus conducted. The Cantonese are fond of fruits —of the kinds that grow in the tropics, and Canton is famous for the abundance and cheapness of its fruits. In an afternoon ride on the river you are pretty certain to encounter a dozen or more of the boats devoted to the sale of fruit; and the commerce is generally conducted by a smiling girl, who shelters herself under the shadow of a straw hat of huge proportions. She is not at all bashful in her manners—but is not inclined to rudeness; if she can sell her fruit she is happy, and if she does not sell it she does not repine.

Considering their privations and the hard struggle they

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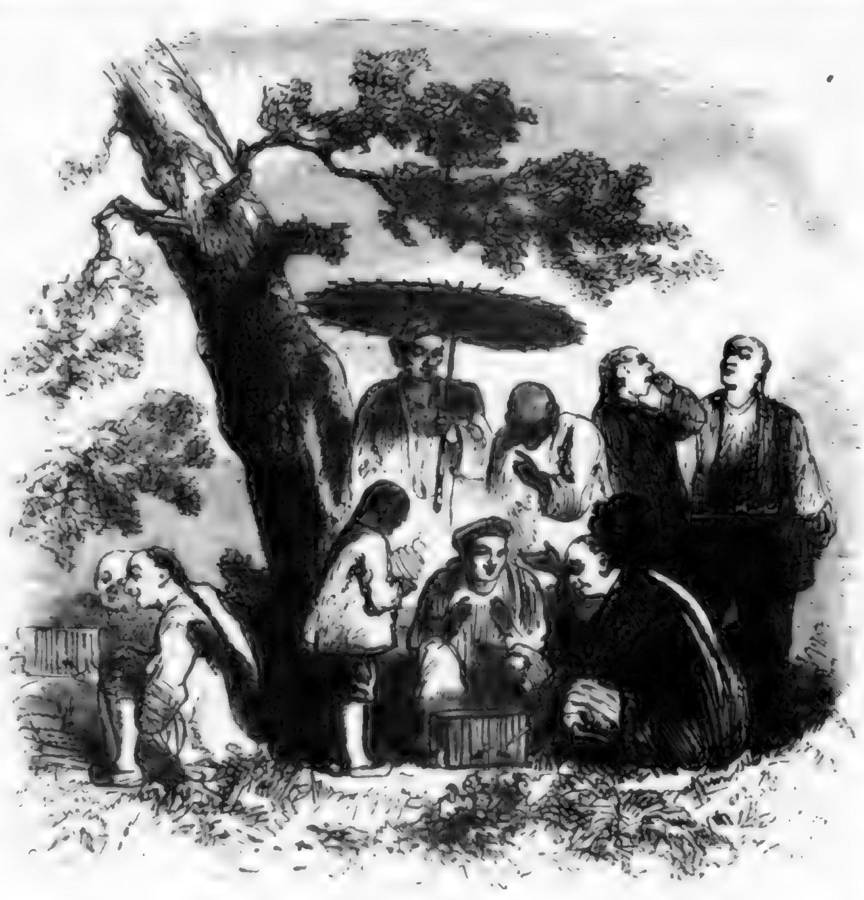
have for existence, the Cantonese are among the gayest and happiest people in the world. They seem determined to make the most of life, as its continuation is not by any means certain in a land where starvation and the executioner are frequently around.

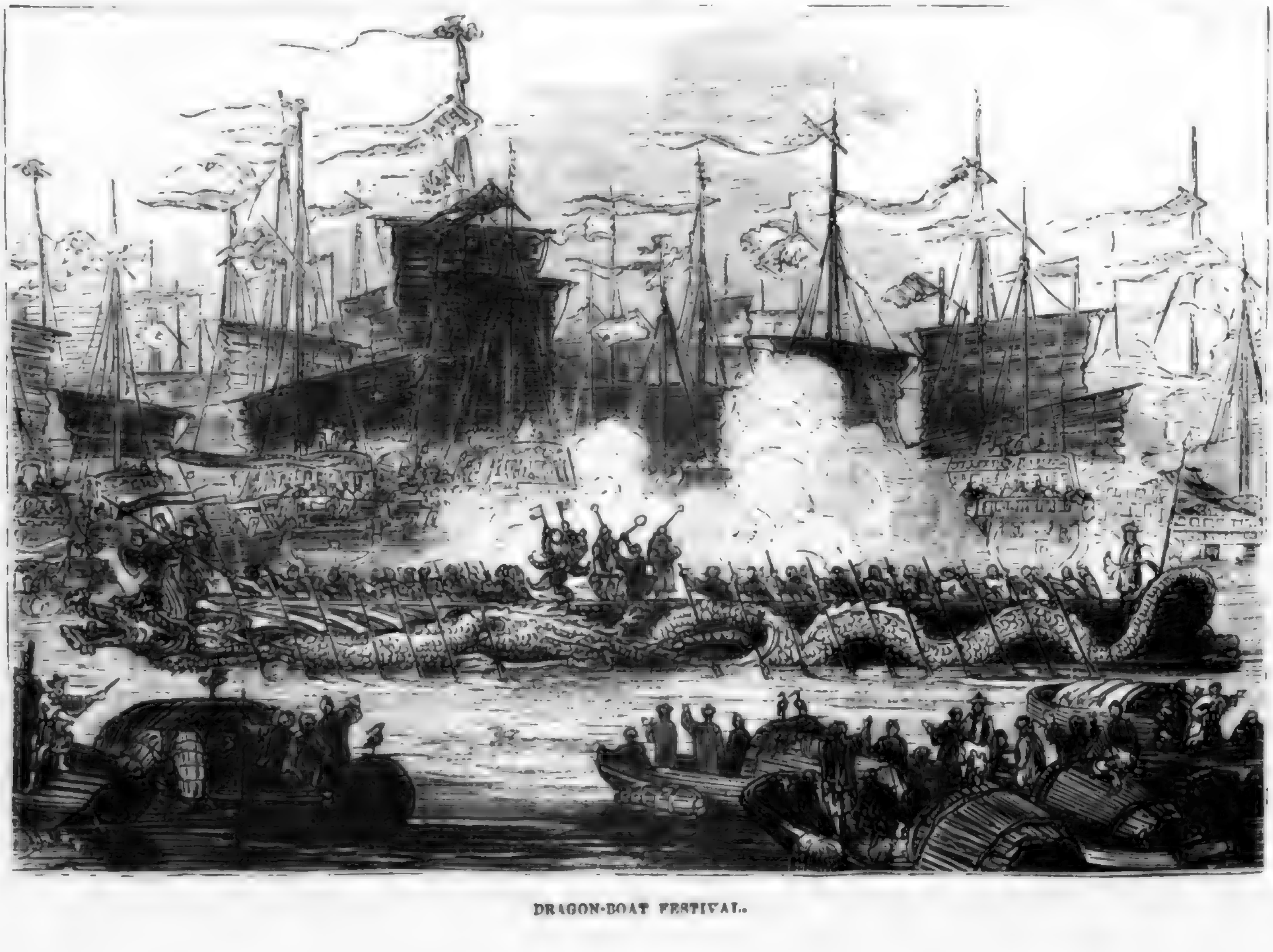
The execution ground of Canton is pretty well patronized, though less so than it was formerly. An execution is not a pleasing scene, but it never fails to draw a large crowd when it is known that a performance is coming off. When I visited the spot I was told that nothing of the kind had occurred for a month or more; but it was delicately hinted that if I would come there every morning I might hit upon something, as it was pretty near time for another execution to come off.



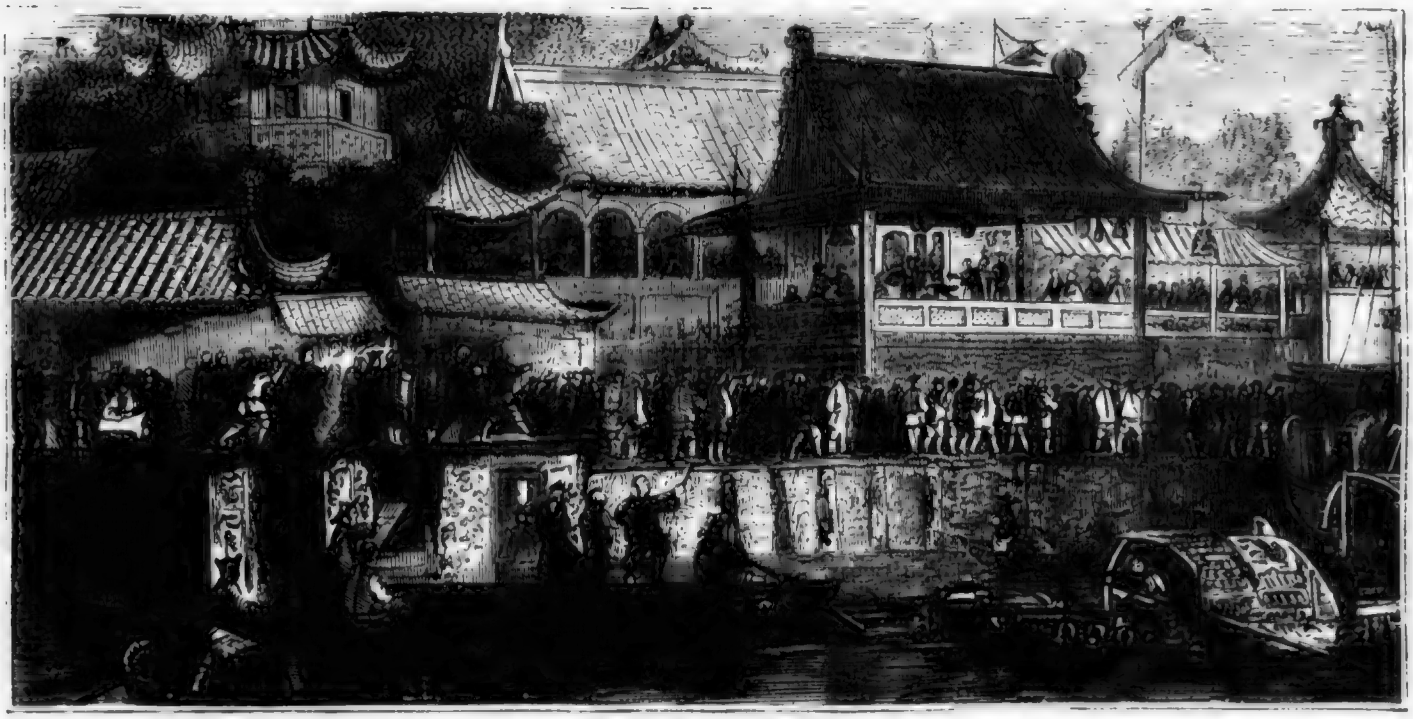
CRICKET-FIGHTS.

A friend of mine had witnessed an execution not long before, and he thus described it. When his story was ended, I concluded that I did not want to see anything of the sort.

"We had been told that an execution was to come off, and it was suggested that we could see it without being seen ourselves, if we would hire a small house that overlooked the square where the ceremony was to take place. We sent a man to engage it, and he was successful. We were notified to be in our places at seven o'clock, as the performance would be an early matinée. A little before seven we were there, and already there was a dense crowd surrounding the whole square; the police had considerable difficulty in keeping them back, and in order to do so, their whips were freely used. They



DRAGON-BOAT FESTIVAL.



THE FEAST OF LANTERNS.

seemed to be of the better sort of Chinese, as the most of them were well dressed, and they were as calm and unconcerned as though they had come to see a horse-race.

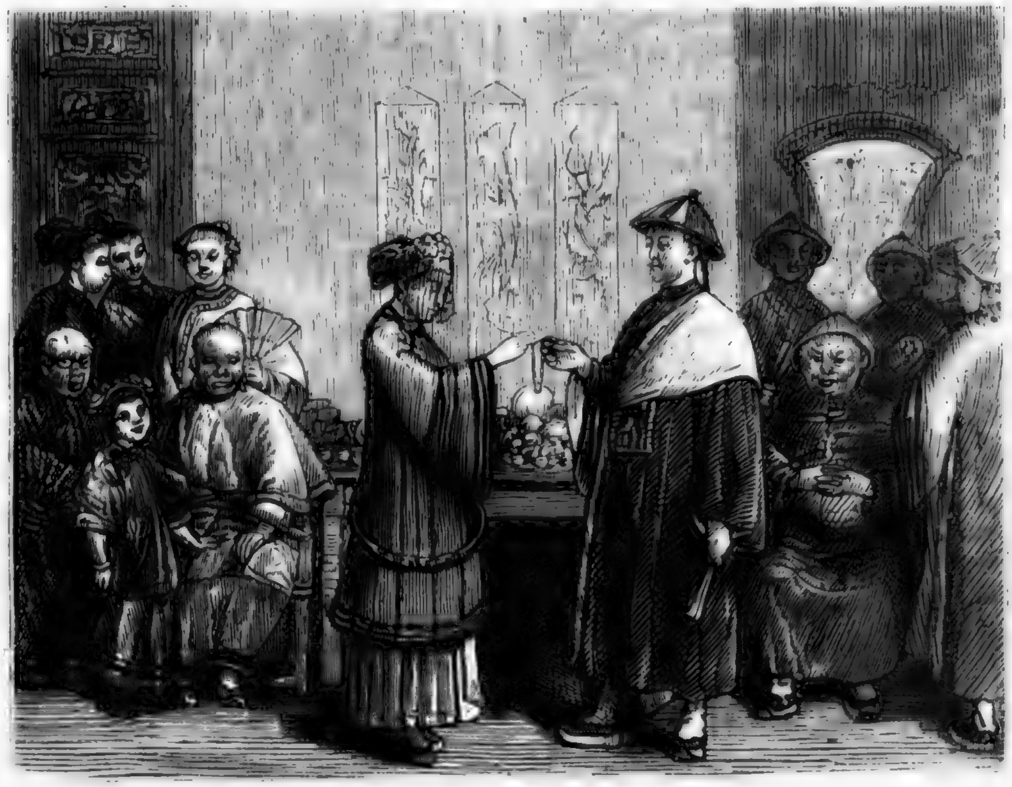
"On one side of the ground there were two upright poles with projecting arms; from these arms were suspended little cages, and each cage contained the head of some wretch who had suffered the extreme penalty of the law on some previous occasion. The spectacle was a ghastly one, and made my blood run cold, but the Chinese did not seem to mind it at all. These heads are put up as a warning, but so far as I could observe they did not seem to warn anybody to any great extent.

"While we were engaged in studying the crowd and taking a general survey of the scene, there was a commotion at one side of the square, and we could see the fatal procession approaching. Eight or ten soldiers led the van, and then came the prisoner who was to be decapitated; his hands were tied together, and he was evidently suffering from long imprisonment and insufficient food. He appeared quite indifferent to his fate, and I am told this is usually the case. No food is given to an inmate of a Chinese prison, and unless he has friends who will look after him, or has money to buy food with, he must starve. Most of the criminals who suffer execution are half dead when led out, and a goodly number of them regard death as a relief.

"The prisoner walked between the executioner and his assistant, and was followed by another squad of soldiers, about the same in number as the first lot. A cart drawn by a mule followed the cortége, and halted at the edge of the square; I could not understand its use until later on in the affair, when the body of the victim was thrown into it and carried off.

"The soldiers ranged themselves at the side opposite to where the cart had halted, while the condemned was led to the centre of the open space and ordered to kneel. He knelt without hesitation, and bent his head forward to receive the stroke of the executioner's sword.

"The executioner and his assistant, as well as the prisoner, were stripped to the waist; the assistant seized the queue of the victim and held it forward, so as to have it out of the way of the sword which the principal actor held in the air. It was a powerful blade, like a butcher's cleaver, and when it came down it severed the neck at a single stroke. It is considered a bungling piece of work if more than one



A CHINESE MARRIAGE.

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stroke is needed, and no executioner with any regard for his reputation would ever be guilty of requiring a second blow.

"As soon as the work was done, the executioner wiped his sword and offered it for sale; he gets no pay for his services, and his only remuneration is the clothing of the victim and anything he can realize by selling his sword to any one who may be desirous of possessing a relic of the ghastly affair. We declined to purchase, and I believe the weapon was bought by one of the Chinese spectators. It sometimes happens that when foreigners are present, some of them are very anxious to buy the sword, and in case of an active competition it brings a high price."

There is a story of an executioner in China who was at the head of his profession, and used to remove the heads of his patients without their knowing it. The victim would kneel, the sword would flash, and then the executioner would restore the blade to its sheath. The victim would wait patiently for a minute or more, and then say, with his voice a trifle cracked:

"If you're going to cut my head off, why don't you do it?"

"Beg pardon," the other would reply, as he took out a snuff-box and held it in front of the expectant man; "it's all right—take a pinch."

The pinch would be taken, the victim would sneeze, and off would go his head into the ditch, while the executioner stood smiling, with folded arms. The blow was really struck when the sword flashed in the air, and it was done so skillfully that the patient never felt it in the least. But when he came to sneeze, he found how the matter stood.

One of my excursions in Canton was to a Chinese court of justice. We entered through a yard, where half a dozen poor fellows were undergoing the punishment of the *cangue*. The *cangue* is an instrument like a huge collar, and the man must wear it for a certain number of days, according to the sentence of the court. It is made of heavy plank, and the sections are arranged so that they can be locked together. Sometimes one of the man's hands is fastened in the *cangue*; but whether they are fastened or left free, he is unable to bring his hands to his mouth, and consequently cannot feed himself. If his punishment lasts for several days, and he has no friends to look after him or no stranger takes pity on him, he must starve. As before stated, the prison authorities do not consider it any part of their duty to feed the men in their care, and a great many die of starvation.

In the few visits I ever made to Chinese prisons, the scenes were heart-rending; the appeals for food were so piteous, and the prisoners were so worn and thin, that my companions and myself emptied our pockets of all the loose change we possessed and bought food, which we thrust through the gratings to the half-famished unfortunates.

There is another instrument not altogether unlike the *cangue*. It is fastened around the neck in the same way, but it has a sort of cage attached that resembles a hoop skirt, and is made of strong sticks of bamboo. It is too long to allow the wearer to sit on the ground, and when he stands erect the weight, which is considerable, falls on his neck and oppresses him severely. He depends on his friends to feed him, as he cannot bring his hands to his mouth, and it is impossible for him to take any sleep or rest as long as he is compelled to wear this instrument of torture.

When we entered the court a man was undergoing trial for stealing. He had entered a store in the absence of the owner, and was caught just as he was leaving with his hands full of plunder. The evidence against him was conclusive, and he was sentenced to receive twenty blows of the bamboo in open court, and then be led and whipped through the streets. The sentence was carried out at once. He was stripped and compelled to lie flat on his face on the floor, in front of the judge, who ordered the bamboos to be brought. These were in strips about six feet long and shaved flat—they were not unlike a lath in appearance, but much stronger and more flexible. A policeman with a strong arm took one of these sticks, and standing at the side of the culprit, brought it with all his force on the fleshy part of the latter's back. The man squirmed and quivered, but he did not make the least outcry. When the twenty blows had been administered, he was allowed to rise and required to bow to the judge, previous to being led into the yard to receive the second part of his sentence.

A cloth was put around his loins, for decency's sake; his hands were tied behind him, and a short chain was attached to them. A man took this chain in one hand, and a short bamboo in the other, and thus drove the prisoner before him. A personage who had some official connection with the court led the cortége with a gong, which he pounded steadily to warn the public that something was coming. Small boys ran ahead or followed the procession, as they would in any other country, and seemed to enjoy the fun.

The culprit did not appear at all happy, and was evidently glad when the affair was over. These exhibitions are quite common in the Chinese cities, and the authorities do not have any hesitation about dealing severely with those who transgress the laws.

As it is only a step from the sublime to the ridiculous, so it is only a step from the active life of Canton to the associations with death. Immediately outside the walls of the city are the burial-places. They extend for long distances, and prove that Canton is a place of considerable antiquity and a large population, as otherwise it could not boast such an extensive necropolis. The favorite place for a tomb is on a hillside, and where natural hills cannot be found it is not unusual to make artificial ones. A wealthy man secures his burial-place long before his death, and frequently he has his coffin in the house, and takes pleasure in showing it to his friends and pointing out its advantages.

The tomb where the body has its resting-place is built in the solid earth, and directly in front of the door there is an inclosure, of a horse-shoe shape, where offerings to the memory of the deceased are deposited. In front of this inclosure, again, there is a flat platform of stone, and on certain days of the year it is occupied by the relatives and friends of the gentleman who is slumbering quietly in the cold ground. They bring offerings of fruits and other edibles, which they heap in quantities by no means small. The offerings are supposed to be consumed by the dead man, but their actual fate is far otherwise, as may be readily understood. The priests and other persons around the cemetery manage to live comfortably from these offerings, and what they do not wish to eat they sell in the market of the city. There are certain days when the people go in considerable numbers to worship at the tombs of their ancestors. They combine devotion and pleasure to such an extent, that the affair looks more like a picnic than a religious and mournful ceremonial.

Sometimes there will be these jollifications just outside the cemetery, and a stranger will come unexpectedly on a group of merrymakers. A magician will set up his stand with a sort of Punch and Judy show, which never fails to attract a crowd. Music is furnished by a performer on a rude flute made from a stick of bamboo; and while it is

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in progress the magician tells his story, and has a couple of figures dancing on the platform before him. He works hard, but is very poorly paid for his labor. After talking an hour or more he will pass around the hat, and receive a dozen or so of copper cash. As it takes fifteen cash to equal one cent, his compensation is not enormous, and there is little probability of a showman getting rich in China. I have never been in a country where it was possible to be liberal at so little outlay as in the land of the Celestials. You can give of your cash to a hundred beggars, and, if you have dispensed but one cash to each, you will have parted with less than seven cents.

A Chinese funeral is a novelty in its way. It is frequently conducted on the water, especially if it becomes necessary to cross from one bank of the river to the other. Special boats are used for these affairs, and they proceed at a pace of becoming dignity, as they generally have but a single man at the oar. Over the centre of the boat there is a canopy, and under it the coffin is placed, with the friends of the deceased seated around it. The night before I left Hong Kong I went on board the steamer which was to carry me away at daylight; and as I reached her deck one of these funeral processions passed by. The canopy of the boat was hung with lanterns, and the light, shining on the mourners, had a strange effect. The widow of the dead man sat at the end of the coffin, which was piled with flowers and funeral offerings. She was silent in her grief; but not so a man who sat near the boatman and blew a horn at short intervals, to warn every one that the party was approaching. They went slowly by the steamer, and disappeared in the gloom, and that was the last we saw of them.

A gayer scene than this is the Feast of Lanterns, which takes place in February, at the beginning of the Chinese new year. The houses are handsomely decorated with flags in the daytime, while at night there are thousands and thousands of lanterns of all shapes and colors. They are hung on the house-fronts, and along the streets—in fact, in every place where a lantern can be made to hang. No one who can possibly afford to be idle will work on this day, and a great many to whom idleness is a serious expense will refuse employment at double the usual rates. It is a brilliant scene, as impossible to describe as it is impossible to forget.

On the beginning of the year the Chinese have a general settlement with each other; and when a man shows to the satisfaction of his creditors that he is unable to pay them, he is forgiven all his debts, and may start the year with a clean record. But it does not answer for him to repeat this performance more than once, as he will then find that nobody will trust him. It is well enough to be an insolvent debtor for one occasion, but it is a serious matter to make a regular thing of it.

The Chinese are great sticklers for etiquette, and it requires a very careful study to avoid offending them. You can wound a man's feelings in the most innocent manner, and though he knows that you had no intention to do so he will not dismiss the matter from his mind. If you take more or less than the requisite number of steps on entering a room, you will violate the rules of society; if you sit down before your host does, you imply that he is beneath you in rank and dignity; and if you allow him to get down first, you admit your inferiority. It is very amusing to see a couple of Chinese bowing and scraping, and trying to pretend that each wants the other to sit first, when neither intends anything of the sort. You think they are fairly down, when suddenly they pop up again, and bow, and keep on bowing; then they go down, only to rise, and so they keep on for several minutes. Finally the host gives a quiet signal, and this time they go down for certain, to the great relief of everybody present.

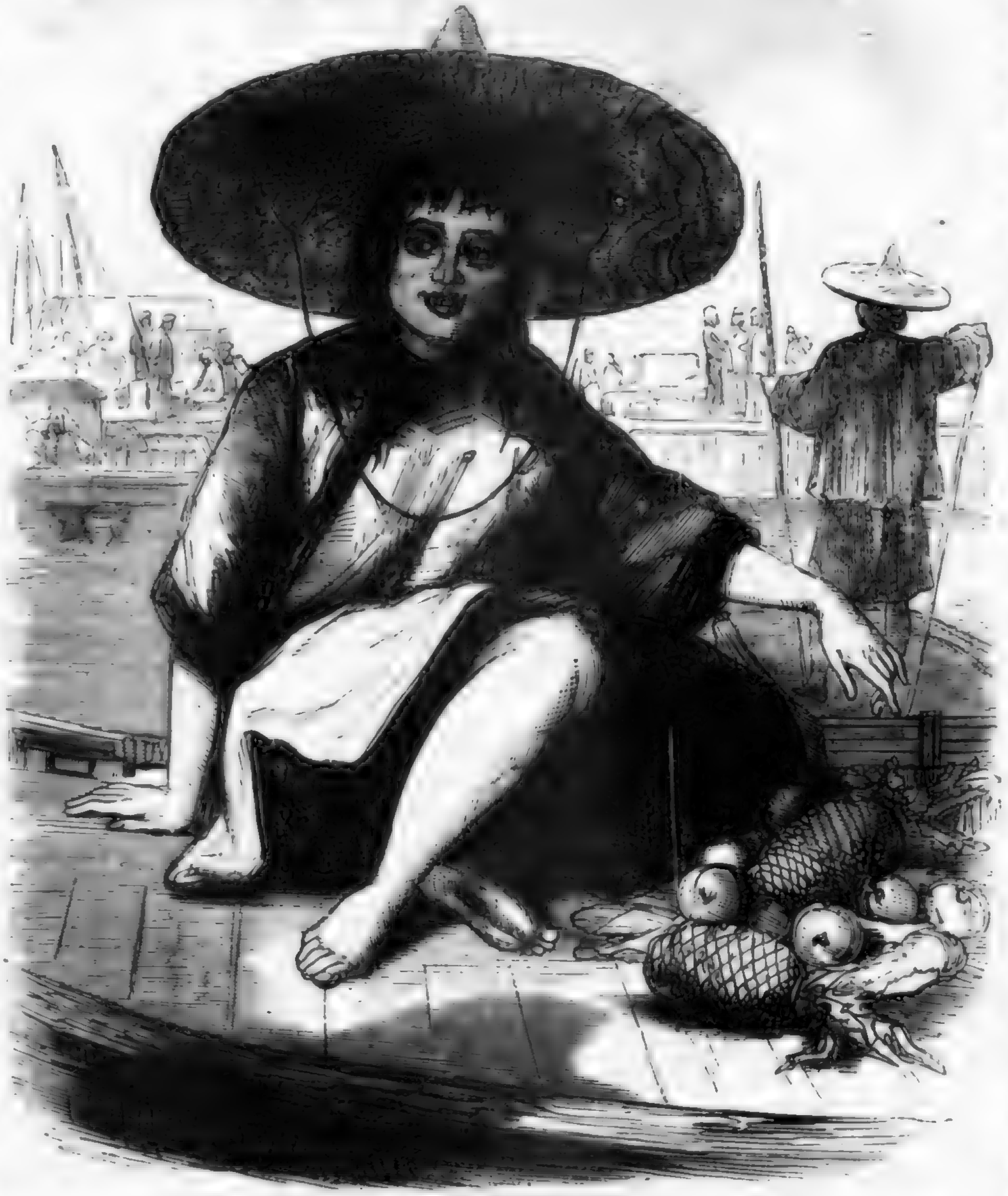
I was once an unwilling offender in the way of etiquette; or, rather, I brought an interview to a sudden termination, when it might have been longer. At ceremonial calls it is the custom to bring tea and pipes. The pipes are to be smoked, and the tea is to be drank, as might be expected. But they follow the first lot of tea with another, which is known as "guest tea"; it is intended to be used when it is desired by either party to bring the interview to an end, and a sip from the cup containing it is a signal which every Chinese understands. I drank from the first cup, and when the second was brought I thought it no more than proper for me to taste of it. The moment I did so the host rose, and the servants called for my chair-bearers, who had seated themselves outside the gate, and were counting on having a comfortable rest of twenty or thirty minutes. The host bowed me out as politely as possible, but I suspect he was somewhat surprised at the brevity of our interview, which did not last more than three or four minutes. Perhaps he was glad that a man with whom he could only talk with the aid of an interpreter had gone so speedily out of the way, and in so thinking I have been consoled for my blunder.

The ceremonies attending a wedding are quite elaborate, and require a great deal of study beforehand on the part of all concerned. The preliminary courtship is an affair of little moment, as the parties rarely see each other, and if they have ever met, it is only by the merest accident. The women of the middle and upper classes are quite secluded; only those of the peasantry are ever seen in public, and when a lady goes out for an airing, she is so surrounded and guarded that it is impossible to see her face or get in her vicinity.

Marriages are arranged between the friends of the parties, or if there are no friends common to both, a professional broker is called in to manage the business. The question to be settled is the price to be paid to the bride's parents, and, on the other hand, the amount of money that the husband allows the wife to spend annually without accounting for it. These are negotiated with the aid of suitable counsel, and each tries to make the best of the bargain.

A festival is arranged at the house of the prospective bridegroom on the day set for the wedding, and his relatives and friends are invited to be present, together with those of the bride. A procession starts from the bride's house, and makes its way through the principal streets; the bride is carried in a sedan chair with closed sides, so that nobody can get the faintest glimpse of her, and the chair must always have four bearers. The procession is headed by two men beating gongs; behind them are four men, two carrying placards announcing the name of the bride and bridegroom, and the other two bearing lanterns with lighted candles within. A master of ceremonies follows with a red umbrella, which he may carry open or closed, according to the state of the weather; it is decorated in such a way as to be readily taken for his badge of office.

The party halts at the door of the bridegroom; he steps out to assist the bride in descending from the chair, and this is generally the first time he sees her. They enter the house, and are received by the assembled friends, and at the proper moment they step to the centre of the room and in front of the table which has been prepared for the feast. A cord is given them, and they hold it by the ends with their right hands, at the same time touching their knuckles together. While thus holding it, they repeat a certain formula which has been in use for a very long time, and the ceremony is complete.



A CHINESE FRUIT-GIRL.

The custom varies in different parts of the empire, and according to the wealth of the parties to be united.

There is very little sentiment in Chinese matrimony; a man marries because he is old enough to be married, and a woman for the reason that she wants a husband; and this is pretty nearly the whole story. They settle down to the practical duties and ways of life, and have very little to say, or even to think, of gushing hearts or burning love.

The great reverence the Chinese have for their ancestors leads to a curious feature in social etiquette. When you call on a Chinese gentleman, it is entirely polite to ask after the health of his mother, and the question should not be neglected if you know his mother is living. But you will be guilty of a great rudeness if you ask about his wife, as she is an inferior being, whose existence should not be recognized.

The inferiority of women in China has existed from time immemorial, and as the women are powerless to change it, and the men not inclined to do so, there is every probability that the present state of affairs will continue for an indefinite period.

The Chinese cannot comprehend the freedom that is enjoyed by the women of European countries, and they are continually asking Europeans who are settled in China if their wives do not give them a great deal of trouble. As it is their custom to purchase their wives, they occasionally ask a foreigner how much he paid for his spouse, and are surprised to learn that they get them for nothing. When the foreigners first went to Canton to reside, there was an English merchant who had a very pretty wife. She attracted the attention of a wealthy Chinese merchant, who came frequently to transact business at the foreign quarter, and one day he asked:

"How much costee you one piecee wifee?"

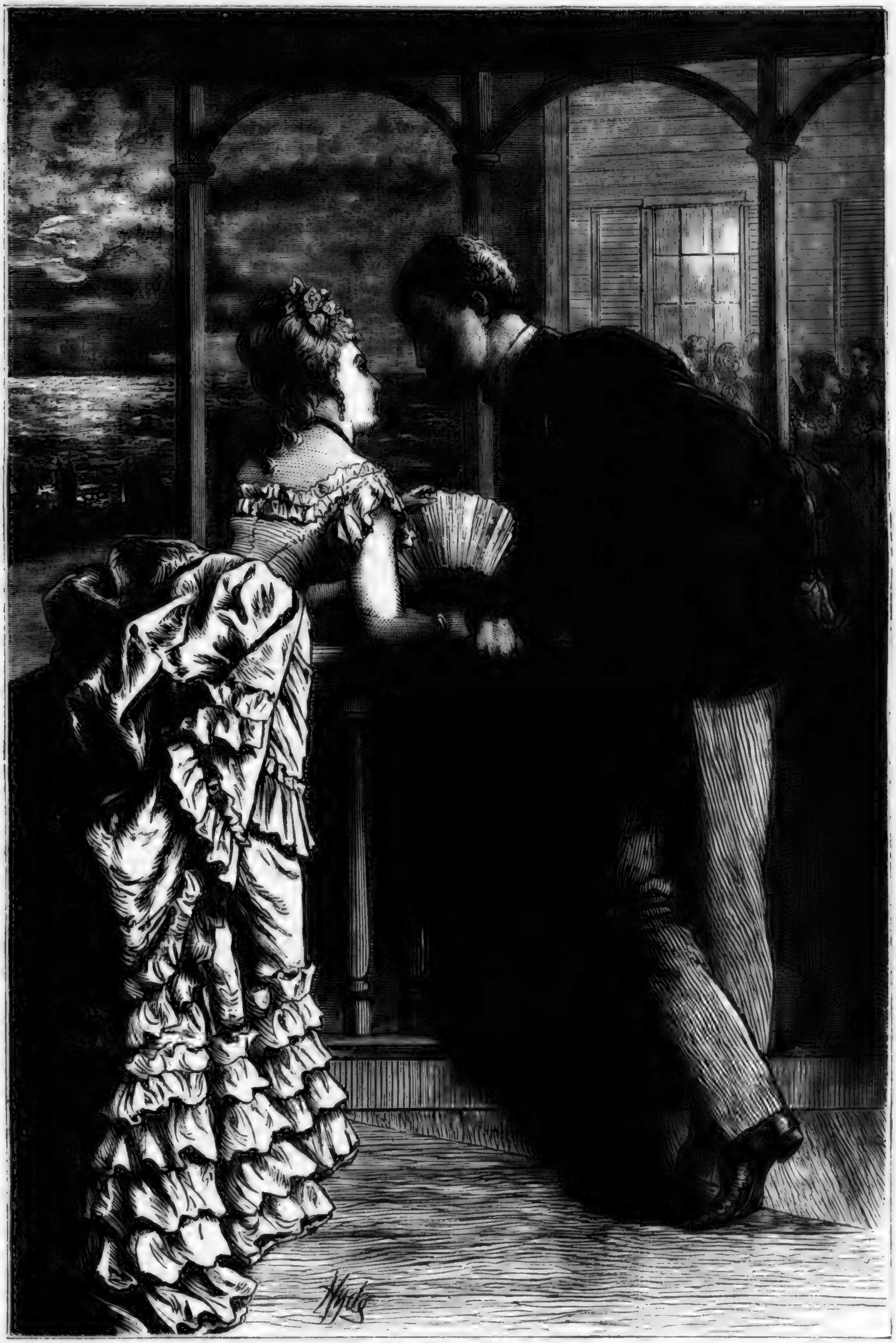
The Englishman laughed, and by way of a jest, replied that she cost him five thousand dollars.

"My givee you ten tousand dollar."

The Englishman shook his head, and then the Chinese bid twelve thousand. As this was refused, he rose to fifteen, and finally to twenty thousand.

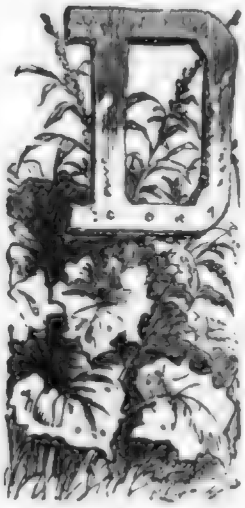
Then the Englishman was obliged to explain that it was not the custom for the foreigners to sell their wives. The Chinaman was reluctant to believe it, and he was also greatly disappointed, as he had made up his mind to have the lady for his household, no matter what the cost. He had heard her sing, and also listened to her playing on the piano, and was satisfied she would make him more happy than was possible for a Chinese wife, by reason of her superior accomplishments. As a last resort, he urged the Englishman to bring out a fine assortment of wives for the Chinese market, and was sure they would meet a ready sale. He would bespeak one for himself at a liberal advance on the original cost and the expense of transportation, and promised to take the whole lot from the hands of the importer immediately on their arrival. Even this proposal had to be rejected, and he went away sorrowing.

A CHINESE LADY.



"IN SIR BERTHOLD'S OAK."—"ALL AT ONCE, WITH THE SOUND OF HIS VOICE AND THE PLEADING IN HIS FACE, THE SWEET, OLD FOOLISH MEMORY RUSHED BACK UPON HER IN ITS FULL FORCE."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

# "IN SIR BERTHOLD'S OAK."



DON'T you remember him?"

"Perfectly well."

The simplest speech in the world to make, and one would think the simplest in the world to understand, and yet the young lady reclining amidst an amplitude of frilled white *peignoir*, in an amplitude of velvet easy-chair, opened her clear eyes to their extremest width when her friend uttered it.

The fact was, that Miss Gertrude Brent was fond of "finding people out," as she phrased it, and believed herself quite an adept in the art so described; and being specially interested in the personal history of her visitor just now, her query had been carelessly flung out as a diplomatic feeler.

But the result was a dreadfully tame one. No dramatic start, no sudden pallor, no tremor, even. Opposite to her, the visitor in question, also white *peignoired* and frilled, also reclining in a delicious low chair of the order *pouf*, sat under the hands of her maid, who was dressing her bronze-tinted hair—serene, self-possessed, indifferent. And yet Gertie Brent would have wagered one of her nice little pink ears that Barbara had loved him once—the thing in question being represented by Caryll Breton, Gentleman. But Barbara Mackaye had always been an obstinate person to deal with, little and smooth and insignificant as she looked. And it was perfectly outrageous the manner in which she comported herself on the present occasion.

"Of course," she proceeded, her tranquillity implying an actual patronage of the party under discussion—"of course I remember him well enough. A long-limbed youth, wasn't he, with a brown mustache which always seemed to be in his way—awkward, too, slightly, as those big young men always are. He was very young then. Dear, dear! I hope he hasn't grown."

"Grown!" ejaculated Gertie, with indignation. "Ridiculous! You know better than that, Barbara. You didn't think him too young to flirt with, even in those days," which, considering the presence of the industrious handmaiden behind her friend's chair, was as indiscreet a speech as she could have made under any circumstances.

But Barbara pretended not to notice that she had said anything remarkable. She put her hand up to her mouth to hide a little yawn.

"Haven't you nearly finished, Pinkleton?" she said. "I am getting tired."

Fortunately, Pinkleton had finished, or very nearly so. She put a few final touches to the marvelous shining twists and coils which were Miss Mackaye's chief adornment, and then, in obedience to orders, departed, covered with glory. She would finish her toilet alone, Barbara said. The truth was, that the decorous Pinkleton was slightly in the way.

"Very naturally," remarked her fair mistress, succinctly, when she was gone, "I cannot accustom myself to Pinkleton. Having been a nursery governess the greater part of my life, and having, consequently, waited not only on myself, but upon divers other people, Pinkleton appears superfluous. The idea of my coming here, of all places in the world, under the new order of things! The last time I sat in this room I was a poor little chit, in a horrible brown dress, and stood in gruesome awe of Lady Macnamara. This was the schoolroom then, and I used to sit here all day, plodding through French grammars and vulgar fractions with the *enfants terribles.*"

Gertrude Brent laughed. She liked to hear Barbara's reminiscences of the past, principally, perhaps, because there was a wicked little flavor of audacious satire about them, and it delighted her to behold the delicately severe anatomizing of her august relative, Lady Macnamara, that estimable, but somewhat gaunt peeress, being a special abomination of hers.

"And how she used to snub you!" she put on—"Lady Macnamara, I mean. Do you remember how she lectured you about sitting under Sir Berthold's oak when there was company at the house?"

Barbara turned round suddenly to open her wardrobe, and stood fumbling over the key.

"Bah!" she exclaimed. "How stupid! I can't open it. Yes, I can."

"How old were you then?" queried Miss Brent.

"Not seventeen. Ridiculously young for a nursery governess, wasn't I? I was only nineteen when Aunt Joanna died and left me her worldly goods in spite of herself."

She came back with a dress over her arm as she spoke, and tossed it on to the bed, and Gertrude was puzzled to observe that her hitherto tranquil cheeks were dyed a most unaccountable red. What had dyed them? Not Caryll Breton, certainly, for he had not even been mentioned in her last speech.

"You had better go and dress, Gertie," Barbara said, the next minute; "you will be too late for dinner again."

When, finding herself not likely to profit by remaining, Gertie Brent had half-reluctantly taken her departure. Miss Mackaye, being left alone, comported herself in a somewhat singular manner. She locked the door quietly, and, having locked it, walked deliberately to the mirror, and, kneeling down before it, rested her arms on the toilet-table, and regarded herself fixedly—one might say, a trifle impatiently.

"Oh, you little, weak-minded simpleton!" she exclaimed. "You are going back to that nonsense, are you? You are deluding yourself into believing that you are prettier than you were then. And so you are," she added, with some sharpness. "And I'm glad of it, because it may help you to avenge yourself."

And, indeed, she was an attractive-looking little creature, after a whimsical style. Even the loose, profusely-frilled white *peignoir* could not hide the grace of her small, lithe figure. Her big, wine-dark eyes alone were enough to redeem any woman from the charge of plainness; and, irregular as her features were, their very irregularity formed their great charm of piquancy and sparkle. She was not a Venus; she was something infinitely better, and more real—a Hebe, audacious, self-possessed, and deliciously self-willed. She was hard to understand, as a rule, people said—reticent, and more satirical than a young lady should be. But then, those who said so probably did not know anything about the snubbings and martyrdom of the shabby young creature who had been Lady Macnamara's governess in the days before her selfish old maiden aunt died, without a will, and unconsciously reared, through her death, the poor child she had never given a thought to in life.

Long before Gertrude had finished dressing, Barbara came down-stairs, and went into the drawing-room. But finding no one there, she stepped through a low French window that stood open, on to the stone terrace beneath, thereby causing some slight surprise to a gentleman who was loitering outside. She was not surprised herself; knowing that the man was in the house as a visitor, she was wise enough to expect to meet him some time or other, and she had made up her mind that it did not matter when or how. The individual in question was, of course, Caryll Breton, and on turning in his saunter, and finding himself facing unexpectedly a small young person in marvelous white drapery, flowing out a yard behind her, he was naturally half-confused, and bowed low, in some embarrassment.

But she held out a small, firm hand to him, without a shadow of discomposure.

"You have forgotten me, I see," she said, concisely. "I was Lady Macnamara's nursery governess when you were here before. It is only Barbara Mackaye, Mr. Breton."

He had flushed before; but he lost color then—all at once.

"Barbara!" he exclaimed. "You! I had no idea——"

"No," she interposed, "of course not. I am a visitor, like yourself, now. Miss Brent is an old friend of mine."

And then she went on, in a carelessly polite way, to explain to him how the change of fortune had come about. No one knew better than this little ex-governess how to be placid and cool, both at once.

When Miss Brent came down to them, to her chagrin she found the two standing upon the terrace, tranquilly admiring the sunset, Barbara looking as cool as if she had been talking to eighteen-year-old Charlie Brent; but Caryll seemed fretted, and ill at ease.

Whatever the signs portended, it was evident that Barbara had the best of it. And she had the best of it all the rest of the evening too. It would not have been like her to lose ground, and she certainly did not. She was charming and piquant and witty. She talked well and sang well, and looked well altogether. She worked Gertie Brent into a fever of curiosity, and baffled her wholly. Mr. Caryll Breton might have been her great-grandfather for any embarrassment his presence seemed to cause her.

But when she went to her room, after the evening was over, she did not look so bright. Her spirits seemed to forsake her the moment the door was locked, and going to the glass again for comfort, she met the reflection of a tremulous face, with actual tears in the sparkling, impatient, dark eyes.

"I wish I had never come," she said, inexplicably. "I believe I hate the man now. I catch myself burning with humiliation any time I look at him. I would go home to-morrow if it wouldn't seem so much like cowardice."

If Miss Brent had found cause for curiosity in this first evening, she found greater cause for it afterward. Her friend kept her own counsel, in spite of her, and played a very pretty *rôle* with Mr. Breton, half tolerating, half patronizing him, and plainly making him furiously angry and haughty sometimes.

But there was no help for that; she was indifferent when she chose to be, satirical when she was inclined to satire, and bewitching whenever the mood seized her. It seemed, too, that she had her own way with the man, and influenced him in spite of himself. He was a proud enough young fellow, too, Mr. Caryll Breton, but generous and agreeable withal, and his manner toward Barbara was rather a puzzling one. He was angry with her; he was trying to resist her; he had some old cause to reproach her; he loved her, and was miserable accordingly—were decisions Gertrude Brent arrived at by different turns.

But however often his manner toward her changed, Barbara never seemed affected by it. She sang her gay little French songs just as well when he was moody as when he was serene. She never placed herself in his way, and never tried to avoid him. In short, she was inexplicable.

The only time that ever Gertrude saw her exhibit any degree of feeling was when, one evening, as a group of them were standing about the bagatelle-board, an ill-advised but well-looking young Detrimental, who was in great request, volunteered a poetic and entirely gratuitous observation upon the sweetness of Love's young dream; and Barbara, hearing it, took fire.

"Of all the arrant nonsense on this mundane sphere," she said, sweetly but scathingly, as she knocked the balls about—"of all the nonsense on earth which is inexplicable to me—and I find a great deal of nonsense inexplicable—the most arrant is the popular enlarging upon Love's young dream. What is Love's young dream, may I ask? Does any one know? Does any one of us have a single pleasant remembrance of the inspiring sentiment? If we were all frank enough to own it, I dare say there is not one of us here to-night who has not had a young dream, and been heartily ashamed of it as soon as it was over. It was not pleasant to experience; it is humiliating to recall; one's cheeks burn when one looks back on it, recognizing the glaringly apparent fact that in the days of Love's young dream one was weak-minded, commonplace and ridiculous to the extremest possibility of being so."

Gertrude Brent was standing near her when she said it, and so was Caryll Breton; and Gertie saw him flush and then turn pale, and in a moment more bend across the table on pretense of recovering a ball, but really to speak to Barbara.

"You might have spared me that," he said, hotly; "another woman would have done it, perhaps, but not you." And when he had said it, he turned on his heel and left the room.

That night Barbara retired early, with a headache; and when, an hour after she ought to have been in bed, Gertrude Brent crept into her room to see if she was asleep, she found that she had not even undressed, but was sitting up, with scarlet cheeks and heavy eyes; whereupon the disinterested young diplomatist began to pet her, in a guileless overflow of sympathy.

"Your headache must be very bad," she said. "You have been crying, dear. Let me bring you some cologne."

But the before unconquerable young lady had arrived at a pass when headaches were vanity, and colognes vexation of spirit. She made a terrible effort to recover herself, and, failing, mildly broke down, as any other less spirited young person would have done.

"Oh, Gertie," she said, desperately, "there—there is no use in pretending any longer. It isn't headache; it—it's heartache."

And, after turning quite pale at her own temerity, dropped her face on her arm and cried—half proudly, one might say.

It must be confessed that, good-natured as she was, Miss Brent did not suffer so keenly through her sympathy as she might have done if this little matter had not been so very interesting. She had been so puzzled that she could not resist a secret rejoicing over the fact that she was going to hear all about it now. But she managed to preserve a decorous show of melancholy, as she went over the petting again.

"Don't cry," she said. "What is it, Barbara? Tell me, dear; I may be able to help you. It is about Caryll Breton, of course?"

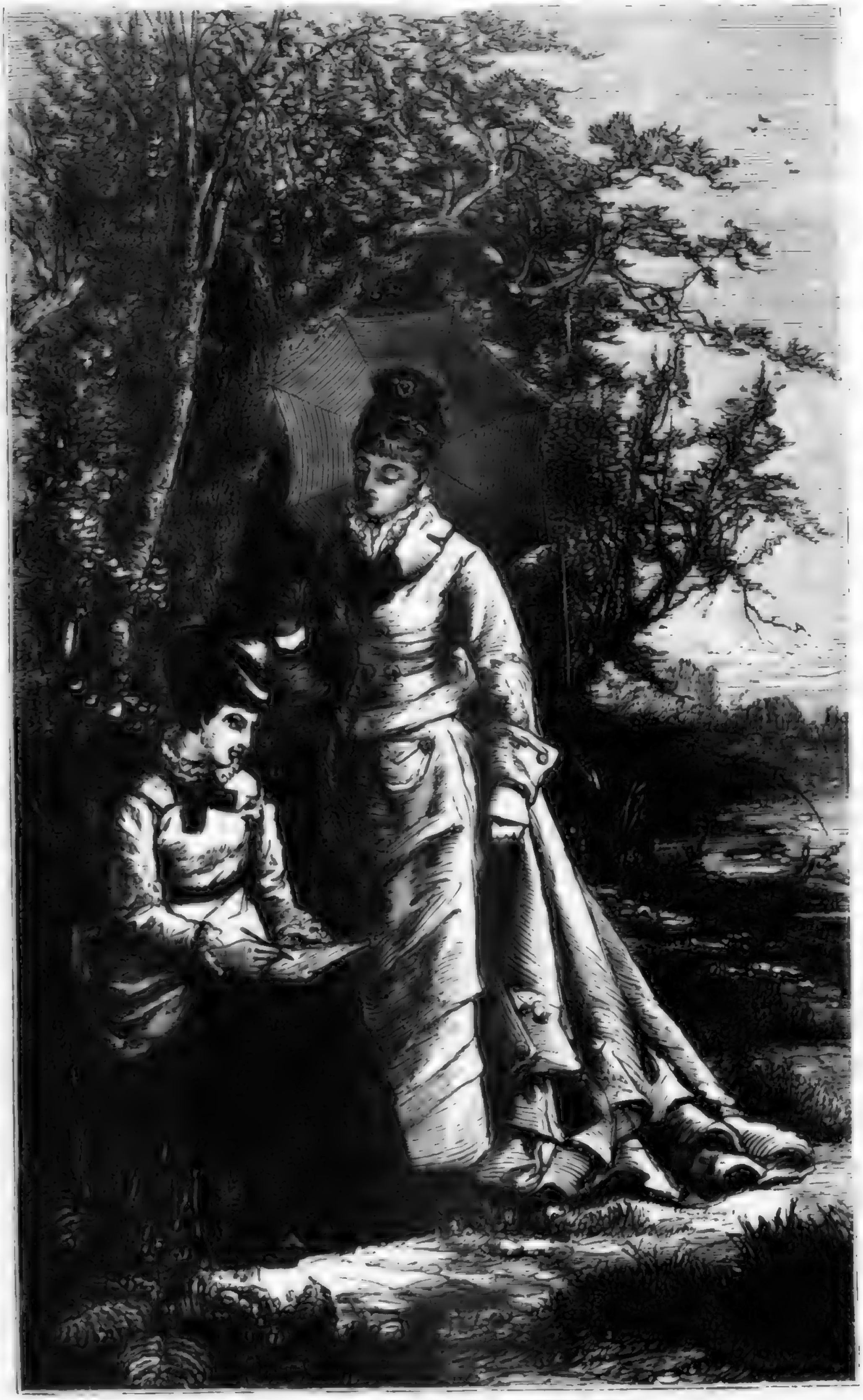
Barbara signified an assent to this, but it was some time before she could be persuaded to explain herself more fully; and when at last she did so, she told her story with her face still hidden in her hands upon the cushioned arm of her chair. Possibly she was conscious that the glory of Ichabod had departed, and the fact of Ichabod's having been so vain-glorious in a feminine manner made it all the more trying.

"It all happened four years ago, when I was here as nursery governess to Lady Macnamara," she said, at length. "You know I was only a child, Gertie, and unhappy and lonely. Lady Macnamara used to snub me, and the children ill-treated me because they saw every one else do the same thing. And I had nothing to wear, and was shabby and awkward; so you see I was all the more susceptible to foolish fancies. Still I don't understand how any one could even want to flirt with me; but when Caryll Breton came to visit them he began by making friends with me, and ended by talking nonsense and making love, and somehow or other I listened, and—and liked it. He was not of age then, and I was so much afraid of Lady Macnamara that I was foolish enough to try to hide it from her, and at last—— Oh, Gertie, it is no wonder he despised me! He used to manage to meet me when I went out, and actually used to write letters and hide them where I could find them. You know Sir Berthold's oak, in the park—the oak they used to say Sir Berthold Macnamara hid in from the Roundheads?—well, that is where he used to leave his silly, boyish letters; and I used to go and look for them, and sometimes leave him an answer. One day I went there and found a longer letter than usual, and in it he asked me what he had never openly asked me before—he asked me to promise to marry him when he came of age, and he said that I must leave my answer in the oak, and if he found it there he would be happy for ever, but if he did not he could not stay near me any longer, but would go away and try to forget."

"Well," suggested Gertie, mildly, "that was very good-natured, at least. And what then, dear?"

For all at once Barbara had stopped.

"Well," she hesitated, "I answered him as you might expect—I am almost sorry for it now, I was such a happy, believing little simpleton—I said 'Yes,' and dropped the note into the old place, and that's all, Gertie; for, having amused himself as long as he chose, I suppose, Mr. Caryll Breton left the house next morning without having tried to see me, and without having spoken a word. It is four years ago, Gertie," with a little sob. "I was only seventeen then, and now I am twenty-one; but I have not outlived it, and I scarcely think I ever shall. It was so terrible to me, even then, silly girl as I was, that I was ill of slow fever for weeks after. I cannot forget it—it was so cruel. Why couldn't he leave me alone? I was only a child, and he was a man, and I had not a friend in the world to protect me."

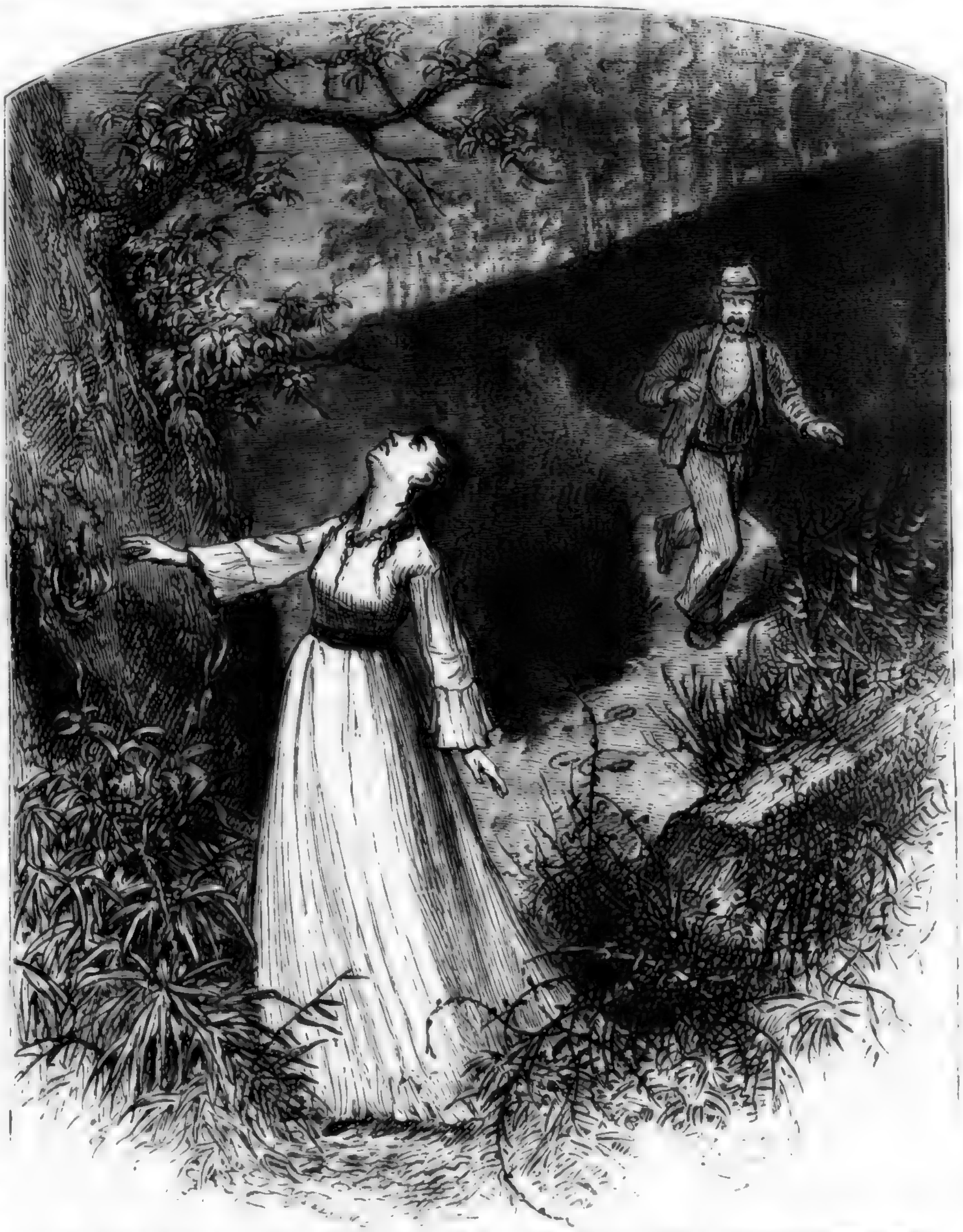

THE FAITHFUL SKETCH OF THE CHERISHED HOME.

Miss Brent shook her head sagaciously.

"It is very unaccountable, my dear," she remarked—"extremely so. I really must say that I don't understand it myself."

"I do," snapped Barbara, changing her mood all at once—it was so very humiliating to think about. "He was a conceited, weak-headed boy, and he thought it would be fun to earn the right to boast as he had heard older men do, so he selected the most helpless little idiot he could find. Oh, how I hate him!"

She sat up, clinching her mite of a hand quite fiercely, her cheeks burning red. She was a spirited little body in those days; time and good fortune had altered materially the shabby, timid little governess, who had abased herself so tremblingly before the shrine of the august but raw-boned peeress. If chance ever threw them back into the same position again, she was beautifully qualified to rout the enemy with great slaughter. In despite of her little defalcation on the side of weakness, she came down in an apparently charming state of high spirits the next morning, appearing at the breakfast table surrounded by a positive halo of delicious *insouciance*. She ate her breakfast with appetite, and laughed at the sapient jokes of Charlie Brent with a delight which might almost have suggested an amiable tendency to encourage the adolescent attentions of that promising youth.



THE GUIDE'S WIFE.—"BESS KNEW THAT SHE WAS PURSUED, BUT SHE BOUNDED ON UNTIL HER STRENGTH GAVE OUT, AND SHE SANK TO THE GROUND HELPLESS."

Like all boys of his age, Charlie was highly susceptible to the charms of girls older than himself; and Barbara Mackaye was his special admiration, principally because she never snubbed him, and was so audaciously good-natured and serene in her reception of any small slights she might receive from people who chanced to remember that she had been Lady Macnamara's governess.

This morning Charlie was specially attentive. He directed all the unfledged charms of his conversation to Barbara at the breakfast-table, and when the meal was over he followed her to her place in the window, and sat on a low stool at her feet while she worked. But, in his frame of mind, indoors appeared tame. The sunshine and the Springtime odors suggested a sylvan idea to him.

"Let us all go down to Sir Berthold's oak and sit there," he said. "It's warm enough, and you could take your work, you know. What do you say to that, Miss Mackaye?"

That intrepid young person acceded to the proposition at once. She would go if Gertie would.

Gertie was slightly disappointed. She had hoped to see her change color, or hesitate, as Caryll was standing within three feet of her, looking down at her cool, pretty face.

But not a bit of it. She rose from her chair and ran up-stairs for her hat, caroling a little song half under her breath as she went; and in two minutes she was back again.

She entertained Charlie brilliantly as they walked through the park behind Caryll and Gertie, much to the latter young lady's surprise. She told him wicked, satirical little stories about her governess days, and Lady Macnamara; and I regret to say that said stories were not at all to her ladyship's credit, and placed her in some rather ungrateful positions.

"Dear me! how afraid of her I was," she said, quite benignly, at last. "Do you know, I sometimes wish I could meet her now. It would be so funny to see her wave her hand when I said anything she disapproved of!"

"Suppose you had chanced to have a lover in those days," said Charlie, laughing, "what would she have said, Miss Mackaye?"

Barbara laughed herself then, outright—a cool, pleasant little ripple of amusement.

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"Ah, I had one," she returned. "I was seventeen, you know, and just silly enough. And it was quite a comical little episode, as you may imagine, with a chit of a nursery-governess for a heroine, and an overgrown hobbledehoy, of feeble intellect but strong sentiment, for a hero. Oh, of course I had a lover."

And as she said it, she was conscious of feeling a horrible sting of humiliation.

"Ah!" commented Charlie Brent, sedately—the word "hobbledehoy" was disagreeably suggestive. "That was *your* Love's young dream, then?"

"Yes," answered Barbara, "I spoke from experience, you see."

But she managed to make Charlie quite happy again when they reached the oak.

She was sharp enough, this small, vicious Barbara, to see that his pride was touched; so of course it was his pride she worked upon, with true diplomacy, in drawing him out and making him talk to her.

"By-the-by," she began, looking up at the branches with inimitable placidity, "there is a story about this oak, isn't there?"

"Yes," Charlie answered, "but not much of a story—only the old one of King Charles over again. One of the Macnamaras, who was a Royalist, hid from the Roundheads in it."

"Where?" asked Barbara.

She knew the whole story better than any one in the group; but she could see Caryll fidgeting and looking miserable, as he pretended to talk to Gertrude.

"Where—in the trunk, or branches? The trunk is hollow, I see, but I scarcely think a man could conceal himself inside."

Charlie turned round to look.

"He couldn't, unless the cavity is larger than it appears," he said; "but the story says it was in the trunk. I say, Miss Mackaye, he must have had a jolly crush getting in, mustn't he? I couldn't hide myself there, and neither could Breton. Lend me your parasol a minute, and let me try how much is hollow inside."

Barbara handed her parasol to him with an appearance of great interest. She could have told him exactly how large the cavity was—four years ago she had slipped in easy enough. She remembered one day when they had been caught in a rain-storm, that Caryll had stood under the dripping branches, and she had found a snug hiding-place where not a damp air would reach her, in that very refuge of Sir Berthold's. But, though she knew Caryll's eyes were fixed upon her, she looked on serenely while Charlie prodded about with an energy worthy a more important object.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, a minute later, "what's this? I've brought something into daylight, it appears. A yellow old letter, by Jove! Look here, Miss Mackaye. I wonder if it's a dunning epistle from the ancestral tailor? Sir Berthold must have dropped it out of the pocket of the period when he was in hiding."

Barbara Mackaye's heart gave an unpleasant bound. How could a letter have come there? Who else could have used the old oak as a post-office? How long it must have lain there, to look so yellow. She actually did not like to look at it, but how could she help both looking at it and turning burning scarlet, when the next minute Charlie turned it over and read the half-faded superscription aloud, slowly.

"Mr. Cyril—no, Car-yll. Yes, by Jupiter! Mr. Caryll Breton. Why, old fellow!" and he stopped and stared at that gentleman with a face expressive of the utmost bewilderment. "It is, upon my word!" he added. "Read it for yourself." And he gave it into his hands in utter amazement.

Caryll Breton took it without a word; Gertie coughed uneasily; Barbara said nothing, but sat leaning against a tree, looking fixedly at the park, the blood throbbing under her skin like living fire. She was wretched, confused and tumultuously happy all at once. She had been ungenerous and bitter, and yet it seemed that hereafter all her wrong had been no wrong at all—nothing but a little fateful chance—nothing but a little fateful chance, for her one startled glance at her old lover's face had told her what was really the simple truth, that now, for the first time, he held her letter in his hand. But it was too late now, of course; it would have been better if he had never seen it. And yet—well, he had loved the shabby little governess in those days, at least.

Caryll read the superscription in silence, but he did not open the envelope, and he did not look quite like himself when, at length, he glanced up at them all.

"I will keep this, with your permission, Charlie," he said. "I think I begin to understand how it came here, but the secret is not mine to tell—yet."

Charlie reseated himself. It was plain for even adolescence to understand that there was something below the surface in all this, and Charlie was by no means devoid of discernment. Accordingly, he noted Barbara's red cheeks in discreet but uncomfortable silence, and, with something like tact, began to try to talk to her. But the result of his efforts was a very poor one. Say what he would, she had only monosyllabic replies to make, and her discomfort was so apparent that he was more bewildered than ever, and was by no means sorry when Gertrude broke an embarrassing silence by suggesting a return to the house.

Once there, Barbara beat a rapid retreat to her room. She was covered with inglorious defeat, she was deservedly and ignominiously punished. All her telling shots had been wasted, which was bad enough in itself, but, added to her sudden heartache, it became unbearable. For ten minutes Gertrude Brent made her appearance, with a pretense of great composure.

"Barbara," she said, "he wants to see you."

Barbara gave her undivided attention to the window, with a fluttering heart, albeit.

"He," she answered, deliberately, "will have to be disappointed. He can't see me." And then inconsistently asked, "What does he want me for?"

But, as was natural to be anticipated, Miss Brent was profoundly ignorant. He had simply asked for Miss Mackaye, and Barbara really must see him.

Accordingly it came to pass that in the course of something less than half an hour Lady Macnamara's ex-governess entered the parlor where Caryll Breton awaited her, and, with self-possession highly creditable to herself, made her way to the window where he stood. She would not make the interview a trying one, at least.

"Gertrude tells me that you wished to see me, Mr. Breton," she said.

Caryll Breton met her steady eyes with something like trouble. What a change there was since he had kissed her under Sir Berthold's oak—a tremulous little creature, so frightened of her stately patroness. She was a little creature still, but a firm little creature, with wine-dark eyes, and a coolness of manner greater than Lady Macnamara's own. And yet it was Barbara still, and this Barbara was the ripening of his "Love's young dream."

"Barbara," he said, "do you not understand?" for there was a touch of his boyish gentleness left in him yet.

In spite of herself, Barbara softened.

"Yes," she answered; "I think I do. You never found the letter. It must have slipped down from where I placed it. I remember I hid it in a great hurry, and perhaps we have reason to congratulate ourselves that it did."

You see she was determined that he should not see any symptom of weakness in her.

"We were only foolish children then, Mr. Breton, but we are older now, and wiser."

But he was not to be put off. He came closer to her—quite close, indeed.

"We were happy," he said; "we loved each other. Are we so old and wise now that we are to put aside 'Love's young dream' for ever?"

Barbara did not speak. All at once, with the sound of his voice and the pleading in his face, the sweet old, foolish memory rushed back upon her in its full force. She had not a word to say, or power to say one if she had had it at her disposal.

What if they had been only children, they had loved each other, and been happy—so happy and tender and true! She slipped into a chair near by, and hid her face from him, as she had hidden it from Gertrude Brent the night before, and she hid it with the faintest of soft little sobs.

Then he felt fear no longer. He half knelt down by her, and threw his arms about her waist.

"I loved you so truly," he said. "I suffered so keenly when I thought of you—just what you must have thought of me, dearest. I did not open the letter before, because I wanted to wait until you said that I might. May I open it now, Barbara, or will you tell me what the contents are?"

A queer little pause, and then Barbara answered him, still with hidden face. But she did not withdraw from his arm.

"The contents are—only one word," she whispered.

He bent over her so low that his cheek touched hers.

"Say it, Barbara," he pleaded. "What is the one word?"

"It is," she fluttered—"it is 'Yes!'"

And "yes" it was.

# THE GUIDE'S WIFE.

By Eleanor Kirk.

"Sit down here, Bess, and tell me all about it! You have had too much to do—that's what's the matter;" and Jack Knowles took his young wife's hand in his a moment, and tenderly examined it. "It's a shame, Bess! Next Summer we'll just have somebody cook for us. You have burned your hands and stained all your fingers! Say, little girl, I'll turn them fellers over to the other house this very day, if you'll only say the word."

"I don't think that would be right. Mr. Markham has become used to us, and I don't believe he could walk a rod."

"Well, I could take him on my back. He don't begin to be so heavy as the sick calf I shouldered t'other day, and, to my mind, his brains wouldn't weigh so much."

"You know very little about Mr. Markham, Jack," replied Bess, drawing her hand away. "I must go in now to work."

"And I am off for Crown Point. I shall take down a load and bring back a load. Say, Bess," as the slight figure had almost disappeared, "haven't you got a kiss for a feller, to cheer him on his way? By jiminy, a husband never ought to let his wife get so tired that he has to beg for a kiss!" as the girl returned and put up her lips.

For fully five minutes the young man stood where his wife had left him. His frank, intelligent face was clouded, and he seemed debating with himself as to the wisdom of some course he had evidently just evolved from the depths of his troubled mind. He whistled softly a moment more, and then turned and walked straight into the log hut.

Bess sat by the white pine table, picking over blackberries. At her left, and beside the open window, on Jack's rude lounge, reclined a gentleman. He had been reading, but now the book was closed, and he was apparently quite occupied with the view of the distant mountains.

Jack walked to the side of the couch, and said, simply:

"Mr. Markham, I find my wife is about tired out. She looks to me sick enough to be in bed. I think the best thing for all concerned would be for you and the other gentleman to go over to t'other house. They make their living looking out for folks, and there ain't no doubt but you would be a good deal better accommodated there than here."

Jack's face was flushed, and his manner a little irritated, but neither of these did the gentleman appear to notice.

"Certainly, Mr. Knowles," he answered, "I think you are quite right. I have no doubt I can bear the ride by this time;" but, even as he attempted to rise, Jack saw that the handkerchief he held to his mouth was stained with blood, and sympathy for the sufferer immediately overcame all other feelings.

"There, now," he said, "lay right down again, and keep as still as you can. It would never do in the world. I'll see if I can't get a girl to come up and give Bess a lift."

"I do not need any help, Jack," said Bess, looking up for the first time from her task. "And I am very sorry you should think it necessary on my account to make Mr. Markham uncomfortable." One glance at the invalid's pallid face brought Bess to his side. "And just see what you have done!" she continued, in wounded tones; "and he was so much better this morning."

"I never could bear the sight of that man," said Jack to himself, five minutes after, as he hitched up his team. "He's square enough as to money, but he looks like a beat and acts like a beat. Three Summers he has been poking round here! I wish to the Lord he'd take his weak lungs somewhere else. It ain't jealousy, nor nothing of that kind, but I do hate to see my Bess so put about."

A few moments with the hemlocks and maples, a quick trot through the bracing morning air, and Jack forgot all his annoyance, save his intention to stop at the nearest settlement and engage a girl to help Bess.

"I shall have a chance to see *her* down to The Branch," he told himself, "and that'll cheer her up a bit."

And then he picked up his load of jolly city boys, and, with song and merry conversation, the milestones seemed to run over each other, and the place of destination was reached.

Jack put up his horses, ate his dinner, looked out a little for his passengers, and then strayed off to a little red farmhouse, and there remained until it was time to start back with his load.

A pale-faced, sad-eyed young woman met him on the threshold, and for a moment seemed overjoyed to see him. Then the old weariness came back, and Jack observed with real anxiety that the pale face was paler and the frail form frailer than when he had last seen them.

They walked out into the orchard, and here his compassion gave full vent to his sorrow.

"It's a blasted shame, Fan!" he was heard to say a good

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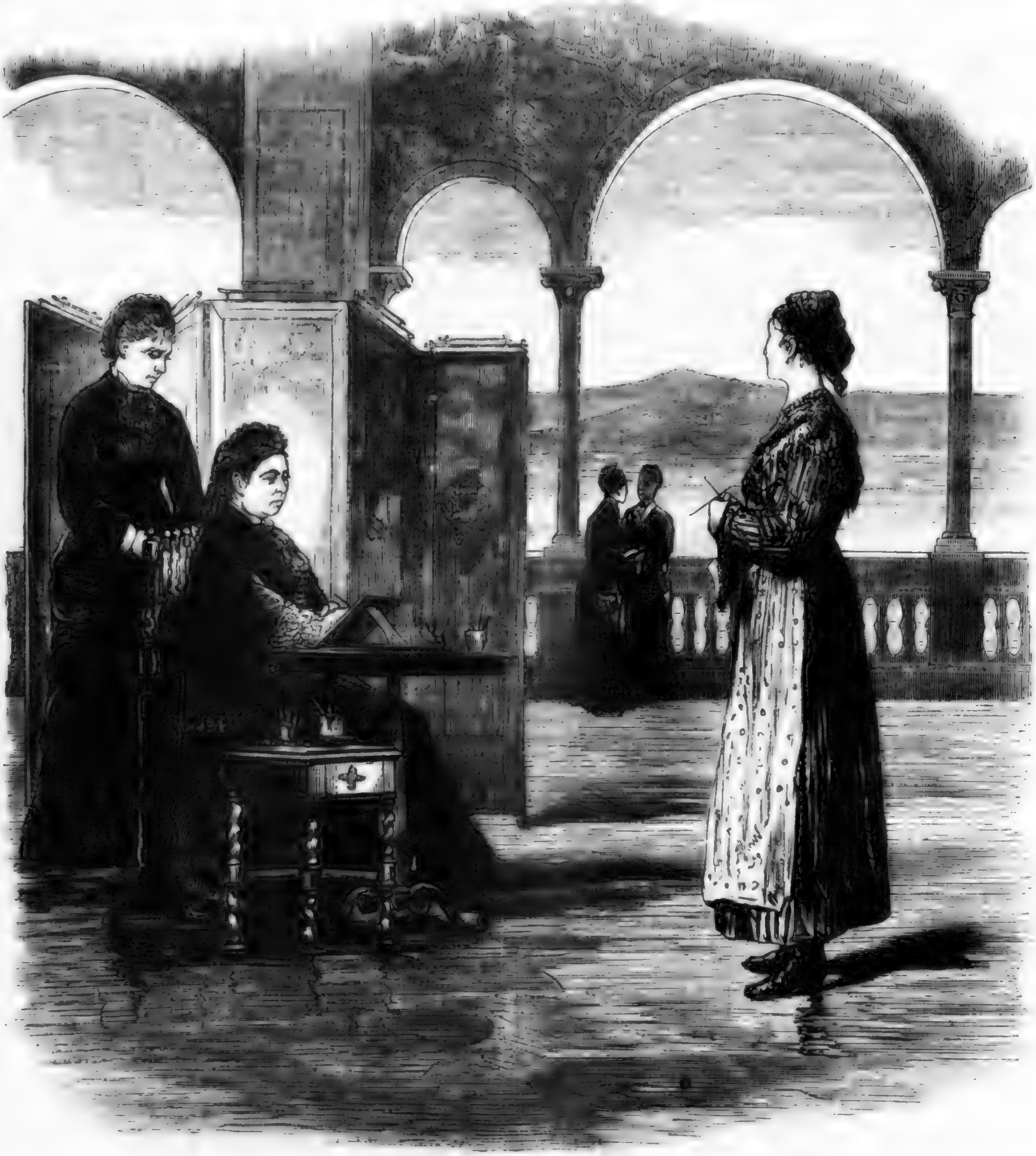
many times during the interview; "but you mustn't give way so. It's too late to mend some matters, I know, but just think what you have got to live for. By-and-by, when the baby is a little older, and you are a little stronger, you and she can go down to New York, and nobody will know anything about it. I have got money enough to attend to that, and it's my business, as well as my pleasure, to look out for you both."

A surly old woman sat in the kitchen, and a baby a few months old lay asleep in a cradle, as Jack passed through on his way out. He stopped a moment by the little sleeper, and remarked, in his cheerful, off-hand way:

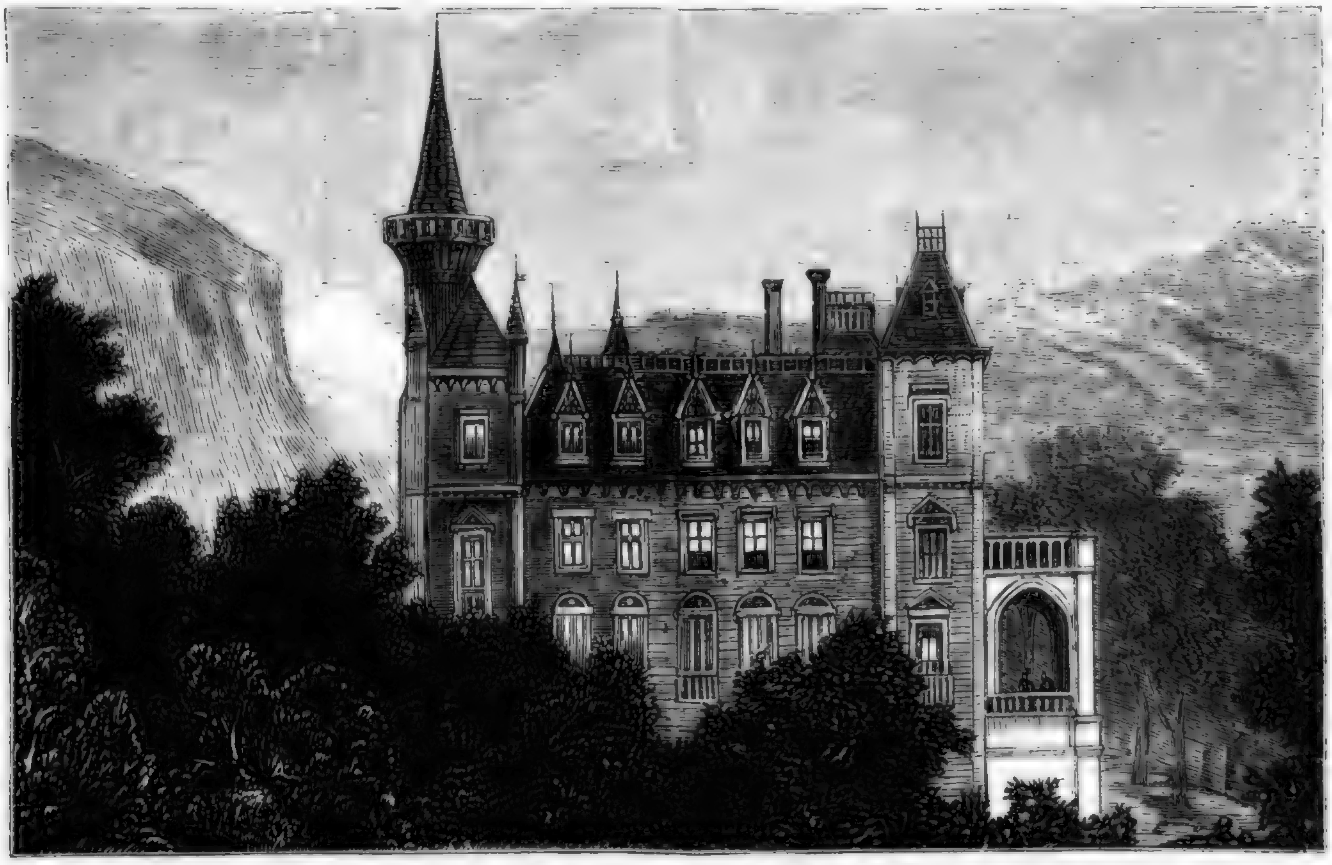
"Nice baby, Mrs. Hanly."

"So you and Fan seem to think," she answered, without looking up from her knitting. "For my part, I don't see any beauty in *such* young ones; and, Mr. Knowles, another thing I'm tired on, and that is being obliged to hold my tongue about this pesky business, and having all sorts of questions asked me, too. You don't seem to remember that Fan is a relation of mine, and that 'tain't easy work lying and beating round the bush all the time as I have to. As for Fan, she don't do nothing but beller and kiss the young one from morning till night. I think it's your business to see that she gets away from round here, where everybody knows her so well."

"I shall attend to that as soon as Fan is able," said Jack, for the girl's sake stifling the impulse to give the old woman as good as she sent; and then, in a preoccupied, puzzled manner, he made his way out of the house, and up to the hotel where he was to take up his load.



QUEEN VICTORIA AT BAVENO SKETCHING A PEASANT GIRL.



THE VILLA CLARA, BAVENO, RESIDENCE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

Jack Knowles had been born and bred among the mountains. His father had left him a good deal of Adirondack property, and Jack, who knew every lake, pond, and trail in the whole region, was never so happy as when his services as guide were in demand. He was intelligent, fairly educated, and of a frank and generous nature.

His wife was a Ticonderoga girl, and had been "waited upon" by Jack ever since she was a child. They had been married only six months when our story opens.

Three of the preceding Summers Bess had spent with some friends near Jack's homestead, and had here been thrown into the society of the handsome and accomplished man of the world, Frederick Markham, who yearly sought the mountains for the benefit of his health.

Markham had never made direct love to Bess, but he had flattered her and sought her society, and his gratitude for favors which his chronic invalidism made necessary was always so sweetly bestowed as to make the sympathetic child for ever on the alert to anticipate his wants.

THE CHAPEL IN THE GROUNDS OF VILLA CLARA.

The Winter before, Jack, who had at last grown tired of having the marriage-day indefinitely postponed, determined upon a wedding then or never. Bess gave up, and the nuptial knot was tied. At first the knot was a fetter to Bess, but Jack's love and wonderful *bonhomie*, his great patience and fidelity, had their effect at last, and the opening of Spring found the young wife as blithe and contented as the most exacting husband could wish.

The first of June, Mr. Markham, this time more of an invalid than ever, with a party of friends, were driven up to Jack's door, and here they had been ever since. The rest of the party were constantly in the woods, hunting or fishing, and so it happened that more than ever before were Mr. Markham and Bess thrown into each other's society.

After Jack's departure, Bess had lingered by the side of the invalid, and her anxious, eager countenance told more plainly than words her exceeding sorrow for the event of the morning.

"This won't amount to much, Bess," he said, at last; "so please don't feel so badly about it."

The girl's eyes were full, and the little, berry-stained fingers could not keep from trembling, though five closed over five with all the strength they had.

"Don't you talk—please

don't!" she said; "and don't mind me. I have been thinking all night about what you told me yesterday. I can't believe it, Mr. Markham—indeed I can't."

"Remember that I never should have told you if you hadn't insisted upon knowing what the boys were talking about."

Her companion whispered:

"Notwithstanding my love for you, and the knowledge I possess that with you I should live and without you I should die, I have no wish to give you a bad opinion of your husband."

"Don't talk that way, Mr. Markham—don't! You cannot think how wretched it makes me, or what dreadful thoughts come into my head, as you say such things. Oh, if I only knew that this was the truth about Jack!"

"And what then?" inquired Markham, turning the full light of his handsome eyes upon her.

"What then?" she repeated. "I don't see how you can ask such a question. What then? Why, I would never speak to him or see him again as long as I lived. What then, indeed!"

This was the first exhibition of real spirit that Markham had ever noticed, and for a moment his admiration made him forget his *rôle* of sympathizing lover. She stepped away proudly, and busied herself for a moment at the table—then returned to the couch as a slight cough from the invalid made her forget everything else.

"And if these things are so, you will be mine, Bess—say that you will be mine?" and Markham caught both her hands and pressed them to his lips. "I love you, Bess. *He* never did," he went on, passionately. "With you to nurse and care for me, I shall be a well man once more; without you, I shall soon die. I know it—I feel it, Bess. Why do you not answer me?"

"Because I am now an honest wife!" she answered, with strange dignity. "And it is not right for me to listen to your talk or allow you to kiss me. I do not know that I ought to ask you now, because you are so sick, but you need not speak loud—I want to know why, if you loved me like this, you did not ask me to be your wife then?"

"Because, my dear, I was too thoughtful for you. It seemed to me wicked to ask you to be a wife when you might so soon be a widow; but I know now that you alone can cure me. Yes, Bess, my darling, I know it now when it is too late."

Forgive her if she did stoop and press her lips to the blue-veined forehead; forgive her if, for a moment, her soft cheek rested against the invalid's temple; and remember that the sweetest, purest, ay, holiest part of a woman's nature is always reached through her sympathies.

Markham was well satisfied with the caress, and his eyes followed her lovingly as she went about her household duties. Even with this war raging in her soul, and every faculty partially paralyzed by the dreadful circumstances by which she was surrounded, dinner must be prepared, and the thousand-and-one housekeeping details attended to. Markham partook with an excellent appetite of the broiled birds, toast and chocolate, prepared by his careful nurse, and a little of the old color came back to her face as she watched the edibles disappear.

"It is just because you did it," he told her. "What will become of me if I ever have to leave you?"

This was enough to set the tired heart palpitating again, and Bess went without her dinner, as she had gone without her breakfast, and her supper the night before.

That night Jack returned late, and only for a moment, to say that the party he had brought from the Point were to stay in camp—a place about two miles from the house, and he was to remain with them.

In the meantime Markham's companions had returned and gone to their rooms for the night. Markham slept in a little room out of the kitchen, and a friend with him to look out for him during the night. He had found time to press Bessie's hands at parting, and to tell her how much better he felt for her care; and the poor child sought her solitary chamber in a whirl of emotions which effectually banished sleep. She did not undress, but sat by the window and looked out into the night. Markham's sharp cough made her start every time she heard it; it seemed to her as the night wore on she had never known it to be so troublesome.

Between twelve and one she opened her door, and, after listening for a moment, passed quietly down the stairs in search of a book, to make, if possible, the hours to come a little more endurable. She took no light, for fear of arousing the sleepers.

She crossed the room, and had just found the book, when Markham's voice, repeating her name, arrested her steps.

A light laugh from his companion followed, and then she heard Markham say:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good. Jack's game makes mine all the easier. I'll steal off with her in a few days—go to Canada first, and then down to New York for the Winter. I shall doubtless be tired of her by that time—these feminine toys wear out so soon."

Every word of this Bess heard—heard with reeling brain and a heart so cold and still that for a moment she thought she was dying. Then she staggered to the kitchen-door, unlocked and unbarred it without regard to noise, and passed out into the night. The cool air revived her a little, and then, as swift as a deer, she bounded into the woods.

Jack false—Markham false—what was there left in the world? Where she should go never entered her mind. She only knew that she was flying for her life, for her honor, and to be alone with her shame. On, on, on—scarcely stopping to breathe. There was no peace but in motion, no hope but in flight!

"What was that?" inquired Jack of himself, as his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps and his practiced eye the flash of white among the trees. "If that ain't a woman, then I'm blowed!" as he threw another log on the camp-fire and started in pursuit. "Some of these rascals, I suppose, been playing fast and loose with one of our mountain-girls. I begin to believe that women are deucedly easy imposed upon! I hope to the Lord all my children will be boys!"

Jack knew how to run, and once started, the wind could scarcely catch him. Bess knew that she was pursued, but she bounded on until at last her strength gave out and she sank to the ground helpless. Jack was beside her in a moment.

"Why!" he exclaimed, in agony, "it's my Bess! What has happened, girl—tell me what has happened?" And Jack was frightened at the sound of his own voice.

"Tell me, Jack," said Bess, pulling herself away from his strong grasp, "who it is you have at the Point; and then go away and leave me. I shall feel better if I know her name, and—and I shall never tell, Jack—you needn't be afraid of that."

"Somebody has been well set to work, I swear!" growled Jack.

"Never mind about that!" said Bess. "Take your arm away from me and tell me."

"Who have I got at the Point, Bess? A poor, defenseless, unfortunate girl, who was really married to my brother. He left her and went to sea. He died on the voyage—you have heard me speak of him a thousand times! He never wronged the girl—I could take my oath to that! But she cannot prove her marriage. Yes, Bess, there is a child there, and I am that child's uncle, and I mean to take care of it and its mother! I didn't tell you, Bess, because she was so sore about it and made me promise not to. But some infernal sneak has been trying to separate us! It's that ghost of a grayhound, Markham! Tell me the truth, Bess—tell me the truth!"

"Nobody can separate us, Jack—nobody can!" she sobbed; and for the first time she fully realized the loyalty of the noble heart she had come so near breaking.

The next morning, when Jack returned, there wasn't a a person to be seen on the premises; Markham had flown, and the invalid had taken his cough somewhere else.

# THE LAKES OF ITALY

By Lady Blanche Murphy.

EXCEPT Ischia, few places in Italy have left so pleasant an impression on my memory as the villages on and near the banks of the Lakes. Nearly every beauty of vegetation, whether Southern or Northern, is combined in this neighborhood; while the mountains, even the lower and more accessible ones, give a grandeur and a stability to the landscape which it would not possess if the lakes were merely set in a framework of luxuriant grass and meadowland.

To those who think that evidences of civilization improve a landscape, the Lakes must seem a paradise; for no part of the country is more honeycombed with villas of every conceivable size, style, pattern and material, representing every class and almost every occupation, from the rich French milliner to the half-ruined Italian noble, from the *danseuse* to the retired English merchant. The country people themselves are comparatively prosperous, and very different from Southern Italians on the score of industry, the silk factories of the Lake district being a prominent feature of social life, and the fertility of the land being proverbial, even in rich and agricultural Lombardy.

Some parts of the Lake of Como, with its banks studded with villas and lined with magnificent cypresses, are much more like the Bosphorus than the other rivals to the latter which are sometimes erroneously compared with it—*i.e.*, the bays of Naples and of Rio de Janeiro.

My own recollections of the Lakes, and of Como in particular, are simply those of a tourist, though scarcely a hurried one; and I have often speculated upon the effect some of the places which we English and Americans visit as idle loungers would have upon one of our number who should live there familiarly, and make it his home, as some of our artists do as regards large Italian cities. In that case, the associations of idleness and holiday-time would not cling to these Italian paradises, and much of the self-reproach which I think always must mingle in our reminiscences of useless and heedless sight-seeing would be avoided.

A more thorough and more satisfactory knowledge of portions of foreign countries would replace our crude generalizing, and traveling would be reduced to a rational and educational pursuit—almost a study—instead of being, as it is too often now, a scramble and a rush of hungry-eyed and undiscriminating individuals. People should never travel in historical lands until they have read and studied a good deal, nor in virgin lands until they have gained some knowledge of natural history, and, above all, formed the habit of minute observation. I have learnt the benefit of these things too late, and have regretted my aimless sight-seeing ever since.

Suppose we start with the reader from Milan, on the way to Como, as that is the route I once actually followed, passing through Monza, the guardian of the Iron Crown of the old Kings of Lombardy, and of the hen and seven chickens in gold, representing Lombardy and its seven provinces, executed for a half-barbarian queen a thousand years ago, to Como, a large but uninteresting town, full of silk factories, at the head of the lake. A coasting-steamer takes us up, and, stopping zig-zag at various stages on either bank, lands us at last at Cadenabbia, on the western side, where the pleasant hotel, with old-fashioned piazzas and arcades, had had for some time, when we visited it, the benefit of an English landlady, who had taught her Italian husband the way to make Anglo-Saxon guests comfortable. Next door to us was the Villa Carlotta, stately, beautiful and melancholy, with great iron gates, where the tangled, luxuriant, gloomy-leaved bushes of laurel, oleander, orange and magnolia helped out the faded gilding, and pushed themselves through the rusty bars, toward the rounded, gray, weather-stained stone steps, washed by the blue ripples of the lake. Inside, a great *sala*, full of modern statues, bas-reliefs and pictures, is shown to visitors; but what is more interesting than this official museum—one gets so tired of this regulation-thing, in Italian palaces and villas!—is the sense of space and loneliness made by the grand proportions of the old Renaissance building. In this the Villa Carlotta, of course, does not stand alone; it is but a type of an infinitely multiplied class—and so is its history; for from being the mere "pleasaunce" of an old noble Piedmontese family, who had fortresses in Savoy and palaces in Turin for their principal residences, it has come into the hands of a German prince, the Sommariva, its former owners, being at present somewhat impoverished.

But if the living cannot possess it, their dead ancestors still do, for the family vault and mortuary chapel is within the grounds, and Mass is daily said there by as odd a specimen of the Italian country clergy as I ever saw. His dress may be inferred from the accompanying illustrations of priests catering for themselves at market; but his personality was far more characteristic, and the more so, from his combining with his ecclesiastical functions the profession of an informal agent, superintending such interests as his patrons, the Counts of Sommariva, still possessed in their old home.

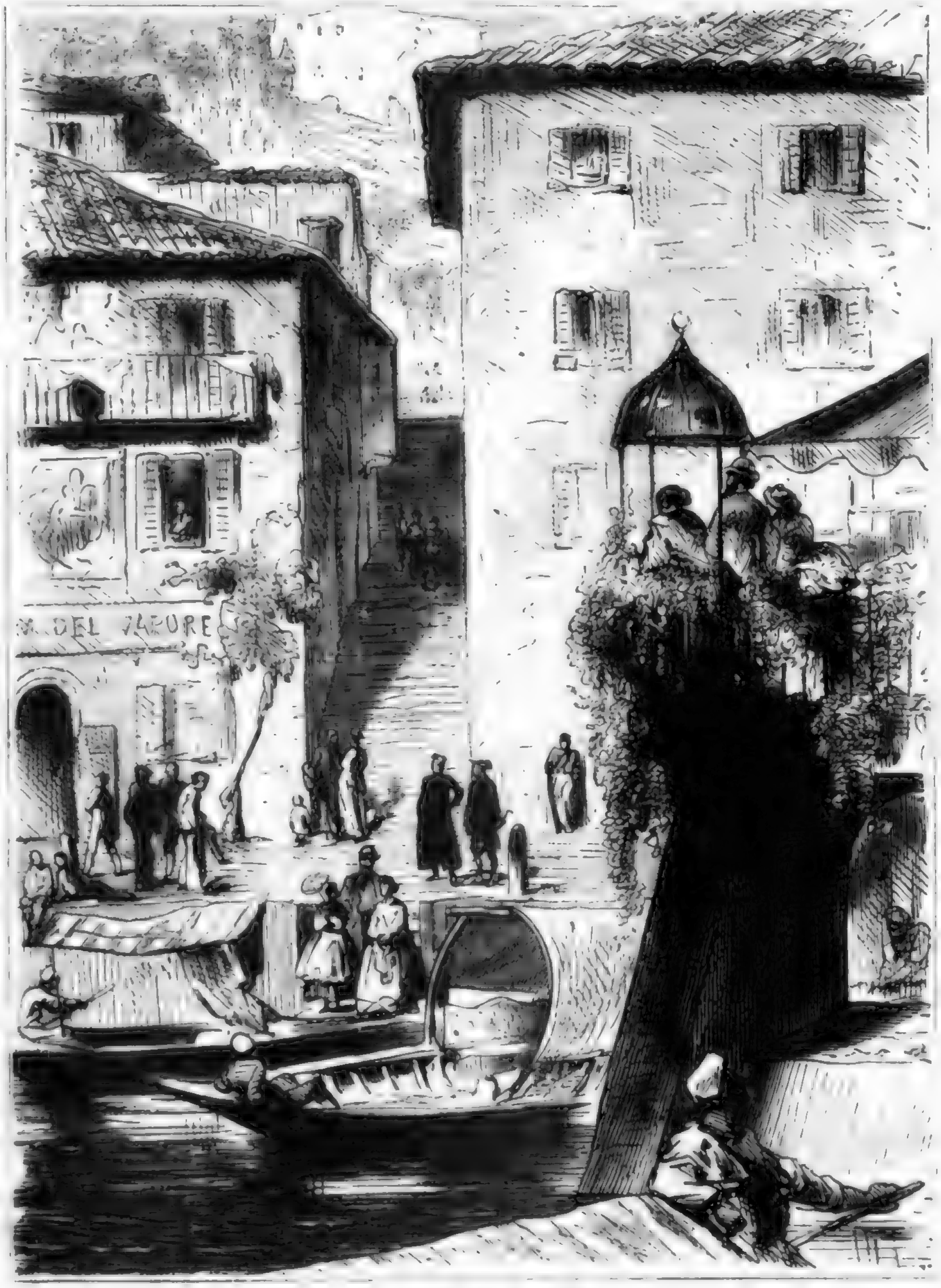
Most of the large old Italian villas have such memorial chapels and family monuments attached to them, and generally expensively decorated with statuary and *bassi-relievi*.

Opposite Cadenabbia, on the point of the peninsula of the fertile and wooded Brianza which divides the lake midway, shaping it into an irregular Y, stands the village of Bellaggio, rich in cypresses, above which towers the Villa Serbelloni, another Italian country-house, now turned to the use of tourists as a hotel. The gardens here rival the botanical gardens of many a city, and quite divided my attention with the distant view over lakes and Alps, which is considered the boast of this spot, and the best in the whole lake region.

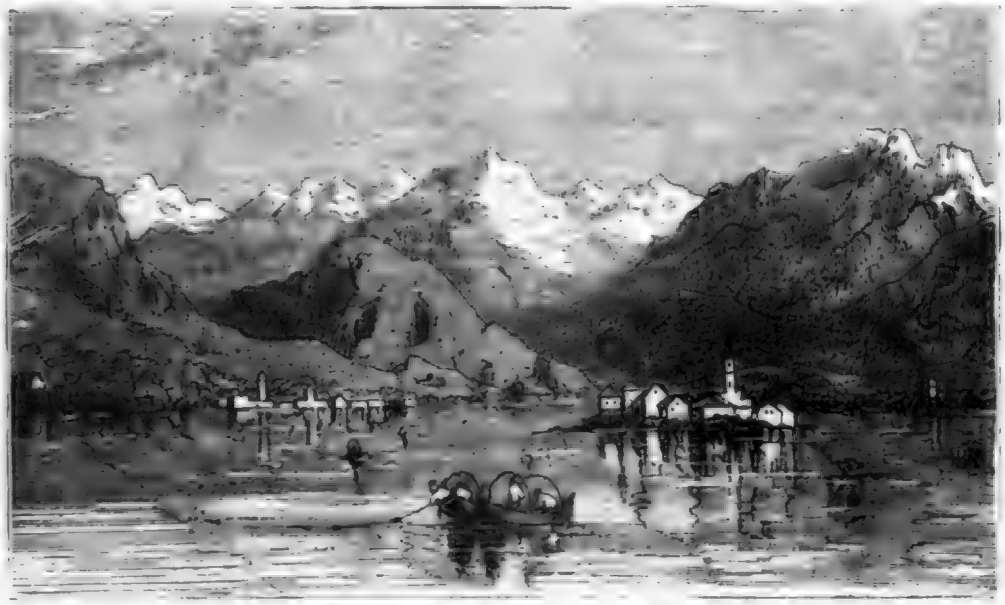
Cruising around these promontories (I saw Bellaggio on one occasion by moonlight), one gets interested in the boats — of a kind the exact counterpart to which I have never seen off this Lake. Imagine the bulging canvas roof of a Western bullock-wagon placed upon a long, sharp-prowed boat, and you have a tolerably accurate idea of these rather clumsy, but, in the heat of noon, very comfortable water-carriages.

One Sunday evening, discarding boating, we went scrambling up a rough path on the sloping ground which, within sight of the Alps, one scarcely dares to call a mountain, and got a peculiar view of the moonrise from a village church, perched on a terrace, and trellised with an English jessamine - vine, especially sweet-scented. The full moon rose on the opposite (eastern) side of the lake, just behind a bare, very jagged peak, not unlike the "Great Saw" of the Lake of Lecco, which was thus, for a few seconds, clearly defined on a background of intense light.

On one of my visits to the Lake, our party were on the way to Switzerland by the Splügen Pass, and starting from Chiavenna at five o'clock in the morning, the cold was very sharp. Another time I drove all the way back to Milan through the Brianza, breakfasting at six o'clock, and getting not a thing else to eat till we reached Milan, eleven hours later; but the lonely, winding road, the small "*osterie*" and comfortable farm-houses, the drinking-fountains, the groves of mulberries and other unfamiliar trees, the sprightly, chattering inhabitants in doorways, at hanging corner balconies, or up steep staircases called streets, gave one plenty to do by way of forgetting hunger.

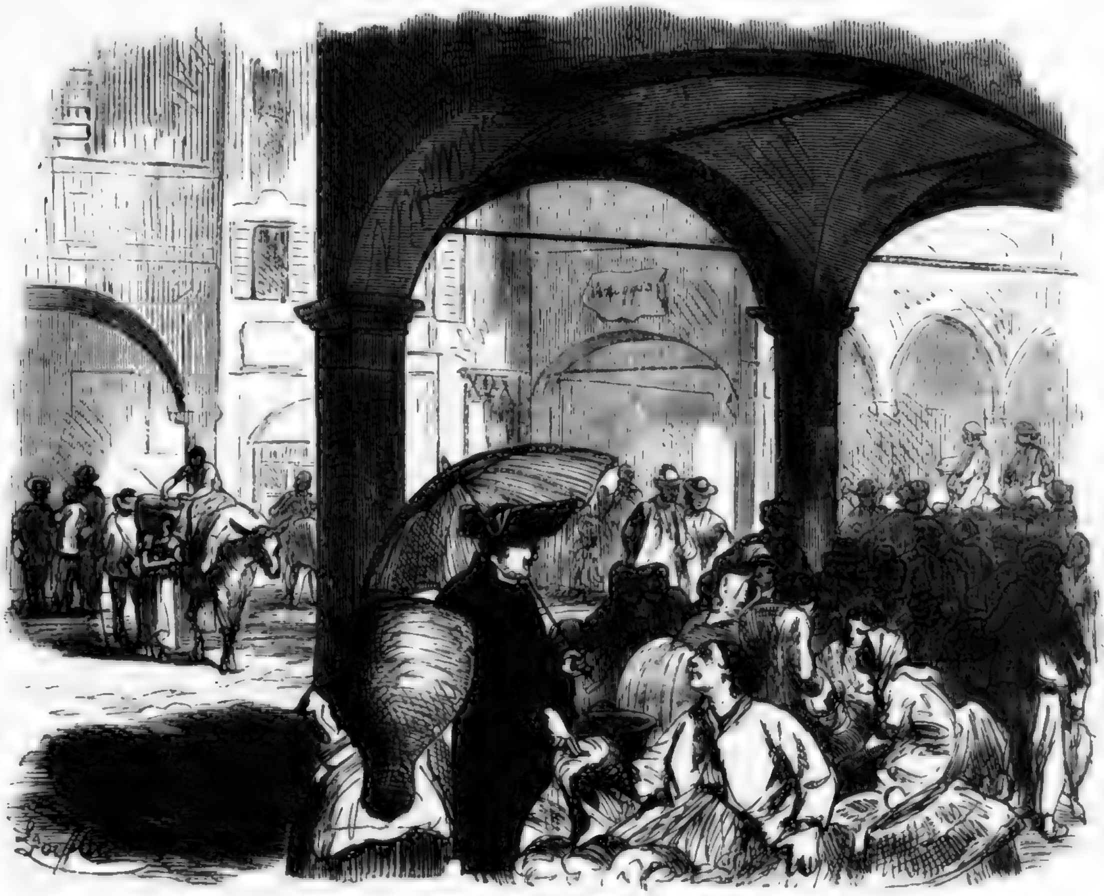


BELLAGIO ON LAKE COMO.



LAGO MAGGIORE, WITH THE ISOLA BELLA.

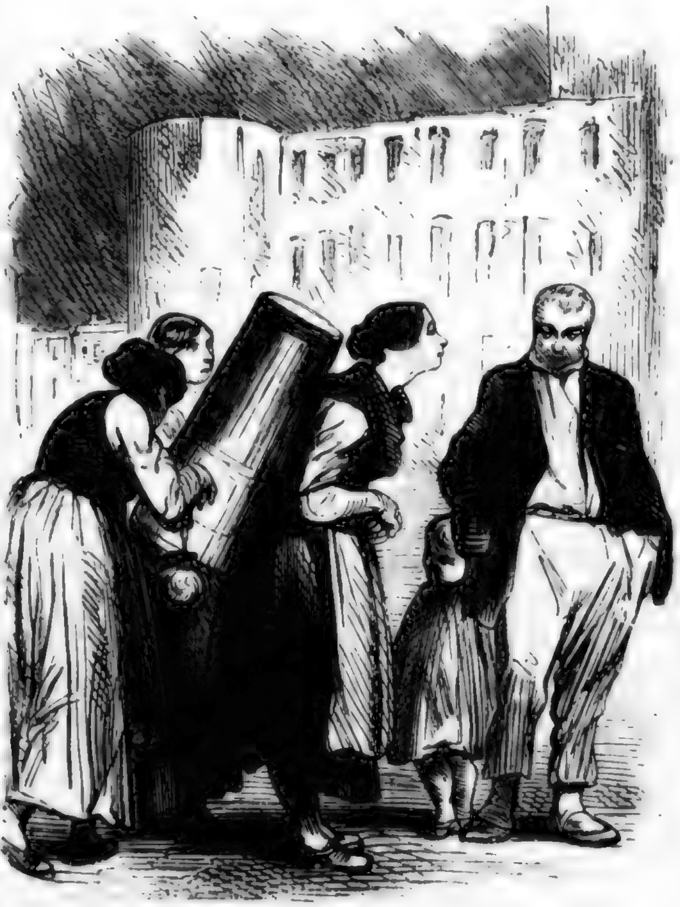
Lugano, on the small lake of the same name, though politically Swiss, is practically Italian, as the language, the costumes, the babel of the market, the aloes, olives, vines and fig-trees denote. Higher up, the chestnuts, walnuts and beeches hint at the neighborhood of a sterner climate.



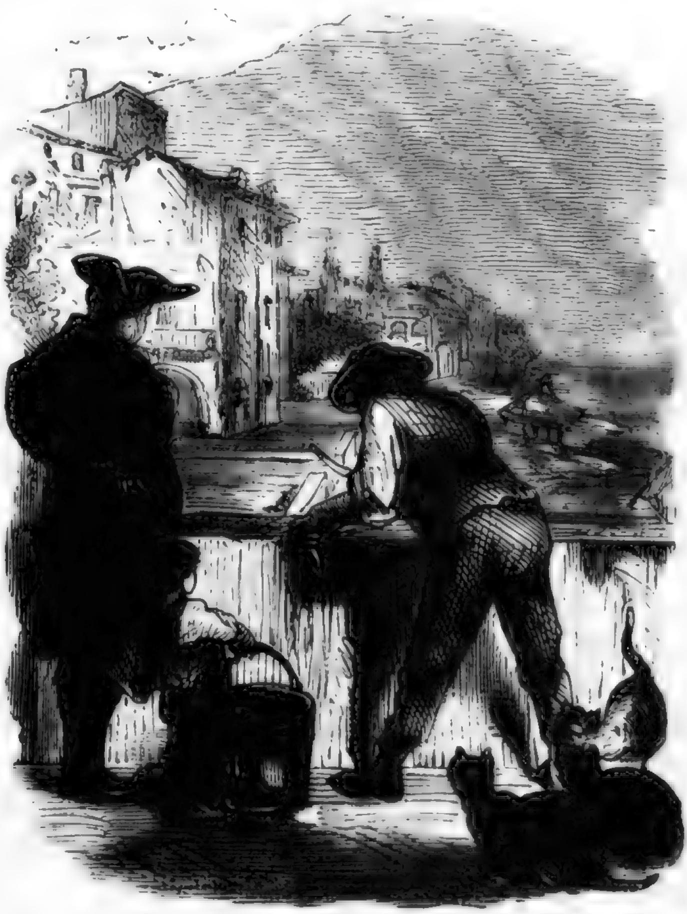
SCENE IN THE MARKET AT LUGANO.

Porlezza is chiefly famous for its beautiful grotto, or, to speak more correctly, mountain ravine, the bottom entirely occupied by running water, forming two small waterfalls at the mouth of the gorge. From the boat, you notice the action of the water in the fantastic scooping out of the rocks; and high above your head, where the walls end in a ragged outline, overhanging bushes make a matted ceiling, through which rare glimpses of blue sky can be seen.

The Lago Maggiore has, recently, become interesting to tourists, on account of Queen Victoria's stay at Baveno.



A MILK-SELLER IN CHIAVENNA.



MARKETING IN PORLEZZA.

Royal visitors in plenty took the opportunity slightly to infringe the Queen's *incognito*, and commoners visited the Lake at that unfashionable time of the year for the sake of getting a glimpse of her. The most courteous of her neighbors were the peasantry of the place, for Italians seem to be born with the tact and discretion which we Anglo-Saxons have painfully to learn, and laboriously to keep in practice.

While at the Villa Clara, built by Mr. Charles Henprey in the Lombard style, with a beautiful *loggia*, marble-paneled, which forms one of its chief features, and runs all along the front of the building, the principal rooms opening on to it, the Queen visited the needle-factory at Spresa, and made some small purchases.

The grounds of the villa combine English neatness with Italian luxuriance; and the generosity of the owner has a standing memorial in the chapel built by him for the use of the English and Americans in the neighborhood, and furnished by himself with a chaplain during the Summer and Autumn months—the Episcopal service being, of course, the one provided.

Baveno is exactly opposite the Borromean Islands, and nearly opposite the Bay of Pallanza. The Isola Pescator, or Fisherman's Isle, is entirely occupied by a small fishing-village, with one little open space to dry the nets. The Islands of Delight, the Isola Bella,* or Beautiful Island, especially, owe more to art than to nature, except for their surroundings of water and mountain, and answer rather to one's fanciful notion of the Hanging Gardens of Babylon than to that of a primeval paradise. Indeed, the Isola Bella, two hundred years ago, was a bare rock. The possessor, tired of city life, resolved to create an exclusive Eden for himself in the wilderness, and spared no pains or expense to make what has since become a horticultural marvel. Count Vitaliano Borromeo, however, was not content with heaping his ten terraces with costly foreign evergreens—he would have nothing which should show signs of decay—both trees and flowering shrubs, but he set as many architects and sculptors to work as he did gardeners; for in his day, groves that had no Greek gods for inhabitants were considered as the "forest primeval" of barbarism. So a Dutch primness of tortured and shaped shrubs prevails in one place; a shell grotto, such as we should now associate with nothing more exalted than a beer-garden, is provided for a sea-nymph in marble; an obelisk stands in an ilex-grove, suggesting a monument far more than deciduous trees would suggest death; a fine Hercules stands at bay against a dark background of shrubbery; a cedar avenue leads you to the leafy stable of a bronze horse; and numberless Greek divinities startle you at every corner of this lake-bound Versailles. Still, the beauty of the trees and the masses of bright flowers in wide beds and borders is enough to condone these whimsicalities of a bygone age. I remember especially a camphor-tree, several cork-trees, and some very fine variegated laurel, white and pale-green. Even our familiar pines and firs are there, screening off the island from the north wind, and tropical plants bloom on the southern slopes better than in an English hot-house. The lemon and magnolia are among the most powerfully and pleasantly scented. The face-walls of the terraces are smothered in climbing vines, grown now almost beyond control; and hedges of bristling cactus and aloe seem to defend the upper heights, round the villa, which might be the abode of the Sleeping Beauty, if it were not a well-trodden museum, with a prosaic "visitors' book."

A dark romance hangs over one part of it. The half-mad Dutch painter, Peter Molyn, whose temper earned him the nickname of "Sir Tempest," took refuge here from justice in other parts, where he had killed his wife that he might marry another woman, and was protected by the Borromeo family, who also employed him to fresco their walls.

The Isola Madre is a copy of its sister island, laid out less elaborately in seven terraces, with lemon and orange trellises on the south side, and an "English garden," or half-dressed grounds full of foreign shrubs, and intersected with walks, on the north side.

This lake is softer in its beauty than Como. The snow-Alps are visible, it is true, and the granite rocks and quarries of Baveno must have reminded the Queen of north-eastern Scotland; yet the Mediterranean-blue of the lake, and the profusion of Southern vegetation, are the first things that strike the eye.

There is a touch, however, of Northern and Barbarian independence in the tenacity with which the owner of the "Dolphin," with its tiny patch of land—the patrimony of the same family for centuries before Borromeo took a fancy to create the gardens of the Isola Bella—refused to part with his land to his rich neighbor. The little hotel is still in the possession of this family, and its owners are quite as proud of their "lot" as the Borromeos of their cluster of islands. Mountaineers and fishermen are proverbially independent, and add to this the Gothic and Lombard blood of this lake-region race, and you have the clue to much of the late history—whose visible outcome is the creation of a new nation, and of a future possible influence in European politics.

Taking boat again at Stresa, and steering for Arona, on the southern end of the Lake, the Borromeo traditions follow you throughout, and at Arona, from the mortuary chapel of the family in the Cathedral, where fine pictures mark the generosity of each successive generation, you go to the (rather unsightly) colossal statue of St. Charles Borromeo, Cardinal and Archbishop, and deservedly the pride and hero of the race. The statue is hollow, of bronze and copper, with a pillar of masonry concealed in the centre, and iron clamps stretching from it to the outer metal walls. The head will hold three persons at a time, and the winding stairs leading to it are as convenient as can be expected, but nothing but the wish to "say you have been there," would tempt any one to undertake such an unpleasant and thankless task. Indeed, I think the same may be said of the ascent of many another height, with far better attractions than this hot, stufly statue—to wit, St. Peter's dome and ball beneath the cross, and the beautiful Campanile at Venice.

The same view you get from the top of St. Peter's is obtained by a comfortable drive up the road, bordered by pink acacias in blossom in June, to Monte Mario, with its deserted villas and its old Dominican convent, where, in 1862, the composer Liszt, then just made an ecclesiastic, had a temporary lodging, with a little cottage piano wedged into his whitewashed cell. And at Venice, the only reward to be obtained from a climb up the bell-tower stairs, is the view, not so much of the city, as of a *map*, in which every beautiful detail of balcony and bridge, etc., is lost; and the mud-banks at low tide in the poetical Lagune, are unpleasantly conspicuous.

The other lakes (and there are numberless small ones) are much less visited, and I know, unfortunately, but little about them. The Lake of Orta, one of the loveliest and most Alpine of the Italian lakes, though very unfrequented, well repays the traveler for any little delay and trouble in getting to it.

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* It was originally called Isabella, after Count Borromeo's mother; but the corruption, for once, proved appropriate.

In Italy, nature unadorned seems to recede ever further from your search, but the light thrown on the human character by these perpetual intrusions of human ingenuity into natural scenes, is instructive, if sometimes a little provoking, to us sightseers.

After all, it is not fair for us to expect a country to keep itself on the level of an animated museum, or a botanical garden, for our sole benefit; and this thought reconciles one even to the modern advances that are transforming so many of the larger Italian cities into living and progressive communities.

These thoughts are suggested by the *Sagro Monte*, or Holy Mountain, a wooded hill at Orta, laid out as a park, and studded with twenty chapels, each containing a highly realistic group of life-size figures in gaudily vari-colored terra cotta, representing a scene from the life of St. Francis of Assisi. This kind of thing is not uncommon in Italy, and in Southern Germany, where wooden figures are often used, and the coloring is even cruder. To our taste, such representations are not pleasing, and scarcely reverent, especially when, as is most commonly the case (there is a *sagro monte* of this kind at Varallo, in the Sesia Valley, at the foot of Monte Rosa, ten or twelve hours' donkey-ride from Orta), the groups represent our Lord, His mother and His disciples, and incidents from the Gospel narrative. The effect of these figures in conventional, and often painfully modern, costume (for instance, the cardinals, in the group at Orta, purporting to show the gathering at the canonization of St. Francis), is rather grotesque than artistic, and the person who would look upon them with least impatience would be the anthropologist, seeking in them merely the manifestation of a certain peculiarity of one branch of the human race, at one period of its development.

People often fancy that Italy is an exhausted theme, but there is no greater mistake. One district, ten miles square, if studied lovingly, leisurely and minutely, would furnish new matter for a volume, and, putting aside everything that has been written of even the cities, there is room for as much again on the side of every-day life and manners. Even archæology has some reserve funds—such as undiscovered chapels, pictures, memorials, while the local traditions of every village are as unknown as Sanskrit to the English-speaking public. The country districts have seldom, if ever, been studied, and even Italians of city birth know little about them. Adolphus Trollope gives us capital miniatures of actual Tuscan types, but he stands alone. Story's "Roba di Roma" has caught a good deal of "local color" undreamt of by tourists, busy seeing the Apollo Belvidere, and "doing" the Coliseum by moonlight; but an exhaustless store of interesting matter, human and otherwise, is still available. There is more of Pompeii yet buried than there is discovered. The obscure monasteries in country neighborhoods are, in themselves, a rich mine of manuscripts (music, as well as literature and illumination), and the amount of solid classical and archæological knowledge among the clergy, never put into practical and popular shape, would astonish our quickly-producing, but often deficiently-observant, writers.

A traveler who should set out for Italy with the intention of keeping clear (at least in his writings) of the beaten track, would command and deserve an enormous and eager public.

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## THE WILD CAMELS OF LOB-NOR.

The favorite home of the wild camel is the desert of Kum-Tag, to the east of Lob-Nor. One of our native hunters told me that only twenty years ago he had seen herds of several dozen, sometimes of even more than a hundred, not far from where the village of Tsharchalyk is now. The old huntsman told me that during his lifetime he has shot, with an old, crippled gun, more than a hundred of them.

As the population and number of hunters increased, the camels wandered further east into the desert of Kum-Tag, which, on account of the scarcity of water, is entirely inaccessible to man. No one has ever penetrated it. Two bold hunters made an attempt, but after two days, during which they and their asses, carrying provisions, etc., had toiled knee-deep in the fine, drifting sand, parched and blinded with the dust, they returned, almost overcome with fatigue.

In seasons of very great heat the camels are attracted by the coolness of the high valley of the Altyn-Tag, and ascend as high as 11,000 or 12,000 feet. In contrast with the tame camel, whose characteristics are timidity, want of intelligence, and apathy, the wild one is distinguished by a marvelous development of the senses, and great sagacity and acuteness. Huntsmen have assured me that under the wind they can scent a man at a distance of several *versts* (one *verst* is about two-thirds of an English mile), that they hear the slightest noise at an incredible distance, and that their visual organs are equally developed. When they suspect approaching danger, they fly at once, and often run a hundred or more *versts* before stopping. I followed the trace of a camel which I had missed for more than twenty *versts*, where it had turned into a ravine, which, being out of the way, I did not care to follow.

It would seem that an animal so awkwardly built as the camel would not be able to climb about the ragged Altyn-Tag, yet we observed, many a time, their tracks and their dung leading into narrow crevices and on steep cliffs, where the boldest huntsman would hesitate to follow. It is, indeed, so strange a sight that I could scarcely trust my own eyes when I saw their trace mixed with that of the wild mountain sheep. The wild camel runs very fast, and would overtake, at long distance, a good race-horse. The period of heat is in Winter, from the middle of January until the end of February. During this time fierce combats often take place among the males, which not seldom end in the death of one of the rivals.

The female conceives when three years old, and carries her young for a little over a year. The hunters whom I had sent back to the mountains returned on the 10th of March with three beautiful specimens, a full-grown male, female, and a calf.

The zoölogical distinctions between the wild and the tame camel are not very great, and now the question arises whether the wild camel is the lineal progeny of wild parents, or is it descended from tame camels which, having escaped from the discipline of man, have wandered away in the desert and become wild? It is my opinion that the former theory is the correct one. I think that those qualities which, in the struggle for existence, offer to the animal the best chances for self-preservation are strongly developed in the wild camel. Their remarkably developed senses protect them against their principal enemies —man and the wolf. A wolf would scarcely be a match for a full-grown camel, and they have little to fear from man, on account of their acute eyes, ears, and scent, and their choice of abode in the most impenetrable localities.

It is probable that the deserts of Lob-Nor have, from time immemorial, been the dwelling-place of the wild camel. In former times, they have been scattered over a greater space; at present they inhabit only the most remote and impenetrable corner of the Central Asian desert.

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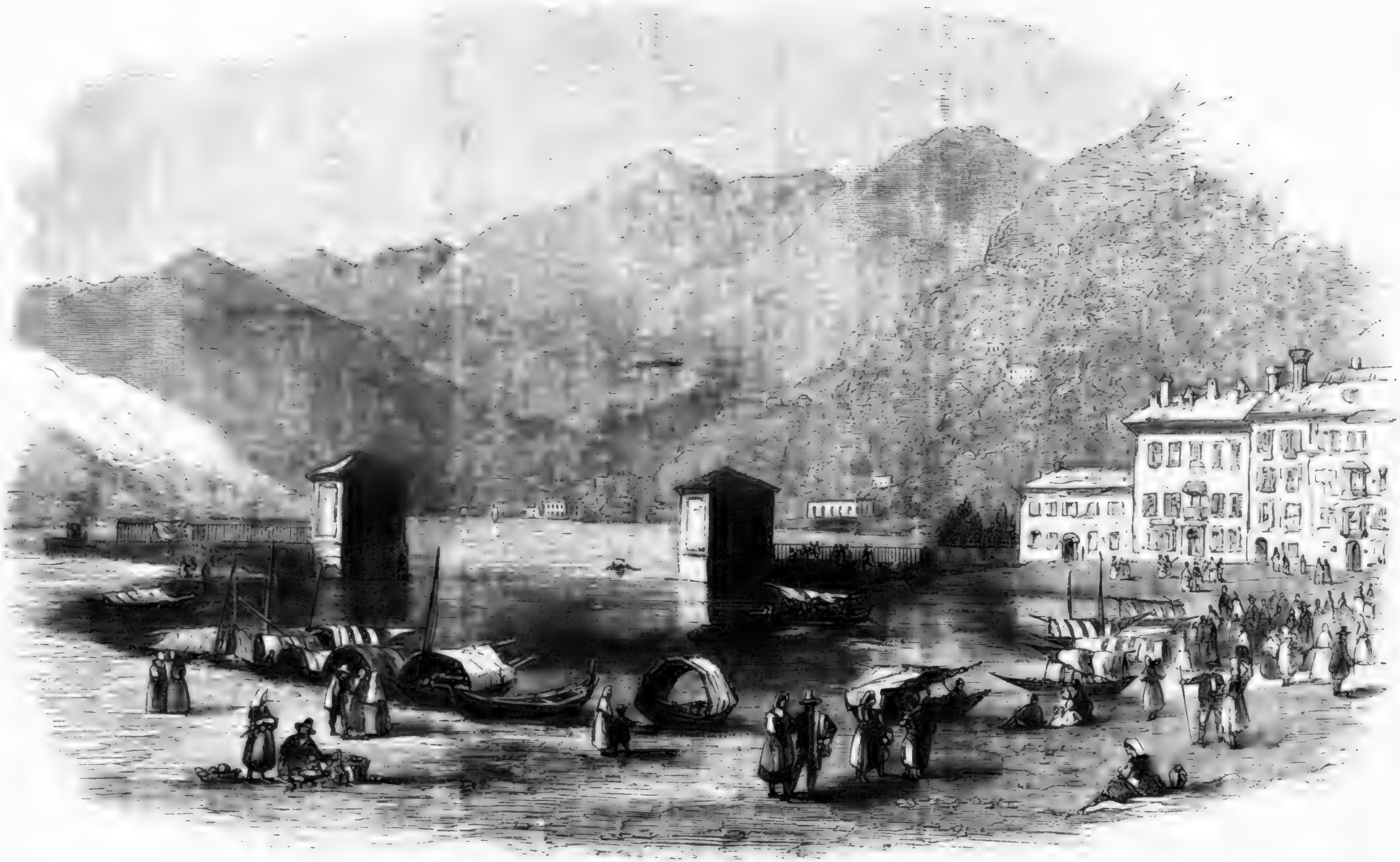

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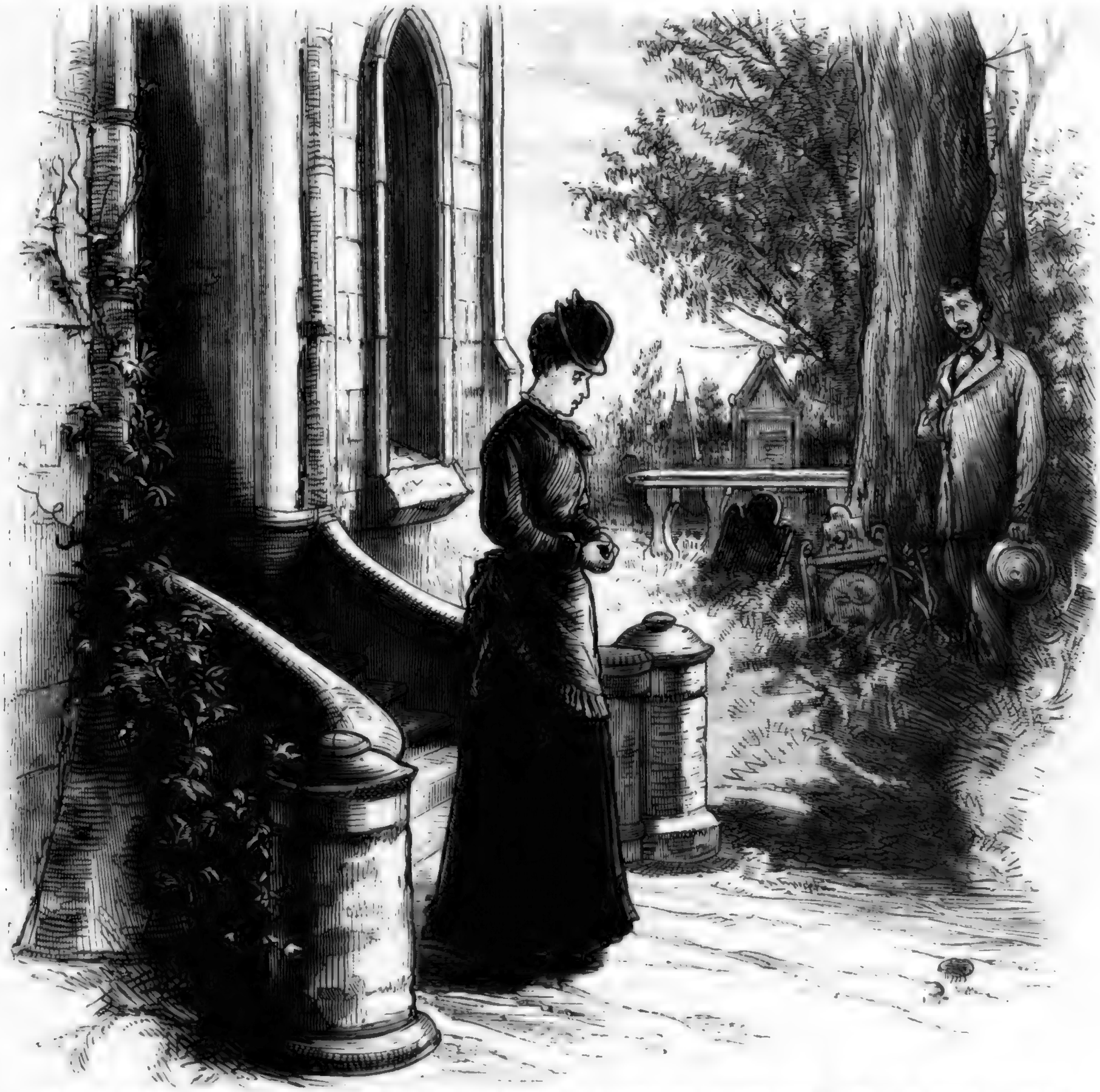

A GOLDEN DAWN.—"FROM THE OLD STONE PORCH THERE PASSED INTO THE GRAY EVENING LIGHT THE TALL SLIGHT FIGURE OF A YOUNG GIRL, WITH A FAIR, PALE FACE LIKE NONE OTHER HE HAD EVER SEEN."

# A GOLDEN DAWN.

By the Author of "Dora Thorne," "Lord Lynne's Choice," "More Bitter than Death," Etc.

## Chapter I.

When Francis Vane went to live at Dunwold, it seemed to him that his life was nearly over; he had sought the shade of a real "Valley of Poppies." His fate was a singular one. He had escaped being a genius. He did everything well, but nothing more than well; he was proficient in many things, but excelled in nothing; he had a taste for drawing, music, literature, sculpture, in all of which he was not unskilled, but he excelled in none. He was the only son of his mother, who was a widow; she had a life-annuity which died with her, and she had saved a small sum of money for him. He was so brilliant and clever as a child, that she was convinced he would be a genius. She endeavored in every possible way to save, in order that she might give him a good education. She sent him to Rugby and to Oxford, hoping that he would distinguish himself in the Church. He was considered clever and talented by the students and professors, but he failed in all the examinations; his knowledge was too scattered—it was not concentrated enough.

After that, he would not study for the bar; he determined to live by literature. Mrs. Vane had implicit faith in him until the last. She believed that if he became a writer he would be one of the lights of the world. She died before he left Oxford, leaving him the result of the savings of her whole life—an income of a hundred and fifty per annum.

He was young then in years, but old in disappointment. Without quite knowing why, he felt that his life was, in some measure, over. He had failed, and he could scarcely tell how he had failed; he could not understand where his life had slipped from his grasp.

He settled down in a pretty little cottage orné at Dunwold, with his books and pictures and the numerous works of art that he had gathered about him. He resolved

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to devote himself to literature; he mapped out for himself a life that was to be quiet and retired; he determined to live for his books, and care for nothing else. He went out one Summer evening, and returned with a love in his heart which was his doom.

He had gone, during the silent calm of the Summer evening, down to the little church where the great lime-trees grew, and, standing underneath them, he heard a strain of music so clear and sweet that his whole heart was melted, and his soul was moved to listen. He could have fancied that angel-hands were touching the keys, making soft, dreamy, beautiful music, such as one could imagine floating from the clouds.

It took possession of him. He stood under the lime-trees while the sun was setting, the birds were chirping, and the exquisite harmony was floating through the air. Presently it ceased, and in its place a sweet, brooding silence fell over the heart. It was the gloaming then. He had stood there listening longer than he knew.

From the old stone porch there passed into the gray evening light the tall, slight figure of a young girl, with a fair, pale face like none other he had ever seen—it was not beautiful, not pretty, but there was something of the light of heaven on it. She walked through the churchyard and down the green lane that led to Dunwold. Then he recovered from his trance, and seemed to understand that the young girl was the new organist, of whom he had heard the rector speak as of a girl all soul, and that soul all music.

He went home with a dreamy, poetical face engraved on his heart, with a love that was his doom.

He found means, some few days afterward, to make her acquaintance. Scholar and student as he was, he loved music; and the happiest evenings of his clouded life were those he spent in the old church or under the lime-trees, listening to the music which seemed to ripple from those white, soft fingers.

He found that she was the child of an English father and an Alsatian mother. From her father she had inherited an English face and simple, honest English mind—from her mother, a soul filled with music and dreams. She was an orphan, and gained her livelihood by her musical talents. She had answered the rector's advertisement for an organist, and had resided for some months in Dunwold.

She was a genius. The rector saw that at once, and was only too pleased to engage her to instruct his children; so that, with her different occupations, Elsie Redfern lived in comfort, and found her life very pleasant.

Francis Vane asked her to marry him, and she consented. Their love-story was an idyll; they lived in the midst of sunshine and music. Elsie was shy of speech. Sometimes, when he asked her to tell him how much she loved him, she would answer:

"I cannot tell you in words, but I will in music."

And then her love would find expression in music that was inspired. It was a love so pure, so calm, so refined, that it seemed to have nothing of earth in it.

They were married, and went to the quiet, pretty cottage Francis Vane called home. He had made his house a wonder of artistic beauty, with its choice books, rare pictures, pretty statuettes; it was an artistic home. He took especial pride in his garden—an old-fashioned, sweet-smelling place, such as poets might haunt—and the choicest part of it was the beautiful bed of white hyacinths which became poor Elsie's pride.

For four years they lived together, a life such as is rarely granted to mortals, a life that was all poetry. The student spent it with his books, the wife with her music—marriage for once no fiction—two hearts, two souls, made one. But the day came when the white hyacinths drooped for want of care, and the notes of the grand old organ were still. Never more were the white hands to linger over the keys; never more was the gentle face to shine with the beauty of the soul within. Elsie Vane lay dying, with the baby she had longed for in her arms.

It was not like dying; her heart seemed to have always been half in heaven. She had expressed her feelings more by music than by words; there had always been something unearthly and spiritual about her; and now, as she lay dying, there was a light on her face which made those who saw it wonder. Her mind wandered at times during those last hours; and her husband noticed how often she spoke of her favorite flowers, the white hyacinths. When she died, he took some of them from the garden and planted them on her grave.

He said very little of his sorrow—he spoke only of his loss; but the best part of him died with her—he half buried himself in her grave. He made no promise; but he knew that no one would ever take her place in his heart and home. His life appeared like something to be borne, because there was the hope of meeting her at the end of it.

Long years before Francis Vane went to live at the pretty cottage outside Dunwold, it had received the name of Sweetbriers, from the simple fact that the whole of the garden was surrounded by a splendid hedge of sweetbrier, and the air for a great distance around was perfumed by it.

Francis Vane made up his mind to spend the remainder of his life at the cottage. From the window of his study he could see one of the lime-trees under the shade of which his wife slept her last, long sleep. He devoted himself to his books, and, when his child grew older, to her. With his wife he had lost the half of his income; but, with the aid of his pen, he had sufficient to live upon, with great care and economy, though nothing to spare or waste. He kept one maid-servant, and gave up visiting, as well as receiving visitors.

Until Hyacinth was eleven years old, he taught her himself; and it was a most peculiar education. Had she been a boy, it might have fitted her for the world; as it was, it simply made her unpractical in every way.

He was a visionary himself: he had superb theories and beautiful dreams, but he had not the least knowledge of human nature. He believed in the power of love, the constancy of men, the honor of women, the earnestness of life in general; he had no knowledge of the light loves, the fleeting friendships, the want of care, thought, or interest, that distinguish the children of this generation—he was a wise, simple, kindly scholar, who feared Heaven, honored the sovereign, and believed in the power of knowledge. Admirable, estimable, worthy of all respect and esteem, he was nevertheless not the teacher to train an imaginative, impressionable child.

For some years he made no difference in his mode of life; the child was tended by the faithful servant who had watched her mother die—Miriam Claye. And to Miriam the girl was dearer than the light of her eyes. She had a large, old-fashioned room to play in. She had a household of dolls, a library of children's books, a number of toys, and she lived in dreamland.

Francis Vane began to teach his daughter Latin when she was old enough to learn it. He provided her with the best authors, with old-world poets. It was a curious education—but it was the only one that he knew how to give her.

His love for her was as dreamy as his life; he was seldom alive to any practical needs. He never gave a thought to dress or anything of that kind. He ordered books, music, drawings; he would talk to her at times for an hour with calm, mild wisdom. He loved her with a great love—but he was most unfitted to train a child.

He seemed to wake up from a dream when Hyacinth was sixteen; his child was gone, and in her place stood a tall, beautiful girl, who looked at him with her mother's eyes and seemed to ask what was her position in this world and what had she to do.

Francis Vane thought long and solemnly about what he was to do with his beautiful daughter.

Sixteen, beautiful as a poet's dream, accomplished, better educated than half the girls in England, graceful and imaginative, with a face like a flower, life was full of fairest, sweetest promise to Hyacinth Vane. It was an unread book, every page of which seemed to her full of poetry and unknown delight.

Her world was a very small one—it consisted of the little household at Sweetbriers. She had had no companions—no playfellows. Francis Vane would not let her play with the village children, and she had no opportunity of knowing any other.

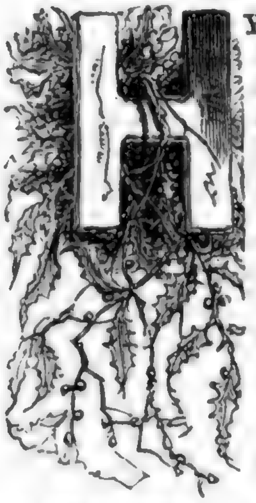
She was healthy and strong. She loved the fresh air, the early morning breeze; she had the natural high spirits and vivacity of a young girl; she was charming in every respect.

The rector's wife, Mrs. Morley, meeting Hyacinth one day, was struck with her wonderful beauty. She stopped to speak to her, and invited her to the vicarage.

Up till that time Hyacinth had held no well-defined position in society. She had always been considered far above the people in the village. However small her father's income was, still he was a gentleman of independent means. But the country people had not recognized him. He cared nothing himself for visitors or visiting. This invitation from Mrs. Morley, however, opened his eyes to the fact that he must think for his daughter as he had not thought for himself.

Hyacinth was almost dazed with delight. To visit the vicarage, with its charming mistress, the lovely children, the well-selected guests to be found there, was a prospect so full of unbounded delight that she could scarcely hope it might be realized.

## CHAPTER II.



HYACINTH VANE presented herself before the surprised eyes of her father, one June afternoon, looking so beautiful in her festive attire, that he was betrayed into an imprudent speech.

"Hyacinth, my dear!" he said. "You are a beautiful woman!"

For hours afterward the sound of her happy laughter rang in his ears.

"A woman, papa?" she answered. "No, I am only a child."

He looked distressed and perplexed.

"How old are you?" he asked; and she answered: "I am sixteen, papa."

"Sixteen?" he said, musingly. "Why, it seems to me only yesterday that I saw you lying in your mother's arms. Sixteen? Can sixteen years have passed away?"

Philosopher, scholar and student as he was, he did not recognize the fact that long years had passed while he had buried himself in his books, and had watched the lime-blossoms appear and fade. He looked thoughtfully at his daughter.

"I must begin to think more about you," he said. "I have not realized the flight of time."

Hyacinth laughed. The years that had passed like a dream to her father, had seemed very long and uneventful to her.

She went to the vicarage, and Mrs. Morley was charmed with her; her beauty, her grace, her quaint earnestness, her brilliant imagination, made her one of the most charming companions.

When she had gone home that night, Mrs. Morley went to her husband, the good doctor, whose life was governed by the doctrines he preached.

"John," she said, "you will tell me that, in this case, virtue is its own reward. I want to do a good-natured action."

"I need not say that I am willing to help; good-nature delights me," answered the vicar.

"I want to introduce Hyacinth Vane into a little good society," said Mrs. Morley. "I have seen no one half so charming for years. She must be most lonely, for her father spends the whole of his time with his books. He is no companion for her, and she really ought to have one."

"It is a lonely life," admitted the vicar. "What do you intend to do?"

"Merely introduce her; she will make her own way. If Lady Rosedene saw her, she would invite her to Dene Hall. She told me last week that she deplored the absence of pretty girls more than anything else. She would take her by the hand, I am sure; and I shall not be surprised, with her face, if she marries well, and becomes one of the queens of the county."

"You are sanguine," laughed the vicar.

"The child has no mother, and it would be a kindly action to take her by the hand," said Mrs. Morley. "If you are willing, we will get up a picnic to Dunwold Woods, and beautiful Hyacinth Vane shall be its chief attraction. I will ask Lady Rosedene, and you will see that my words will come true."

The vicar gave his consent, and the picnic was soon organized. Hyacinth smiled in incredulous wonder when the invitation was put into her hands.

"I am really grown up," she said to herself, with a happy smile. "Who would ever have thought that I should go to a picnic? Papa," she cried, breaking in upon the quietness of that much-loved study, "read this note, and then realize, if you can, how grown-up I am. I shall want a pretty dress, a hat, gloves—so many things. Do you think you can afford to let me go?"

"I will see," he answered, with a smile; "we must consult Miriam."

The result of his "seeing" was that Hyacinth, in a pretty white-and-blue costume, looked more lovely than ever, and went, with a smile on her face, to meet her doom—went in the full beauty of the June day, with a face fair as a flower, a heart light as that of a bird, her eyes full of happiness, her golden hair like an aureole round her head. Francis Vane watched her with loving gaze; and to him, in that moment of unconcealed pride and delight in his child, there came no shadow of a prison cell.

Mrs. Morley always spoke of that picnic as one of the successes of her life; no party of guests could have enjoyed themselves more. Lady Rosedene, just as the vicar's good wife had foreseen, was delighted with the beautiful *débutante*.

"Is her father a gentleman?" she whispered to Mrs. Morley. "She herself is charming; but is she quite presentable?"

Mrs. Morley, in her good-nature, gave such a flattering account of the scholar that Lady Rosedene became desirous to see him.

"Shall I invite the father as well?" she asked, and was just a little offended when Mrs. Morley assured her that it would not be of the least use.

"You have evidently never heard the romantic story of Francis Vane's courtship and marriage," said Mrs. Morley. "His is about the only case I know in this world of really true love. It is no fiction to say that his heart is buried in his wife's grave. All his neighbors have been kind to him, and invited him, but it was found that invitations merely troubled him. Now every one leaves him in peace."

"Then you think he would not come, even if I invited him?" said Lady Rosedene. "I generally manage to have my own way with the men."

"I do not think you would succeed in this case," answered Mrs. Morley; "nor do I think it would be kind to desire it. When so much of a man's heart and soul is in heaven, it seems almost a pity to bring him back into close contact with the world again."

Lady Rosedene's eyes were fixed on the fair, bright face of the young girl. She turned suddenly to the vicar's wife.

"I have read," she said, "of the sweetness of flowers being wasted on the desert air—of violets blooming unseen, and giving their fragrance to the wind. I do not believe in anything of the kind. Take the great kingdom of flowers; every here and there is one of such exquisite beauty that every one pauses to admire it. It appears to me that in the world of fair women, every now and then we find a face so beautiful that the whole world ought to see and admire it. I shall be doing an act of charity in making this face known."

But the vicar's wife shook her head. Such a doctrine was not quite in accordance with her husband's teaching.

"I do not know about that," she said. "Every face is what I may call the vail or cover of an immortal soul; and I should say any soul was endangered where the owner of it was worshiped for her beauty. I do not quite think myself that beauty should be so eagerly admired."

"It is the way of the world," laughed Lady Rosedene. "We plain women may thank Heaven that great beauty and great gifts do not often go together; if they did, we should have but a poor chance. As it is, some people do value common sense and intellect more than beauty. I shall make friends with Miss Vane. We shall hear something of her before many months are over, mark my words."

And those same words indeed came true.

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## Chapter III.

Lady Rosedene, of Dene Hall, was one of the celebrities of the county in which Dene stood. She was left a widow at quite an early age, mistress of a magnificent estate and a vast fortune. Being both young and clever, every one expected that she would marry again; but Lady Rosedene was wiser than that. The late lord had been of a most tyrannical disposition and unamiable temper. His young wife suffered terribly from it, being herself of a gay, frank, happy nature.

When Lord Rosedene died, she said to herself that she would never again bend her neck under the yoke that was so weighty to bear. She resolved to enjoy her life; and, as a preliminary, as the most certain means of insuring that enjoyment, she resolved upon never having anything to do with love.

"If I am to enjoy my life, to preserve my good looks, I must have nothing to do with the fret and the fever called love."

Having made that resolution, she began to enjoy life in her own way, and succeeded perfectly in her plan. One of the most charming and captivating of women, she had numerous admirers. She enjoyed the friendship of clever and sensible men; she enjoyed their admiration; she was pleased with her conquests—but she steadfastly refused to have anything to do with love, even in its milder form of flirtation.

For fifteen years she had been the "Queen of the County." The *fêtes* and festivities at Dene Hall were famous all over the neighborhood—no one else gave such parties, such balls, such picnics; no one gave such pleasant garden-parties. The young girls of the neighborhood adored her.

She would not hear of love for herself; but nothing gave her greater happiness than to see it in others. She took the keenest interest in a love affair. She was not a matchmaker; no one could ever have used such a word about the refined and clever Lady Rosedene; but she liked to bring young people together. She had a wonderful kind of instinct which told her at once what persons would agree together. She never had an ill-assorted party of guests. She never had the least drawback to the success of every entertainment she gave.

She was famous for having promoted more marriages than any one else in the county. Mothers who had a difficulty in marrying their daughters, found their difficulties ended when they once applied to Lady Rosedene. She would invite a young girl to Dene Hall, introduce her amongst an eligible set, and then leave her to take her chance. That usually ended in marriage. So successful had she been that pretty young girls were now scarce in the neighborhood of Dunwold; they were all married and gone from home: so that the kindly, happy widow was somewhat at a loss for young recruits.

She began to fancy that at one or two of her balls there had been a dearth of pretty faces, that her charade-party had lacked interest, and that there was a want of novelty in some of the scenes. She was more than delighted when Mrs. Morley introduced her to Hyacinth Vane; here, indeed, was a novelty—a girl more beautiful than any one she had ever seen, with a voice that was like sweet music, and a smile that was like sunshine; a girl whose every movement was full of sweetest harmony, as though she were following a strain of hidden music.

Lady Rosedene fell in love with her at once.

"Your father is a scholar and a gentleman; they tell me he lives amid his books, and counts this outer world as nothing. To invite him to Dene Hall would be an empty compliment—he would not come; but I wish he would let you visit me. Do you think he would?" said Lady Rosedene to her.

Hyacinth raised her happy eyes to the kindly, comely face.

"I think he would be delighted," she answered. "My father is not quite like other men; he does not seem to live in the same world—I doubt whether he would understand at all the kind of world in which you move."

"Probably not," said Lady Rosedene, delighted with the girl's earnestness and beauty; "but you will understand it."

She smiled at the fervor with which the girl clasped her little white hands and replied:

"I should love it, I think, more than any other world."

A dainty flush covered her fair face, her eyes shone with the brightness of stars.

"Then," said Lady Rosedene, "you shall see what it is like. Come and stay with me for a month, if you can be spared for so long. I have no wish to flatter you, but with a face like yours the world ought to be at your feet."

Hyacinth Vane never forgot that day. She had been accustomed to hear Lady Rosedene's name mentioned always as that of one of the powers of the land; and now to find that great and mighty personage not only kind to her, but absolutely asking for her society and her friendship, was something wonderful. She did not know that Lady Rosedene was driven almost to her wits' end for pretty faces, and that she would soon consider her prestige gone unless she could introduce some new beauty. Hyacinth knew nothing of this, and wondered why the clever, dainty, exclusive lady should be so anxious for her friendship. She was delighted; her charming face seemed to grow more beautiful, her eyes brighter, her smile sweeter.

The day of the picnic was never to be forgotten by her; all the details of it she remembered; and in the dullest hours of her life those details came back to her with a torture all their own.

When Lady Rosedene took her home that evening, she said:

"I shall take you at your word, Miss Vane, and drive over to-morrow to ask your papa if he can spare you for a month. You will enjoy yourself at Dene Hall, I am sure."

"I know that I shall," replied Hyacinth, simply.

Lady Rosedene was perfectly happy. She would be able to introduce a beauty such as no one had seen in that part of the country, and she should recover the prestige she had almost lost from a scarcity of beautiful faces.

When she reached home, Hyacinth said nothing to her father about the impending visit. For the first time she realized in what a different world they both lived.

Something of the deep, silent mystery of night seemed to linger round her as she entered the quiet house. She went at once to her father's study, the ring of happy voices, the sound of music, the silver strains of compliment and homage, all sounding in her ears, the brightness of fair faces, the sheen of rich dresses and jewels, still before her eyes. Her father, his work ended for the day, was seated at the window, his eyes fixed on the lime-trees beneath which his young wife slept. She heard him murmur, as she opened the door:

"How long, Elsie—how long will it be, dear?"

A great, solemn hush fell over her. It was as though she had suddenly entered a grand cathedral aisle; the world seemed to fall from her.

She forgot Lady Rosedene and the promised visit, and went with gentle step to the lonely man whose heart was buried, while his body lived on. She put her arms round his neck, and bent her sweet face over his.

"Papa," she whispered, "shall you never forget, even ever so little?"

"No, my darling, not even ever so little. I live more in that green grave than I do here. There is a shadow over me to-night—a presentiment of coming evil—and in my mind I am going over and over again every happy day of my life spent with her. Sit down here at my feet, Hyacinth, and let me tell you how she lived and died."

Seated in the solemn, beautiful dusk, while the trees moved and the wind sighed in unison, she listened once more to the story of how her mother had been more like a spirit or an angel than a woman; how she had loved the white hyacinths, and how she had died with her little child clasped in her arms.

No wonder that the girl forgot the coming visitor and the coming visit. The last incident of that eventful day which she remembered was her singing in a low, sweet tone to her father until the look of unsatisfied longing faded from his face, and he slept.

It was such a different world, this, from the bright, laughing life that only that afternoon had been unrolled before her. It seemed stranger still when, on the day following, Lady Rosedene's carriage stopped at Sweetbriers, and the footman, in his gorgeous livery, rapped sharply at the door.

How strange it seemed to see the brilliant lady, with her bright face, her superb dress, in that room where the solitary man always sat, that he might be within sight of his wife's grave!

With the tact that distinguished her, Lady Rosedene at once made her way to his heart. She laid aside her pretty caprices, her pride, her half-sarcastic, half-laughing manner. She recognized that she was in the presence of a deep sorrow, and it impressed her. This pale, studious man, with the grief of a lifetime on his face, made a great impression on her. She was earnest, sincere, kind and true. He appeared half startled at the idea of Hyacinth's spending a month at the Hall.

"I am afraid," he remarked, "that it will give my daughter tastes that can never be gratified."

But Lady Rosedene laughed.

"Leave all that to me," she said. "Neither you nor I know how much good fortune is in store for your daughter."

And so the first act of the tragedy was arranged. Hyacinth was, the week following, to go to Dene Hall.

## CHAPTER IV.

DENE HALL was the very residence for one who studied the enjoyments of life. It was one of the prettiest homes in England. There was nothing grand or majestic about it, but it was picturesque, artistic and beautiful. There was no recognized form in its architecture, and no two rooms resembled each other. Some had long French windows opening into the grounds, others large bay-windows from which one had a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Some were stately and splendid, others small and cosy. There was every variety, and there was every shape; every taste could be gratified. The rooms themselves were furnished in different styles—some with splendor, some with simple artistic taste; they were all picturesque, many with pretty nooks where one could talk unobserved by the hour, many full of gems of art. It was a home wherein every one was happy and at ease; there were rare books for the studious, music for those who enjoyed it, outdoor amusement for those who preferred it, shady walks where the trees met overhead for those who loved solitude.

Lady Rosedene was never alone. She did not know what solitude meant, and never intended to know. She had always a well-selected party of visitors at the Hall, and she quietly exulted in the fact that she had now a face to show her friends such as they had never seen before. Lady Rosedene was always in love with her last *protégée*, and she was decidedly charmed with Hyacinth Vane.

Hyacinth had been quite at a loss about her dress. In her dilemma she had gone to Mrs. Morley, who had helped her in the difficulty. Francis Vane looked at his daughter with something like a smile on his face as he gave her

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the sum of money which seemed to her like a little fortune.

"All this for dress, papa?" she said. "Why, it would buy books for you that would last for a lifetime!"

He laughed a quiet, gentle laugh that she had never heard before from his lips.

"My dear Hyacinth, dress must be your books for the present, and a very nice study it will be for you."

He looked at her with admiration when she came to bid him good-by.

"I am to lose you for a month," he said. "We have never been parted before."

She laid her fair head on his shoulder, and whispered to him that she did not want to leave him then, begging him not to spend the hours of her absence in solitary watch over the green grave.

It was like going from one world into another when she left the lonely study and went out into the sunlight, where Lady Rosedene's luxurious carriage awaited her. It was a novel sensation—a drive of many miles in a splendid open carriage, through some of the most beautiful scenery in England.

She had been disquieted and anxious as to how she should feel amongst strangers, but every thought of herself soon died away. The girl's soul seemed wakened to fresh life by all that she saw. The drive was like a dream of sunlight and foliage, of glancing streams and purple hills, of broad, shaded roads and green fields.

She was bewildered by the beauty of the park, and by the picturesque appearance of the Hall. The girlish, untried heart sank when she saw the grandeur of everything around her; but her innate pride and independence came to her aid.

Lady Rosedene, always amiable and considerate, was in the entrance-hall to greet her. The girl's heart went out to her graceful, kindly hostess.

Lady Rosedene would go herself to Hyacinth's room.

"I have placed you near me," she said, "so that you may not feel lonely, and that my maid may attend to you, as of course you have not brought one."

Hyacinth laughed at the notion, as she thought of the one old-fashioned maid at home. She felt entirely at ease with Lady Rosedene. No one resisted Lady Rosedene for long.

"You will like to understand a little about the Hall before we go down-stairs," she said. "Before you dress I will give you a sketch of my chief visitors. The *prima donna* at present—that is, the lady who sings best, who manages our charades and private theatricals—is Miss Sant. She is one of the cleverest girls in England in her own particular *rôle*."

"What is her *rôle?*" asked Hyacinth, beginning to feel interested in her new world.

"I should say, amusing others. She is clever and beautiful, and there is a tragedy attached to her that a stranger would never suspect."

"What is the tragedy?" asked Hyacinth, who associated that word only with Greek plays and the works of Shakespeare.

Lady Rosedene hesitated half a moment.

"I may as well tell you," she said; "every one here knows it, and you will be sure to hear it mentioned before you have been in the house many days. Miss Sant was engaged to be married, and a few days before the one fixed for her wedding her lover ran away with her dearest friend."

Hyacinth, to whom all the sin and falsity of the world was as unknown as its pleasures, grew pale at the words; and the only kind of love that she either knew or understood was such as her father had for her mother.

"How dreadful!" she cried; and her eyes opened wide in wonder.

Lady Rosedene smiled at her earnestness. It was plain that love's perfidies were unknown to her. She went on:

"Miss Sant did not break her heart after the usual style of heart-breaking. She laughed as she owned how completely she had been deceived; but she has never been the same girl since. There is something hard, cynical and satirical about her now that no one ever saw in her before. She has refused many offers of marriage—and she is, to my thinking, one of the most brilliant women in English society."

"I should have thought her one of the most miserable," said simple Hyacinth.

Lady Rosedene laughed.

"You will find," she said, "when you know society better, that women have two lives, and that the outer and inner life differ considerably. Women often laugh their brightest when their hearts are breaking; but that is a doleful doctrine to teach you."

"I could never smile while my heart ached," remarked Hyacinth.

"I hope your heart will never ache," was Lady Rosedene's answer. "I must not linger so long over all my visitors, or the dinner-bell will ring before you know one half of them. You will like the Count and Countess de Soldana; he is Spanish, she is Italian, and they are, without exception, the nicest pair I know."

"That is a high character," said Hyacinth; "for I should think in this bright world there are many people very nice and happy."

"Let us hope so," responded Lady Rosedene. "You will admire Miss Letchfred. She is a perfect brunette, sparkling, imperious, very much admired, yet with a certain pride that keeps most people at a distance from her."

"I like that description," said Hyacinth, impulsively—"I shall like her."

"We shall see. Then comes a cousin of my own, Major Tarne—a hero in every sense of the word; an invalided officer who nearly died of jungle-fever in India—a man who is honest in thought and deed."

"I shall like him," said Hyacinth, with a candor that delighted Lady Rosedene.

"I hope you will," she replied. "Then there is Kate Hulton; every one likes her—she is one of the most frank, candid, outspoken girls in Christendom. Brave, high-spirited, and fearless, she has never said an ungenerous word or done a mean action in her life, I am sure; and withal she is very pretty, bright, and intelligent, if not beautiful. Our only other visitor at present is Sir Harry Beauvoir, and there is nothing extraordinary about him."

Hyacinth laughed the happy, sunny laugh that Lady Rosedene loved to hear.

"I should say, then, that he is out of place here, where every one has some extraordinary quality or other."

"Sir Harry helps to cement all the extraordinary qualities in my well-selected party. There must be one or two inanities, just to serve as a foil for the others. Now shall I send my maid to help you to dress?"

Hyacinth looked at her shyly.

"I think I can manage best without her," she answered. "I have never been accustomed to a maid."

"You shall do as you like, my dear; but remember, a first appearance is everything; and I have made up my mind that you shall produce a certain effect—and I shall be disappointed if my wish is not realized." She laid her hand caressingly on the wealth of golden hair. "It would require an artist to do justice to this. You had better let my maid come; she is a true Parisienne; she knows exactly to the shade of a leaf or the tying of a ribbon what suits every one. I want you to be a *belle* of *belles*."

Lady Rosedene, as usual, had her own way. Hortense came, and was delighted with the exquisite beauty of the young visitor. For the first time Hyacinth began to realize that she was gifted with unusual beauty, and that beauty was of itself a power.

Hortense talked the whole time. She was one of Lady Rosedene's privileged dependents—one who never went one inch beyond the line marked for intercourse between lady and maid. She took the greatest pains with Hyacinth. She dressed the golden hair in such a beautiful and artistic fashion that Hyacinth could scarcely believe it was her own. The simple white dinner-dress lay on the bed: the Frenchwoman made it elegant and picturesque by means of trailing sprays of green leaves. She made a pretty head-dress of green leaves and white blossoms."

"Is it really I?" asked the young girl, simply, looking in wonder at the beautiful vision of loveliness. Before her was a face fair and pure, clear eyes and sweet lips. There was a wealth of golden hair—fine, soft, and luxuriant. She saw neck and arms white as milk, and perfect, as though shaped by sculptor's hands.

Hortense smiled at the words.

"Poets have said beauty wants no adornment," she said; "but to my thinking, Miss Vane, nothing improves any lady, either young or old, so much as dress. That is the bell. My lady said that she would take you to the drawing-room herself."

So, flushed with the consciousness of her own loveliness, Hyacinth Vane went with Lady Rosedene into the handsome apartment where she was so eagerly awaited.

## Chapter V.

IT was fairy-land to the girl who had no memories save of her father's sad face and the lime-blossoms that hung over her mother's grave. She had tried to imagine what life was like, and had failed. To her father it meant only love and regret—to her it meant longing and hope. Now she saw what it was to others—love, laughter, song, happiness, brightness, and enjoyment of every kind. She saw the smiling faces of fair women, their jewels, the sheen of their dresses, their graceful, caressing, suave manner, their thousand charms. She saw men with the faces and chivalrous manners she had dreamed of as belonging to the knights of old. She saw lights, flowers, everything beautiful and luxurious, and she woke suddenly to the knowledge of what life meant. Her whole heart went out to it—she held out her arms, as it were, to embrace it.

That evening passed delightfully. She was even more admired than Lady Rosedene had anticipated. Miss Sant liked her at once; but, in her usual straightforward fashion, she remarked privately to Lady Rosedene:

"I doubt, whether, after all, you have acted wisely in bringing that lovely child into society—there is the dawn of a tragedy in her face. Fair, sweet, innocent as it is now, a story will be written there some day, and you will be responsible for it. I have never seen a girl with such lovely violet eyes who had not a story, and a sad one."

"She is the daughter of a gentleman," replied Lady Rosedene. "I cannot see that I have done anything extraordinary in asking her to visit me."

"I hope you will never repent of it. But I see much in that girl's face beyond mere beauty—there is poetry, passion, love, jealousy. Take care! Human hearts are not playthings. Do not try to marry her too well, and let her learn to love some one who will really care for her."

Much as Lady Rosedene liked her candid friend, she was scarcely pleased at the warning.

"After all," she said to herself, "it matters little what any one says."

The bright days passed. Hyacinth learned many things—to ride, to dance, to drive. The gentlemen delighted in teaching her. She was so frank, so fair, so unspotted by the world, so simple and original, they declared it was better than reading poetry to talk to Miss Vane. No one else had the least chance while Hyacinth was near; her beauty, her grace, her wit, her simplicity, her bright intelligence, made her queen of the brilliant circle in which she found herself.

One week of the month had passed. Sir Harry declared that he was dying of love. Major Tarne said less, but was evidently captivated by the lovely young belle. Hyacinth laughed at it all; the flattering exaggerations of Sir Harry, the lover-like manner of the handsome major, were all lost on her. She laughed at both. They could never melt her into the faintest gleam of tenderness, or subdue her into one moment's gravity. Lady Rosedene tried once, and once only, to direct her, and failed signally.

"My dear Miss Vane," she said, "you are very cruel to your lovers."

"I have no lovers," answered the girl, with a burning, crimson blush.

"Your admirers, then. Major Tarne evidently awaits only an opportunity; and he is a good match—few better."

"A good match for what or whom?" asked Hyacinth, with the light of wonderful scorn in her eyes.

Then Lady Rosedene remembered that the jargon of the fashionable world was an unknown tongue to the child of Francis Vane.

"By a good match, I mean that he has a large fortune, that he has very influential connections, and holds a high position in the military world."

Something like wonder dawned over the lovely face.

"And would any one marry him simply because he has these advantages?" she asked.

"Certainly—and very properly too," replied her ladyship.

"I never would," said Hyacinth, with a charming air of decision. "My father says there can be no true marriage without love."

"Of course not," allowed Lady Rosedene, remembering his faithful love, and feeling perplexed how to answer.

"Could any one love a man simply because he has plenty of money or a high position?"

"For these reasons alone, certainly not," answered Lady Rosedene.

"Then, if he is not to be loved for them, he should not be married for them," was the triumphant declaration.

"Hyacinth," said Lady Rosedene, gravely, "do not make what I honestly believe to be the greatest mistake any woman ever makes; do not let your whole life turn upon love. Child, when I made up my mind to enjoy life, I said to myself that I must forego all love. I know we elders may teach and may preach; you younger people listen with a smile; but, believe me, love has far more pain than pleasure. It is a fever that burns, but never cools—a rack on which its victim is always stretched—a serpent that stings—a flower with sharpest thorns—a precipice

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hidden by fairest blossoms—a blessing occasionally, yet more often a curse."

"My father says it is Heaven's gift to man," remarked Hyacinth.

"My dear, few men love as your father has loved. As a general rule, I believe men make the women they love supremely happy for a short time, and supremely miserable ever afterward. Hyacinth, be advised by me; do not let love spoil your life. You have beauty; you may win position, rank, wealth, everything that makes life bright. Try for that—try to marry some one who can make you rich and respected, who can give you diamonds, carriages, horses, an opera-box, country houses and town mansions—never mind love."

Something like wondering gravity came over the lovely, childlike face.

"You are very kind, Lady Rosedene," she said; "but I shall never follow your advice. If I marry for anything, it will be for love—love such as my father reads and thinks of."

Lady Rosedene threw up her hands in comic dismay.

"Tell me what you think love is?" she asked.

A shy, sweet smile dimpled the fresh mouth, the golden head dropped; then the fair face was raised proudly.

"If I tell you, you will only laugh, and say, as you always do, that I am simple, or original, or something of that kind. Yet I will tell you. I think love is something so beautiful that no words can tell what it resembles; no words have power to describe it. What the fulfillment of it must be, I cannot say, when the very dawn of it, even the faintest foreshadowing, makes the soul tremble."

"My dear Hyacinth!" cried Lady Rosedene; but Hyacinth did not pause.

"It is usual in your world," she went on, "to laugh at love, to sneer at it, to make it subservient to everything else, to make it a plaything or toy, so that it can never ennoble man or woman; but to me it seems like the crown that blesses and glorifies a life. I hope it will crown mine. And whenever I marry, Lady Rosedene—that is, if I do marry—it will be for love, and love alone."

"I can only say, then, that I earnestly hope the love will fall on the right person," replied Lady Rosedene.

"That will be as Heaven wills," said Hyacinth. "My father says marriages are made in heaven. He often tells me about the Summer evening when he first saw my mother. The sun was setting, and he heard a sound of sweet music; and then from the church porch came a quiet, gentle figure that was like the very revelation of love to him. He told me that the love which filled his heart then was the same which will fill his soul when he meets my mother in heaven."

The sweet voice died in a soft, low sigh. Lady Rosedene looked up gravely.

"We look at love from different points of view," she said. "I have studied it in a ball-room—you by the side of a grave."

"There is another difference," observed Hyacinth, gently. "Your love changes with every fashion—it never lasts a lifetime—while such as my father speaks of begins on earth only to end in heaven."

Lady Rosedene sighed. She looked with wonder at the young girl, so inexperienced in life, yet gifted with knowledge so much more profound than her own—with wisdom so much more sweet and simple. She said no more, but after that conversation she never spoke to Hyacinth Vane again about making a good match.

Every day she became more popular, was more beloved. The sweet, simple wisdom she had learned from her father seemed to be part of her beauty. It was new to those about her, as was the fair loveliness of her young face. One night, when the lilies and roses were sleeping, and the world lay at rest—when the moon shone bright, and the nightingales sang in the green heart of the woods—Hyacinth Vane laid her head on the white pillows and dreamed the dreams that come to the young and happy—dreams in which the bright moonlight foreshadowed a golden halo that was to fall around her—a handsome face, which yet she could not see; strong arms that were to clasp her, but whose grasp was shadowy; a low voice that whispered tender words, none of which were plain to her—dreams that were fragments of beauty, music and song.

She woke with the glow of them upon her. The sun was shining full on her window; the ringdoves were cooing; there was not even one white cloud in the blue sky; the whole bright, laughing world seemed to call her to new life and new light.

"It seems to me," said Hyacinth Vane, as she threw open the latticed window to let in the perfumed air, "that something is going to happen to-day."

There was a stir in the youthful soul—a new sensation of life and happiness: was it only the brightness of the Summer day, the warmth of the sun, the fragrance of the flowers? or was it the shadow of coming fate resting on the clear young soul?

The sun rose on many mornings for her, but morning never more dawned for her with the same sweet smile. She never looked out from lattice-window again with the same clear, untroubled mind. The dawn of her fate had risen for her, the great shadow lay upon her, and she was to know the peace of early girlhood no more.

## Chapter VI.

MOST of the guests were assembled in the breakfast-room when Hyacinth Vane went down, wild, sweet music rising from her heart to her lips in snatches of song. It was a morning to make even the old feel young, and the young delirious with their own youth and happiness. As she entered the room, Lady Rosedene looked up with a smile.

"I have news that will please you, Miss Vane," she said, "although the people are strangers to you. Elmsthorpe Grange is near Dunwold, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Hyacinth; "it is four miles from the village, with lovely woods between. But the Grange is empty now, and shut up."

"Not now," said Lady Rosedene. "Elmsthorpe Grange, with all the magnificent estate belonging to it, has become the property of a young friend of mine, Alan Branston; he is the next-of-kin to the late Squire, who spent the latter part of his life in the south of France. The old Squire was a wealthy man, and he has left the whole of his fortune to Alan Branston."

Hyacinth repeated the name to herself. The sound of it pleased her; there were music and freshness in it—something that seemed to stir her heart and soul. Lady Rosedene went on:

"You have heard of the old Squire, of course, Miss Vane?"

"I have heard him spoken of," she replied. "My father saw him once, many years ago; since then the Grange has been desolate and solitary."

"It will not be so any longer," replied Lady Rosedene. "Alan Branston takes possession of it at once. A whole army of workpeople are on the way to it. He will spend a fortune on it, and it will be one of the most superb homes in England. The young Squire has arranged to stay a month with me, so that he can personally superintend the most important alterations. I expect him this morning."

There were a few comments from the guests, and then the subject was changed. But Hyacinth seemed to have something worth thinking about. It had been her custom after breakfast to put on her hat and go out into the grounds, and she was generally attended by a little court of admirers; but on this morning a longing for solitude seized her, and she looked with pleading eyes at the gallant soldier who drew near.

"Let me gather my roses alone this morning, Major Tarne," she said; and he was compelled to retreat.

Sir Harry was received with a charming pout, and a look which said so plainly "Pray do not trouble me," that he bowed, discomfited, and went away.

She laughed to herself, a sweet, girlish laugh, and went down the great avenue of limes, wondering why she cared so much for being alone, wondering what was hidden in the Summer morning. And then she began to think of Alan Branston and Elmsthorpe Woods. She had loved them with a wonderful love. She had been accustomed to spend long hours in those green solitudes, and she wondered if he would be willing to allow strangers there.

"Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe"—she liked the sound of the name—it had a great attraction for her.

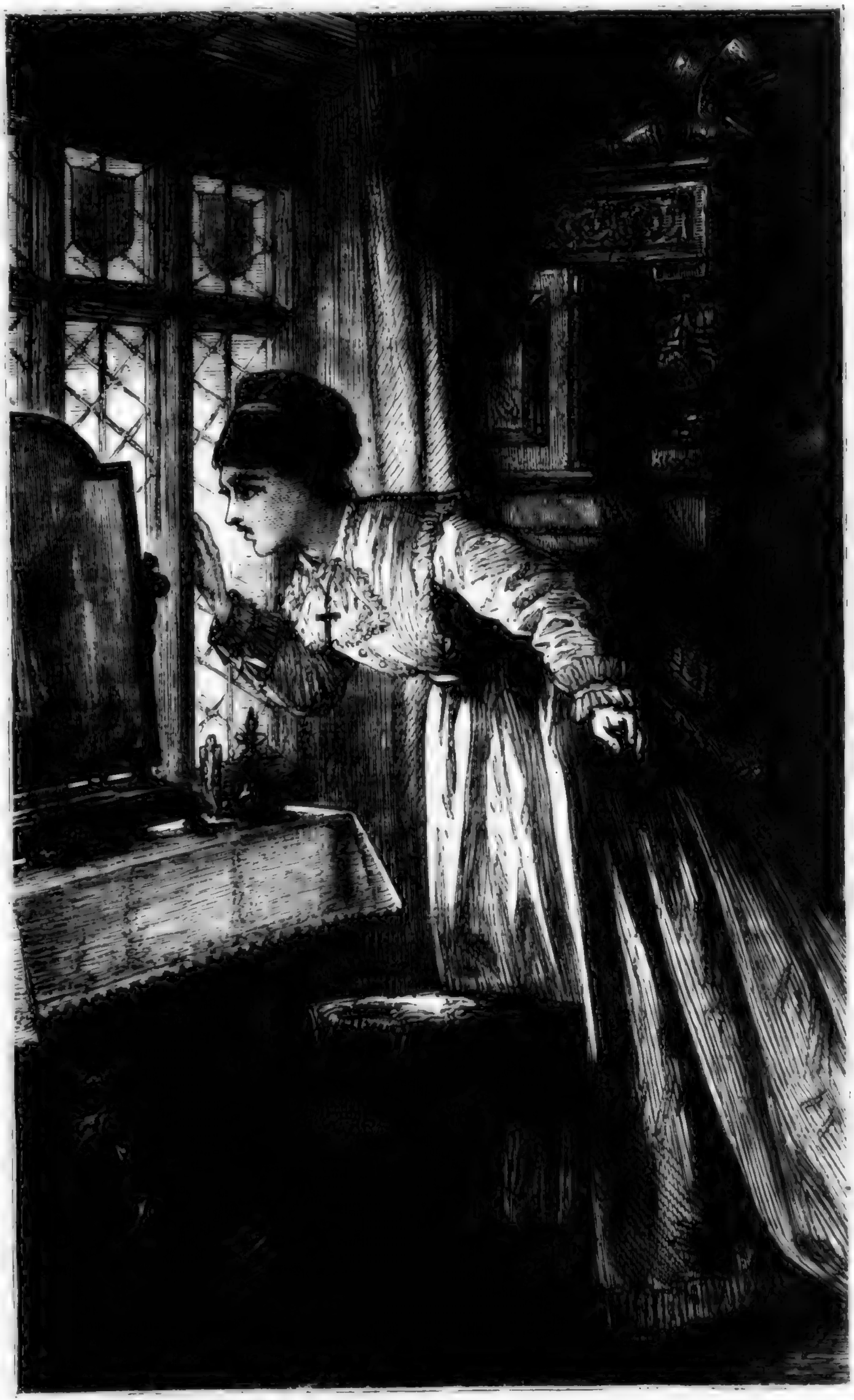
She went on walking gently until she came to the end of the great avenue; at that point the green, undulating park began. The grass was thick and beautiful. She sat down to rest, and in the music of rippling leaves she seemed to hear the name of the young Squire.

Suddenly a tall shadow fell across the grass, and, raising her eyes, she saw the face that was her doom. Two dark, clear, bright eyes met her own, and seemed to hold her spellbound until the gentleman recovered himself, and, with a low bow, drew a step nearer. She rose hurriedly, and stood before him, the loveliest picture on which a man's eye could rest, the sunlight falling on her golden head and flower-like face.

"Do not let me disturb you," he said; and again the wonderful power in his eyes seemed to hold her captive. "I am unfortunate enough to have lost my way—I walked through the park. Can you tell me which path leads to the Hall?"

"The one through the avenue of limes," she said. "I am going—but, no, you will easily find it."

"If you are going in that direction," he cried, eagerly,



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"I assure you I should be most grateful for your guidance."

He looked so eager, so handsome, so imploring, that she said to herself there could be no harm in going a few steps, at least, in the same direction.

Hyacinth walked toward the lime-avenue with him, and then in some strange manner it came out that he was Alan Branston of Elmsthorpe.

While she lived she remembered the little patch of yellow flowers at her feet, the tall trees overhead, the foxgloves swaying as she passed them—every little detail impressed itself on her memory, to remain there while life lasted.

She raised her face to his.

"Are you the new Squire?" she said.

He smiled, wondering how she had discovered who he was. They had reached the end of the avenue long before he had finished his eager questions about Dunwold. The picturesque old Hall stood before them.

"Why, I have brought you all the way!" said Hyacinth in dismay. "There is the house. Lady Rosedene is on the lawn."

He looked, and before he could say another word she was gone—gone back to the park where he had found her half an hour since. But all the world was changed to her; there was new brightness in the sunshine, new color on the grass. Nothing apparently had happened, yet the world seemed quite different, and was never to be the same to her again.

She was half shy when the hour for luncheon came. As she crossed the lawn, she saw the major waiting for her, and Sir Harry hovering in the distance. They both looked somewhat curiously at her; there was a new light on her face. It was no longer the face of a child—the dawn of passion and of womanhood was on it.

There was much talking and laughing in the dining-room. In the midst of a group, she saw Alan Branston talking to Lady Rosedene, who turned quickly to her.

"This young lady is one of your nearest neighbors, Mr. Branston," she said; "let me introduce you to Miss Vane."

The lovely, blushing face drooped before the sudden fire of admiration that she saw in his eyes. Neither of them said a word as to the previous meeting. Lady Rosedene, with her quick eyes, noted the girl's blush, and a sudden idea came to her. With her usual impetuosity, she would have spoken, but she restrained herself—one word might have spoiled the whole scheme that had suddenly shaped itself in her mind. Alan Branston must marry Hyacinth. He had wealth, a fine old manor-house, and everything that was luxurious—she had beauty and gentle training.

"It is the very thing!" said the lady to herself. "Providence must have arranged it—there could be no more suitable marriage than this."

For the first time in her life, Lady Rosedene paused for quiet reflection, and then turned away lest by one word she should mar what seemed to her the finest idea she had ever had.

"Are you staying here for any time?" asked Alan, when they were alone.

"Lady Rosedene invited me for a month," Hyacinth answered; "I may remain longer. If my father wants me, I shall of course go at once."

"I hope your father will not want you," he said. "If you were to go now, I should feel that I had been deprived of all the pleasure I anticipated from my visit. I did not mention to Lady Rosedene that I had met you."

A lovely flush of color came over her face.

"Why not?" she asked, with down-dropped eyes.

"I thought I read in your eyes that you would prefer I did not name it."

Her heart beat faster at the words.

"I did not know that my eyes told such stories—I must keep them closed," she replied, laughingly.

"If you do, it will be to me as though the sun had set," he said; and the words did not seem like flattery to her.

There was some strange attraction to her in the handsome young squire—a glamour such as had never fallen over her fell over her now. In some vague, curious way that she could scarcely understand, the world seemed suddenly to concentrate itself in that spot where he stood—so much so that when the dressing-bell rang, a thrill of impatience passed over her—she felt grieved to be disturbed.

His eyes lingered on her until she had quitted the room, and then he roused himself with a deep sigh, like one who comes suddenly to himself after a dream.

This dainty, delicate girl, with the tender eyes of a child and a woman's sweet mouth—with a voice sweet as music, and a laugh like the chime of silver bells—he had seen no one like her; while Hyacinth went to her room with a new world opened to her.

The pretty pale silks, the clear white muslins, the delicate wonders of lace, were all set before her; and she, who laughed on the preceding day at the number of her dresses, now sighed because not one was pretty enough. Hortense was very patient.

"You could have no prettier dress than this, Miss Vane," she said; "the blue is very pale, and the white lace looks rich and elegant."

So Hyacinth sat with sweet, dreamy eyes, while Hortense brushed out the golden waves of hair, and arranged the pretty dress. She looked like some beautiful picture cut from a frame, with her flower-like face—a lovely smile parting the fresh lips; her white neck and bare, rounded arms, so fair, so tender—with all the halo of youth around her, the first, faint dawning of love giving to her a beauty that nothing else on earth could give.

## Chapter VII.

IT all seemed so strange to Alan Branston. He had seen a hundred fair women, with love in their eyes and on their lips—none of them had moved him. He had seen Court beauties, the fair women of great cities—not one had lived in his heart. But this girl had looked with the sweet, tender eyes of a child into his own, and his soul had gone out to her. After that first glance, she stood apart from the whole world to him. Whatever might happen through his fancy, the one great love of his life was for her, and no other should have it.

He waited impatiently until she came down into the drawing-room. No matter what Lady Rosedene said, he should take her in to dinner and sit by her side. He felt already an impatient kind of jealousy lest any one should be before him. He stood near the door so that he should be able to join her at once.

The door opened, and she came in—lovely, golden, bright, and like a rose, so fair, so dainty. And as he drew near she gave him one of the most coy glances that ever made a man's heart beat—one of the most delicious smiles that ever thrilled a man's heart. There was an attraction, a something that drew them together; neither knew what it was, neither understood it, save that it was sweeter and stronger than they had imagined anything in life to be. Lady Rosedene gratified the desire of his heart—she asked him to take Miss Vane in to dinner. Neither of them saw the corridors or the doors. They sat at the sumptuously spread dinner-table almost without an idea of what was on it. The whole world was glorified to them. They ate ambrosia from golden plates; they sipped nectar from golden cups.

Long before the dinner was over, Alan Branston had lost himself in the light of Hyacinth's eyes. More than one present smiled to see how completely they had forgotten the world in each other. Some sighed as they smiled; for the golden hours of youth and love fly so quickly. It was pretty to see. He was so handsome, so gallant, so brave, with a careless laugh, a happy smile in his dark eyes; he had a rich, ringing voice, and a chivalrous, easy manner. He was the *beau idéal* of a lover—ardent, poetical, pleasant in every word and look, with a lordly, protecting air that was irresistible. She was so dainty in color and shape, so perfect in her fresh, girlish loveliness, that she looked more like one of the sweet flowers she was named after than anything else.

It was pretty to see the light in her eyes and the flush of expectation on her face when the ladies in the drawing-room awaited the coming of the gentlemen. Some subtle attraction drew Alan at once to her side. He took the chair nearest to her, and, as Lady Rosedene expressed it to herself, remained there, "a fixture," all the evening. Some "charitable lady," as Alan mentally called her, sat down to the piano, and under cover of the music he was able to talk.

"I have been trying to think," he said, "what it is of which your eyes remind me. The blue of them recalls something to my memory, and I scarcely know what it is. I have it!" he cried, suddenly. "They are of the same color as the deep-blue cornflowers that grow in France."

"They grow in England, too," answered Hyacinth.

"Yes; but they look poor when compared with the blue ones that bloom under the warm skies of France. I shall take the cornflower for my favorite flower, as Napoleon took the violet, and the Bourbons the lily. I will alter the arms of our family, and add a cornflower to them."

"All because my eyes are blue?" she asked, laughingly.

"I begin to think that everything most beautiful is blue," he said. "It is the color of the heavens, of the southern seas, of the cornflowers, of your eyes."

She laughed.

"That sounds like flattery," she told him.

"Oh, no," he replied; "it is sweetest truth. What a strange thing that I should have come just now, while you are here! If I had missed this visit, I might never have seen you."

"And then?" she asked, with a sudden paling of her lovely face.

"Then?" he said. "Why, the world would have been different, as it is different now."

And the evening was over before—to them—it had seemed to begin.

"Is your name really Hyacinth?" he asked her, a few days afterward. "I heard Lady Rosedene call you so."

"Yes. It was my mother's choice," she answered, simply; and she told him how proud her young mother had been of the beautiful white hyacinths, and how in dying she had asked that their name might be given to her.

A sudden gleam of tenderness came into his eyes, as she told him of her quiet home, and the solitary man whose only happiness consisted in watching over his wife's grave.

"How real everything must be to you," he said—"how real all love and all sorrow!"

"Are they not real to you?" she asked.

"I fancy that contact with the world in some measure takes the earnestness and the reality from most things. Men try to glide away from sorrow in the world, and look upon love as a jest; to you they are both sacred and solemn."

"They are part of heaven," she answered, simply. "My father says that love is a tree—the roots are on earth, the flowers are in heaven. He says sorrow is the fire that prepares us for heaven."

He looked at the lovely, guileless young face.

"And you believe what your father teaches, no doubt?"

"Certainly. I think my father is one of the wisest, as he is one of the simplest, men on earth."

It was pretty to watch how they liked to steal off into the grounds, believing that no one noticed them. When Lady Rosedene saw them in the avenue of limes, she would say, jestingly:

"Do not go down by the lime-trees—our young lovers are there."

Major Tarne and Sir Harry gave up hope. Every one in the household seemed to have a kindly interest in Miss Vane and Mr. Branston. Those who were old renewed their youth in watching this pretty love-poem.

It was pleasant to watch Hyacinth's face when her lover was near. Its fitful flushes, happy smiles, love-lit eyes, the sunshine that seemed to emanate from her, made everything around appear bright. Lady Rosedene was delighted. She had planned what the world was pleased to call many good matches; but this was different from any of them. This was a case of true love, such as she seldom had to deal with, and her ladyship grew young again as she watched it.

It was pleasant to see Hyacinth's fair face looking like a rose that had been bathed in dew. Repeatedly she wore a flower in her breast that had been gathered by her young lover.

The old, old story ran its length—there were lovers' quarrels, half-hours when to both of them the lovely, bright world was only a funeral vault, when every hope seemed ended, caused, perhaps, by one word misunderstood. There were hours when she felt sure he did not care for her, and he feared it was all a mistake to imagine that she loved him. They were due to pretty lovers' quarrels that had in them pathos enough to make one weep, and comedy enough to make one laugh. And the old story was told over and over again by them to the same rhythm, the same music, the same smiles and tears, as accompany it everywhere.

Alan Branston was happy as a man could be—brave, quick, energetic, ardent, hopeful; while Hyacinth gave herself up to a passionate happiness that was almost pitiful to see.

The day came when Alan sought his fair young love and asked her to be his wife—neither of them ever forgot in the dark hours of the future they both had before them. One afternoon Alan had grown desperate, and had said to himself that he must speak to her that same evening—that he must have her promise to become his wife. Under cover of a song, he whispered to her:

"Hyacinth, the stars are shining; do you think you could steal out into the lime-avenue for five minutes? I have something I must say to you—the words are burning my heart away. "Will you come?"

She looked up at him with a shy, hurried, sweet glance.

"What have you to say that is so important?" she asked, coyly.

"Can you not guess, my darling? Oh, Hyacinth, do try to manage it! I must speak to you!"

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"You are speaking to me now," she said, with a smile.

"I know it—with forty eyes looking on! Come out under the stars, my darling—I want to see you alone, where I may whisper something to you, and touch that sweet, white hand of yours. Will you come, my darling? You will not be missed for five minutes, and I can say all I have to say in that time."

Her heart beat fast, her eyes fell before the fire of his. The passion of his words moved her strangely.

"I will come," she said.

She was almost puzzled how to manage it; but a few minutes afterward some of the visitors became greatly excited over some glees, and during the performance of them she found a chance of going away without attracting attention.

It was the work of a moment to cover the golden head and white neck with her favorite blue-and-white shawl; then, passing quickly through one of the side-doors, she was soon in the lime-avenue.

Quick as she had been, he was there before her.

"My darling," he cried, "we have but five minutes. I want to tell you how much I love you, and to ask you if you will be my wife?"

He drew her to him, and clasped his arms around her; he seemed as though he had not patience to wait until the words fell from his lips. He said over and over again:

"I love you, my darling—I want to give all my life to you. I will love you until I die. Say you will be my wife, sweet."

She raised her head from his breast and looked at him.

"Do you really wish me to be your wife?" she asked, in trembling, loving wonder.

"More than that," he replied, kissing her sweet lips—"I pray you to be my wife; and I swear that, if you refuse, I shall not care to live another moment! Do you love me, Hyacinth?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Will you be my wife?" he asked. And her answer, but one word, was sweet as the sweetest whisper of a Summer wind over a bed of lilies.

Then followed for them a few minutes that were like minutes passed in Elysium.

## CHAPTER VIII.

It was all settled, to the intense delight of the whole country-side. Alan Branston, the young Squire of Elmsthope Grange, was to be married to Hyacinth Vane, the daughter of the silent, solitary man, whose heart had been broken by his wife's death. The ladies of the county, who would have been pleased to have secured the prize for their own daughters, said it was a very fortunate thing for Miss Vane, but that they had yet to see how it would end. True, Miss Vane was a lady; but there was a vast difference between the position of the two. Alan Branston was a wealthy squire. Hyacinth Vane, although her father was both a gentleman and a scholar, had no fortune—had nothing, in short, but her beautiful face for her dowry. Yet, although wordly matrons shrugged their shoulders, the world in general smiled and approved.

Lady Rosedene was delighted. No engagement had ever given her half such satisfaction—it was the most fortunate thing that had ever happened. She smiled with the blandest satisfaction as she thought how people would talk about Lady Rosedene and her wonderful social tact. She had never been so pleased.

When Hyacinth, with flushed face and beating heart, had gone to her own room, Alan went bravely to Lady Rosedene and told his story.

"I shall go to see Mr. Vane to-morrow," he said, "and in the meantime I wished to tell you."

She was so delighted that she almost embraced him on the spot.

"I cannot tell you how pleased I am," said her ladyship. "I have seen few whom I thought worthy of Hyacinth Vane. You have chosen wisely, Mr. Branston, and you will never repent your choice."

* * * * * * * *

"Hyacinth," said the young lover, "I am going over to Dunwold this morning to see your father—you know what about."

She flushed crimson, even to the tips of her pretty ears.

"About me?" she questioned, shyly.

"Yes, about you, my darling. I must tell him that you have promised to be my wife."

He smiled at the serious fashion in which she folded her hands and said, quietly:

"I am quite sure that my father will not be willing for me to be married, Alan. He will say I am too young."

"We will persuade him that he is wrong," laughed Alan. "What can a father do against two lovers? You will see how quickly we shall induce him to change his mind."

It was something of a surprise to the solitary student, poring over his books, when the handsome young lover was announced, and suddenly entered his studio; he seemed to bring the fresh air and sunlight of the outer world with him. Francis Vane could not believe that somebody wanted to marry Elsie's child—that the little golden-haired Hyacinth whom, in his own deadened mind, he had always associated with the beautiful white flowers, should be loved and asked in marriage. It was too wonderful. He looked at the bright face of the young lover.

"Hyacinth is a child," he said—"quite a child. I understand that you are Squire Branston of Elmsthorpe Grange—that you are rich. But my Hyacinth is a child—quite a child."

"I beg your pardon," returned Alan; "she may be in some things a child, but she has the love, the soul, the beauty of a woman."

"Marry Hyacinth?" interrogated the scholar, musingly. "What would her mother say?"

And then Alan was silent for a short time; he was accustomed to appeals made to the living, but not to the dead. In a low, gentle voice that won for him the love of Francis Vane, he answered:

"I am sure her mother's wish would be that her daughter should be blessed with the love of a loving husband, as she herself was."

"But the child is so young," said Francis Vane.

"It is a fault that every day will amend," laughed the happy young lover. "Come, sir, every bird has its mate. Be good to us, and give your consent."

"True, true," said the unworldly, single-minded gentleman. "I loved her mother, and I married her. She seemed to me part of the sweet Summer evening, as she came walking through the soft shadows. The gray, calm evenings bring her back, and I see her walking in them still."

The startled look on Alan's face recalled him to himself.

"So you want to marry Hyacinth?" he resumed. "What does the child say? She was a child when she left me, and had no thought more serious than one about a bow of ribbon, or a flower in her hair. And you tell me that in this short time she has grown from a child into a woman? What does she say?"

"She is here, sir," said the young lover. "I brought her with Lady Rosedene. I wished to see you alone before

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you saw them. Lady Rosedene has driven on into the village, but Hyacinth is in the garden. Shall I bring her to you?"

A wonderful light came over the scholar's worn, gentle face when he saw the young girl enter the room. She went up to him quickly, and, kissing his face, hid her own on his breast.

With his hands he raised it, in all its blushing loveliness. He held it up to the light, and looked at it with keen, tender eyes.

"My darling," he said, "I see it is true. You left me a child, you have returned to me a woman. A woman's love shines in those dear eyes and trembles on those pretty lips. Is it true you love him, Hyacinth—this bonnie young lover of yours?"

"I do not want to leave you, father," she replied; and both gentlemen smiled at the naïve admission made in those words.

"Do you love this gentleman who wishes to marry you, Hyacinth?" he asked, gently, and smiled again half sadly as he saw the red flush mounting even to her hair.

"Yes, I love him," was the quiet answer.

And then Francis Vane was silent.

"You see, sir, that it is as I said. I will take the greatest care of Hyacinth. I will not take her away from you. I will be a son to you myself."

"You are very good," said the scholar.

And they saw him turn his gentle eyes, as he always did when he needed counsel, toward the green grave under the trees. They heard him say something about Elsie.

After a time he looked down at the fair young face lying on his breast.

"My darling," he said, "you are so young, so many things might happen; you might change your mind; you might repent; and so you ought to give me time to see that this is really love, and not fancy. At your age, child, it is difficult to tell one from the other. I will agree to the marriage; but it must not take place until the end of next year. I am not unreasonable in asking this delay."

After long argument it was decided; and Alan was forced to be content. After all, it was not unreasonable. She was very young, and the months would pass quickly. How happy they would be! He could spend nearly all his time with her.

Lady Rosedene came in, and they had luncheon together; then, while she rested in the quiet, pretty parlor where fair Elsie had made such brief sunshine, and Alan went to see that the horses had been fed, Francis Vane and his daughter walked across the garden into the churchyard, and stood by the green grave. He laid his hand on the fair, bright head.

"Hyacinth, your mother lies here. I often fancy that I see a soft white cloud above the grass, and that she rests upon it. Tell me, do you love Alan Branston?"

"With all my heart, father," she said. And he knew, from the quiet, self-contained tone, how intense that love was.

"I should like to give you one warning, child. You have experienced no love save mine; and mine has been true. I loved your mother while living, and have loved her quite as dearly dead. The grave in which she lies is more to me than the living, beating heart of any other woman. But Hyacinth, my dear child, you must not expect such a love—neither so deep, so true, nor so strong. It does not often fall to a woman's lot."

"It is mine, father," she said, in a tone of quiet conviction.

He looked sadly at her.

"You must not expect too much," he said. "The love we give and receive on earth is not like the love of Heaven. Do not set all the hope of your life, child, on your love."

"Did you do that, father?" she asked. And he answered:

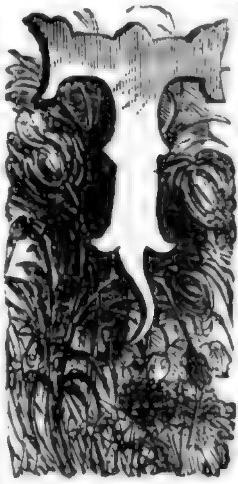
"Yes. It is because I did it that I can warn you."

She smiled as she rejoined:

"Some great poet has written that 'no warning avails in love.' No warning will avail. Whether my love makes or mars my life matters little. I have given my life to it."

A sunbeam fell on the green grave as she spoke. It was as though the dead would fain have warned the living. And then father and daughter returned to the house.

## Chapter IX.



THE glad days of the happy Winter passed away brightly, and the home of the solitary student was brightened by the love and joy of the young lovers. His life was cheered, too, by the constant kindness of the Squire. Great baskets of game, hot-house fruits, and that which he valued more than all, huge parcels of books, were sent by Alan Branston. It was characteristic of him that he was never so pleased as when lavishing kindness on Francis Vane. He established a rule that he should be allowed to send what he liked to Hyacinth. Francis Vane made some gentle remonstrance; but he was overruled.

"You live out of the world, and I live in it," he answered. "I see what Hyacinth wants, and you do not. I shall think you do not believe in my love for her unless you allow me to send what I will."

The father ceased to remonstrate, and the gallant young lover lavished costly gifts on his beautiful *fiancée.*

Francis Vane had had a small legacy left him, and he gave it all for his daughter's *trousseau.* He intrusted it to Mrs. Morley, who was only too delighted to assist. The most wonderful week in Hyacinth's life was the one she spent in London, shopping with Mrs. Morley.

So the Winter months were fully occupied, and some of the brightness of old times came over the house.

It was marvelous how many excuses Alan found for going to Sweetbriers. He rode or drove over regularly, on one pretext or another. Mr. Vane and his daughter became so accustomed to see him that when he was not there the day seemed robbed of its brightness.

The snowdrops, the violets, the yellow crocus, the primroses, all came up. The stern face of Winter gave place to the smile of Spring. The hedges bloomed with pink and white hawthorne, the dark branches were covered with leaves, the meadows were full of life, and when sweet May came round Lady Rosedene filled her house again with visitors. She had found a new beauty, and she must have a pleasant group of friends to welcome her. She invited Hyacinth, who gladly promised to visit her. Said her ladyship:

"You must bring some of your pretty new dresses, Hyacinth. You must do honor to the squire's choice."

When Alan Branston heard that she was going to Dene Hall, he besieged Lady Rosedene until she extended her invitation to him.

She had a presentiment of coming evil, for she said to him:

"Come if you like; but I think you had better spend

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your time in making Elmsthorpe Grange ready for your wife."

She laughed as she spoke, and he laughed as he answered that he would far rather spend his time in making love to his wife who was to be.

It promised to be a very pleasant and harmonious party. Hyacinth looked forward to it with the greatest delight. She was to go on the second of May, Alan on the fourth. Francis Vane parted with her, fearing no ill, knowing that he would soon lose her altogether. Yet that night, as he sat watching, it seemed to him that a strange cloud rested on his wife's grave.

Hyacinth Vane said to herself that she should always love Dene better than any other place, because it had been the scene of her love-story. It was pleasant to linger in the gardens and grounds, to look round the rooms, and remember all that had happened there.

Lady Rosedene was delighted to see her. She was in excellent spirits.

"People may well call my house attractive," she said. "I have two of the loveliest women in England in it now; and the wonder of it is that you are such foils to each other. You are fair as a northern lily; and my new guest is dark as any Spanish signora—the most beautiful brunette I have ever seen—all other women look plain beside her. Still, I prefer fair women."

When Hyacinth went down into the drawing-room, she was better able to judge. Many old friends greeted her; every one was pleased to see the fair, young face. Hyacinth saw a superbly beautiful woman, with large, dark, liquid eyes, full of fire and passion, and a mouth like a rose. She was a picture of loveliness, on whom no man could look unmoved.

Hyacinth had never seen any one like her. She wore a dress of black velvet, cut so as to show the marvelous neck and shoulders, with their warm tint, and the bare, rounded arms, on which shone rich bands of gold. She carried a richly jeweled fan, and wore diamonds in the masses of dusky hair that sat like a crown on her head. And her brilliant face had the imperial beauty men in olden days gave the goddesses they worshiped.

She read the wonder in the tender, earnest eyes, and smiled. There was more character in her smile even than in her face—it came slowly, and was, to a keen observer, cruel. Lady Rosedene introduced Hyacinth to her. Lady Frazer smiled again, and in her turn looked intently at her golden-haired rival.

Hyacinth thought the sound of her voice very sweet. She watched her with wonder. She had never seen any one so superbly beautiful and so superbly dressed.

Lady Fraser was older than herself by some years, and the contrast between the fair, fresh, golden-haired girl and the beautiful dark-eyed woman was curious in its way.

She fascinated Hyacinth—it was a certain fact that if Lady Fraser once took the trouble to smile in any face, she made the owner of it captive at once. There was no power to resist; she possessed a marvelous gift of fascination. She smiled a little at the young girl's unconscious homage.

"We shall see what we shall see," said Lady Fraser.

On the fourth of May Alan Branston came; and when he reached the Hall Lady Fraser had gone out into the grounds. She had found for herself a pleasant seat behind the plumed lilac-trees. There a soft western wind, a sweet perfume, reached her, without the warmth of the sun's rays. There was no one amongst the visitors whom she thought it worth her while to conquer, so she had given her morning to the study of some poems.

Presently, on looking up, she saw a stranger who interested her—a tall, handsome man, young, with a brave, bright face and dark, earnest eyes—a man who was evidently a gentleman, from his erect, easy carriage and courtly manner. Who was he?

She answered her own question. It was the Squire, of course—Alan Branston—Miss Vane's lover; and a goodly lover he was, in Lady Fraser's eyes. As they passed by the group of lilac-trees, engrossed in each other, and forgetting the world, she heard Alan say:

"I see no beauty in any face but yours, my love. Other faces are all blank to me."

They walked on; but with the sound of the words in her ears an evil spirit entered the beautiful woman's heart. She laughed aloud—a faint, cruel laugh.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "I will teach him that other faces are not all blanks. My face shall not be a blank to him. So that is the child's lover! Well, he is a gallant one, tall and handsome—simple, too, if he thinks hers the only face on earth worth looking at."

She was a woman of insatiable vanity. She had been so much worshiped all her life for her marvelous beauty that she considered the heart of every man she met her lawful prey.

She had but little trouble in winning them. A gleam from her splendid eyes—a touch of her white, jeweled hand—a whisper from her musical voice—a smile from her beautiful lips—and the weak hearts of men went out to her, no matter what bound them. She had never had the least trouble in making a conquest. The strongest and wisest of men had fallen before her like the leaves from the trees.

She was cruel. It was play to her to take a man's heart in her soft, white hand, and, after toying with it for a time, crush it as she would have crushed a rose-leaf. Her vanity was insatiable; nothing ever daunted her. If she liked any one, or thought the conquest of any particular person would add to her reputation as a beauty and winner of hearts, she pursued that person to the bitter end. The gentle heart of a loving wife might break, the love of a fair *fiancée* might all be turned to gall and bitterness—Lady Fraser merely laughed. All that her victims won in return was a few smiles, a few *tête-à-têtes*, a week's fidelity, and then they had to make room for another.

It was dull, according to her notions, at Dene; there were several men, but none whom she cared to win. The handsome young Squire, however, took her fancy, and she smiled as she said to herself that she would win him.

"Such boy-and-girl love—such nonsense—only one face in the world for him! It is high time he saw two. It will do him good—educate him. A flirtation with a woman like myself is the best possible education for one like him. It will do the girl good, too, if he talks to her in that way. She will begin to think herself an angel."

She had nothing particular to occupy her during the next few weeks, and it would not do to get out of practice. If there had been a handsomer or wealthier man at Dene Hall, she would not have troubled Alan; but he looked so handsome and so gallant, added to which there was the irresistible fact that he belonged to some one else, that it would be a little amusement for her—relieve the tediousness of her visit—to captivate him. It would be amusing, because at first he would doubtless rebel. After all, if she chose to educate him and show him that life held more for him than he knew at present, it concerned no one. When she had had her fair share of amusement, she would be leaving Dene, and perhaps should not see him again. She would not wish to see him—a few weeks were quite enough for any poor moth.

She laughed softly to herself as she thought how the fair-haired girl would be lost in a maze of wonder and doubt, and how rejoiced she would be to win her lover again.

She walked back leisurely to the house.

"Yes," she said to herself, "I have nothing better to do. I will try if I can win him."

And she dressed with unusual care, smiling as she did so to think how easy her conquest would be.

## Chapter X.

"He is worth the winning"—that was Lady Fraser's verdict after she had passed an evening in Alan's society.

True he had devoted himself to Hyacinth; but she had had time to note the beauty of his face, the grace of his manner; and Lady Rosedene had told her that he was wealthy beyond the ordinary run of squires—so wealthy, in fact, that Miss Vane was the envy of all the young ladies in the county.

Lady Fraser opened her beautiful eyes. Surely she could desire no better husband than this handsome young Squire, who was wealthy enough to gratify every whim? Still, marriage was an affair of the future. She had not that to think about yet.

Very soon she had attracted his attention, as she felt sure she should. She had startled him out of his calmness. He had looked into the depths of her splendid eyes, and for one half moment had lost himself. He had admitted to himself that her beauty was wonderful; and then he had turned with redoubled love to Hyacinth. It was like rest in the sweet moonlight after the overpowering light of day.

"He will not forget me," said Lady Fraser to herself. "He knows now that there is another fair face in the world, and he will be puzzled soon as to which is the fairer."

When the hour of retiring came, Alan wished her good-night. Once more those wonderful eyes of hers were raised to his, and seemed to pour a flood of electric light into them. Sweet Hyacinth, standing near, saw the look, and shrank from it.

Lady Fraser went to her room well content.

"He will think of me," she said to herself; "and to-morrow he will be anxious to see me again. He will have more to dream of to-night than a baby-face and golden hair."

She lay back in the easy-chair in her dressing-room while her maid brushed out the long, silken, dusky hair. She looked over an album filled with photographs, and smiled as she thought that she should, in all probability, add Alan's to the number.

The first she glanced at with a light laugh—the original had simply ruined himself for her sake—believed in her, asked her to marry him; then, when she had laughed at him, had thrown up his commission and gone to the bad.

"How he loved me!" she said to herself; "but how foolish he was!"

The next portrait was that of a fair-haired clergyman. She laughed again as she remembered the tragedy of his despair. They told her that he died cursing her. It mattered little to her whether he died so or not.

Then came a soldier, with a bronzed face and fearless look. He had led his regiment against a fire few would have cared to meet—he had fought desperately; but on the day that this beautiful woman had smiled in his face, and told him that she had no more thoughts of marrying him than she had of turning Mohammedan, he went home, with the soft, sweet laugh ringing in his ears, and shot himself.

Her brilliant face paled a little as she remembered this, and she turned the page with a sigh. She never liked to think of Colonel Leslie and his dreadful death.

Then came the handsome face of the youngest son of a noble house. She would have married him had he possessed any money; but he had none. So she let him ride away, leaving the best part of his life behind him.

Then came the face of the man she had married, a city knight, whose wife she had been for one short year. An old, stern face it was, full of wrinkles, with harsh eyes and lips. But Sir Heriot Fraser had been a good husband to her, and had left her all his money, without any conditions or stipulations. She never pretended to mourn his death, but she wore her crape in the most becoming fashion, resolving to enjoy herself for a few years and then to marry again. In the meantime her craving for the cruel amusement of flirtation was at times too strong for her.

Some people had asked who Lady Fraser was. No one knew anything about her. She said herself that she belonged to the "Lanches of Durham"; but one or two suspected that she was the daughter of a French milliner who had married the captain of a Spanish ship.

But Lady Fraser was so beautiful, and she had so large a fortune, that the world refused to listen to any scandal about her. Had she been plain or dowerless, it would have refused to believe that she was one of the Lanches of Durham; but with such a face and such a fortune, she might have claimed to be whom she would.

Quickly enough she passed the portrait of the city knight who had been her husband for one brief year. Then came others: dark, fair, young, old—all, men whom she had slain as surely as though she had used poison or steel. She ceased to smile when she came to the portrait of Count Fieschi—a man with a handsome, passionate, cruel face—a man with pitiless eyes and sensual lips. She lingered some time over that.

There came to her a host of memories. Last year she had gone to Italy with some friends, and they had staid at Ravenna. She thought of a moonlit night there, in the garden of the Palazzo Micheli, when the handsome count had seemed to fight with himself over his love for her. And at last—at last he had sacrificed his patriotism and everything else to love; while she had lured him on, and then refused him, because he could not keep her in the luxury she loved. She remembered another evening, when the fiery love of the Italian had urged him into a tempest of anger—it was the night before her return to England—and he had said to her:

"Take care! If you go, I shall follow you. If I follow, I shall find you. If I find you, I will kill you before your beauty has power to mar the life of another man!"

Her laugh had floated away on the soft Summer breeze—sweet and soft as the rose-leaves stirred by the wind; but there was no smile on his face, and no mercy in his eyes.

"If ever he finds me, I am lost," she said to herself. "But he will not; I am safe enough. And, if he finds me—this is the nineteenth century—he will not harm me."

Still she was glad to pass over the handsome, cruel face.

"That was about the only mistake I ever made; I will forget it."

She looked at many other faces, and then came to a vacant space.

"Here," she said to herself, with a smile, "I will put Alan Branston, Squire of Elmsthorpe Grange;" and then, with a sigh, she put down the album and turned her attention to the dressing of her hair.

She had forgotten every graver consideration, and was wondering what style would attract the squire most.

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It was a beautiful morning that followed, and at breakfast-time Lady Rosedene proposed that her guests should visit an old ruin called Elmhurst—an ancient priory, of which only walls and windows remained. The proposal was agreed to.

"Will you walk or drive, Hyacinth?" asked Alan. "Whichever you prefer, I will be your companion."

Then Lady Fraser spoke, her dark eyes all bright, her smile so brilliant and sweet. She turned her graceful head to Alan.

"I will tell you what would really be a treat to me," she said. "I hear that you are a capital horseman. Will you ride with us—that is, with Miss Vane and myself?"

"I do not like riding," put in Hyacinth, quietly.

The beautiful widow smiled.

"The more you have of it the more you will like it," she said.

And Hyacinth mentally hoped Alan would refuse; she even felt aggrieved that any one should offer to interrupt their *tete-à-tete*—Lady Rosedene never did.

But Alan was flattered. The voice had not said much, but those bewitching eyes said plainly that she admired his riding and wished to ride with him.

"How do you know I ride well?" he asked; and she saw the pleasant impression her words had made on him.

"Some one told me—I do not remember who it was," was the careless reply; "but I should like to see you put to the test."

"I will ride with you with pleasure," he said. "Hyacinth, you have your habit here—you will not be long in dressing, I know."

Lady Fraser smiled sweetly.

"Is Miss Vane an adept at dressing quickly?" she asked.

"Miss Vane is perfection," laughed the young squire; and Hyacinth went away to dress, but not with her usual alacrity.

Why should Lady Fraser disturb their plans and go with them? Hyacinth was not a good rider, and as an equestrienne was always more frightened than pleased. Lady Frazer, on the contrary, was never seen to such advantage as on horseback.

The more Hyacinth thought of the plan proposed, the more she disliked it. She had pictured herself by her lover's side, walking through the green fields and lanes, stopping to gather the hawthorn and look at the clover. She wrote a little note, saying, simply:

"Dearest Alan: Do alter the arrangement: I do not like riding. We require no chaperon. Some one else will be pleased enough to ride with Lady Fraser."

She never dreamed but that he would eagerly meet her wish. To her intense surprise, the answer that was returned said:

"My Darling: How sorry I am! But I have arranged so completely with Lady Fraser that I cannot disappoint her. She has asked me to show her the various places of interest in the neighborhood; I cannot draw back now, or I would. I will take great care of you, my darling."

Her face flushed as she read the note. The first faint flame of jealousy rose in her heart—the flame that afterward became so fierce a fire. He had chosen to please Lady Frazer rather than her. She would not go at all—they should have the ride to themselves.

When the guests were starting she sent an apology—she would rather remain at home. And it was then too late to make fresh arrangements.

Lady Frazer noted the darkened look that came over Alan's face. He should suffer for it in the days to come! Her eyes were full of sweetness, her voice was full of music, when she said: "I am so sorry, Mr. Branston—it is my fault that Miss Vane is not here."

But she exerted herself so well to please him that he could not help enjoying his ride. He came home smiling, while the beautiful widow was radiant. And that was the first cloud in Hyacinth's sky.

It gave additional zest to the beautiful widow's pursuit of Alan when she saw the first look of pain on Hyacinth's face. To win the love which did not belong to her was one triumph; to find that she made a girl younger than herself jealous was another, and ever so much more enjoyable.

Hyacinth uttered no word of reproach to her lover; with her keen woman's instinct she perceived that he was not one who would like a woman's reproaches and tears. He told her how annoyed he was to find that Lady Frazer was his companion instead of herself. She asked him if he enjoyed his ride, and he laughed heartily as he answered, "Yes."

He repeated some of Lady Frazer's wittiest speeches, as though they had amused him very much.

"Lady Frazer is very witty," said the young girl. And he did not see the wistful expression in the eyes that he had likened to cornflowers grown under the ardor of the French sky.

He thought her very silent. After a time she laid her soft hand upon his.

"I wish that I were witty, Alan," she said.

"So you are, my darling," he laughed.

"Not so witty as Lady Fraser," she said.

"I should not wish you to be witty after the same fashion. Lady Frazer is what we call *chic;* you are original and poetical, which is far better."

"Are you sure it is better?" she asked.

"Yes; there is no doubt about it," he answered; and the words pleased her.

But the same morning, in her coquettish way, Lady Fraser caused a little scene about a spray of apple-blossom that she had gathered. She came into the dining-room at luncheon-time, her face bright with the fresh morning air, her eyes brilliant as the sunshine itself—the spray in her hands.

"Look," she said to the gentlemen who crowded round her—"was there ever such a beautiful little spray as this?"

She held it so that all might see the dainty, exquisite color; and the picture of that dark-eyed woman, with the spray of apple-blossom in her hand, was one never to be forgotten by those who saw it. They listened, too, in wonder—she had so many pretty fancies about it. She could say a hundred quaint and picturesque things where another would have been silent.

"To whom shall I give it?" she said, looking round with dark, laughing eyes. "Who deserves it most?"

Each gentleman urged his claim; Alan alone said nothing. She turned to him with a smile.

"You have not spoken," she said; "I will give you the prize."

Their eyes met as their hands met, while he took the spray of apple-blossom from her.

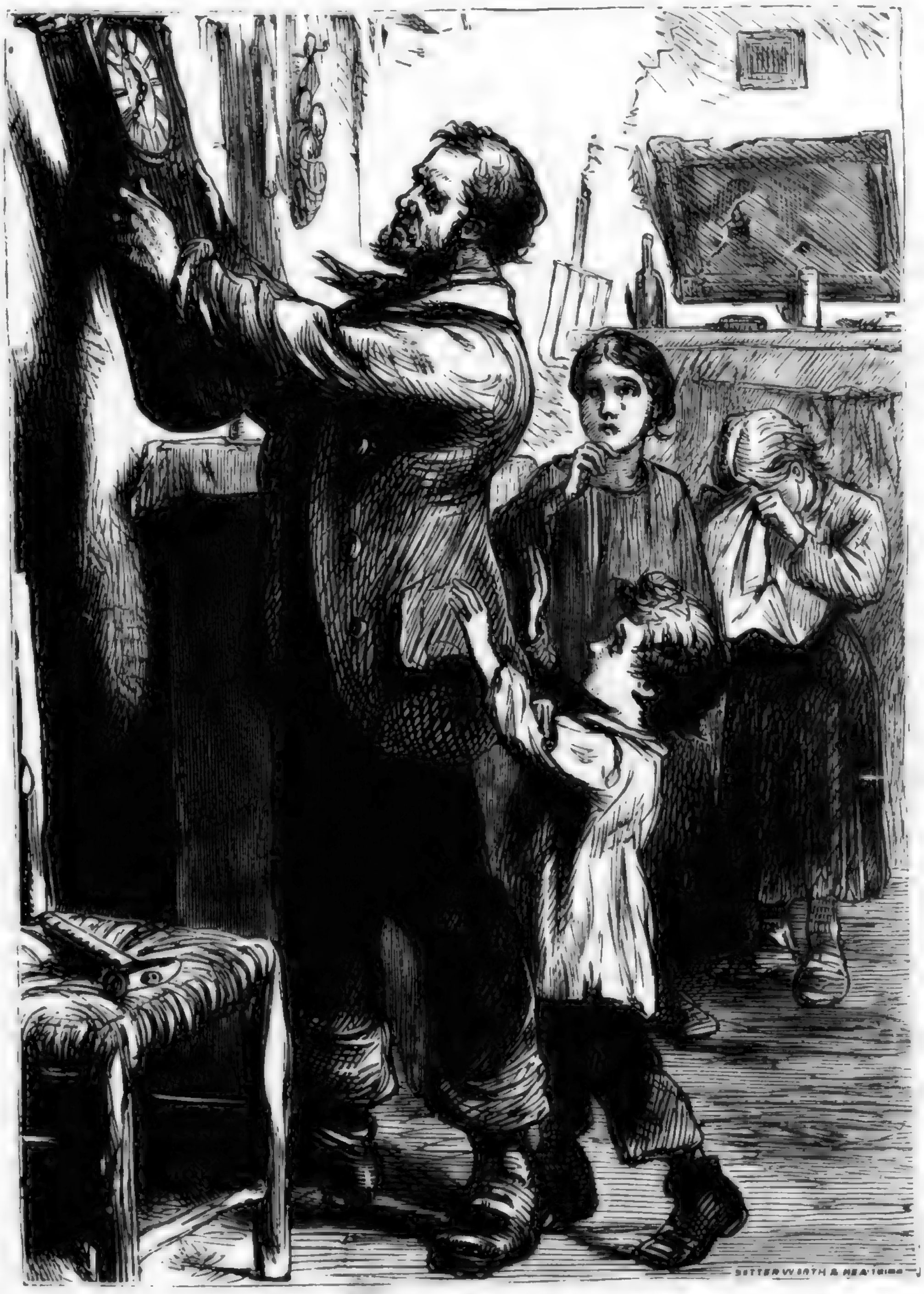
There was more than one look of wonder, more than one significant smile. It was so well known that Alan was to marry Hyacinth, that more than one curious glance sought her face, and saw that it had grown pale. She laughed the impression away; after all, it was not Alan's fault that this dark-eyed woman admired him; who could help it? She told herself that she ought to be proud of it; she said to herself that she would never be jealous.

(*To be continued.*)

# THE ARMS OF THE MEDICI.

## A Sketch of the History of Pawnbrokers.

In times of financial distress, such as have overshadowed Great Britain, Germany and the United States during the past seven or eight years, one of the most courted of tradesmen is certainly he whose lineage, manners and customs, customary locality and habitation, and general history, it is purposed to consider in the present writing.



THE CLOCK MUST GO TO THE PAWNBROKER'S.

In such times, it is assumed that the "pawnbroker" is most successful, and that he reaps a rich harvest of shekels by grinding the needy, who must needs apply to him, by the closest contraction of his loans, and the most liberal interpretation of interest. The facts are quite the reverse in every particular. In hard times the pawnbroker suffers with the rest. He is constantly called upon to make loans, while the number of redemptions grows as constantly less as the times grow harder. And as such a period renders it quite impracticable to sell unredeemed pledges at anything like a fair valuation, the pawnbroker finds his capital going out, and a tremendous stock of unsalable articles collecting on his hands.

That pawnbrokers should ever be embarrassed financially has not been imagined; yet the past few years have found many in this situation, and for the very reasons given above. One does not make money by lending on pledge, unless the interest is paid and the pledge redeemed—excepting when money is plenty and pawnbrokers' sales are well attended and command high prices.

The history of this institution carries us back to the Middle Ages, and the emblem of the "three golden balls" is claimed to have been derived from the arms of the great Medici family of Florence, who flourished from the fourteenth to the sixteenth century. This family was distinguished in Florentine history as early as 1351, when Giovanni di Medici retrieved the fortress of Scarperia by forcing his way through a Milanese army with only one hundred followers. The family were early engaged in commerce, and a second Giovanni was the most successful merchant of his time, and left his immense estate to his two sons, Cosmo, called "the Great," and Lorenzo, "the Magnificent."

The Medici were prominent in Florentine politics for a century and a half, and were greatly esteemed, also, for their liberal solicitude for the Arts, and the protection and encouragement which they extended toward artists. One of the sons of Lorenzo became Pope in 1513, under the title of Leo X. A grandson of Lorenzo was the father of the celebrated Catherine de Medici.

The part played by the Medici in the matter which we are considering was, traditionally, the furnishing of their arms as a sign, and their memory as founders of the institution of pawnbroking. The story goes that the first Medici obtained their name from their profession—Medicine—and that they were accustomed to hang the sign of the three golden "pills" at their door to attract attention. So, when certain Lombard bankers and money-lenders, distant relations of the family, visited London in the sixteenth century, and set up loan-offices in that city, they hung out the *arms* of the family, which became known as the "three golden balls," and indentified with loan establishments for ever after.

XUM

This is only one of the stories told on this subject, and winds up with the argumentative clincher that it must be true, as Lombard Street, London, the great banking locality, was evidently named after these Lombard bankers, the Medici. One theory asserts that the Troubadours, those charming minstrels of the Middle Ages, gained their appellation from some connection with the "*tres boules d'or*"; though in what way is not stated.

A very pretty legend is that of St. Nicholas, whose symbol or emblem happens to be three "purses" or balls of gold, disposed in the manner of the pawnbroker. This legend runs after this wise: "Now, in that city (Panthera, in the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor) there dwelt a certain nobleman who had three daughters; and, from being very rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life; and oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When (St.) Nicholas heard of this, he thought it shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known; and while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter.

"A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night, and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch; and when the good Saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered; for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, 'Oh, Nicholas, servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?' And he kissed his feet and his hand. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city.

"These three purses of gold, or, as they are more customarily figured, these three golden balls, disposed in exact pawnbroker fashion, are to this day the recognized special emblem of the charitable St. Nicholas."

The connection of this legend and of the emblem of St. Nicholas with the pawnbrokers' business is a little misty and inexplicable, since the most liberal indorsement will not make the pawnbroker out a charitable person. But there is a connection which is reasonable, and that is concerned with the foundation of "Monts de Piété"; which, having been organized by monks, and in Italy—under the title of *Mons Pietatis*—nothing is more reasonable than to suppose that they should have adopted the emblem of the good St. Nicholas as their sign.

The origin of this institution is thus fancifully related: "One gloomy day in the year of grace, 14—, the City of Padua, in the States of Lombardo-Venetia, lay within its stone walls and seven gates, while the traffic in the market-place went on with the busy hum and noise common among the money-making Jews of that respectable city on market-day. Times were hard in Padua, as indeed they were through all Italy, and the unhappy citizens were nearly all engaged in discounting, renewing, coaxing, beating down, and reviling the Hebrew money-changers in every idiom known to their fluent tongues and rich language. It was noon, and business was at its height, when a sudden excitement seemed to sway the crowd on the *Prato*, and immediately thereafter a loud voice was heard as the speaker approached the money-changers whose tones betokened excitement of no light character.

"The figure of a Minorite friar, in the quaint garb of his Order, gesticulating, and haranguing the populace at high noon on a market-day, was no common sight to the Paduans, and for a moment their woes were forgotten as they turned to listen to the bare-footed padre. By the tumult that preceded and followed him it was soon discovered that his remarks were calculated to discompose the busy Jews, and their effect was speedily observed. At the highest pitch of his voice, Francisco di Viterbo called down anathemas upon the heads of the usurers and the brokers of the day. Characterizing them as grinders of the poor and robbers of the widow and the orphan, he prayed the wealthy merchants who listened to him to lend their efforts to further a scheme he had thought upon to save these poor wretches about him from misery and starvation. The scheme was only that the rich should lend gratuitously to the poor on pledges or pawns, and so relieve their wants without risk or sacrifice, and at the same time suppress the Jews, who, like vampires, fluttered about the city, sucking the life-blood of the needy."

The friar was listened to with attention, and, what was more, he was heard with satisfaction. On that day, the Mont de Piété and its relation, the ordinary pawnbroker's shop, were both born; for the Jews soon found that they could turn the idea to their own advantage by charging interest on the loans made; and with that pliancy and adaptability, born of long abuse and tyranny, they speedily changed their financial tactics to their own advantage in this direction.

Of course there was loaning on pledges long before the fifteenth century. The ancient Egyptians had a law which forced every one who borrowed money of another to pawn the body of his father, or next nearest relation deceased, as security for the debt. Until this pledge was redeemed, the law deprived the borrower of the privilege of burying any member of his family who might die in the meantime; and if he died himself, his bones remained unburied—the creditor holding legal possession of the family tomb. All this was esteemed exceedingly disgraceful, and the full force of the law was consequently seldom exercised—members of the family coming in to assist the unfortunate debtor in redeeming his pledge.

Christian, King of Denmark, is said to have pawned the Orkney Islands to King James III. of Scotland in the fifteenth century, for fifty thousand florins. He had agreed to pay a heavy dowry with his daughter, who married the Scottish monarch, and not having money enough in the treasury, was obliged to resort to this measure. Earlier than this, by some centuries, it is said an English king, on his way home from Palestine with a batch of Paynim prisoners, was forced to pawn the lot to obtain cash for his traveling expenses.

A story is told of still another king who borrowed on a pledge, this being Charles the Bold, who, when in the Netherlands, and requiring money to carry on some of his operations, pledged a diamond which, in those days, had the reputation of being the largest in Europe. When the King's treasury had become once more replenished, he sent a page with the money to redeem the diamond. This duty the boy performed, but on his way home was attacked and murdered. On hearing what had happened to his emissary, Charles gave orders that the body should be preserved, and immediately repaired to the spot where the murdered youth was lying. He ordered the body to be cut open, when the diamond was found precisely where the trustworthy agent had placed it, according to the orders of his master, "for such a case made and provided."

But so far as the modern system of pawnbroking is concerned, it certainly owed its existence to the "happy thought" of the Minorite friar of Padua. And the civilized world did not long remain unacquainted with the importance and value of the institution. And, of course, the new scheme was not established without virulent opposition. There were far too many antagonistic influences at work for this. The Jews were not going to give up their practices at once; and, curiously enough, too, the very people whom this plan was designed to assist fought against it desperately at first, with that spirit of conservatism which has always been a human characteristic. The different Church Orders, too, arrayed themselves for and against the money-lenders, according as their interests or prejudices dictated. Thus, the Franciscans, who did a good deal in the money-lending way themselves, bitterly opposed the new system; the Dominicans, on the contrary, sustained it. Battles-royal occurred between the opposite sides, and the feud waxed hot and hotter, until the Pope issued a Bull charging every one to refrain from troubling the new institution, on pain of excommunication; and then its enemies let it alone.

At first no interest was charged by the managers of the Monts de Piété, and on this basis establishments were founded in all the large towns in Italy. Assisi, Mantua, Parma, Naples and Rome were among the first to adopt them, and soon they spread into Germany, France and Russia. These establishments were known, besides the names already given, by those of "Lombard Houses," "Banco di Rovere," "Exchange Banks," etc. In Rome, Gregory XIII. established a bank of deposit for widows and orphans, the deposits being guaranteed by a mortgage on the property of the bank. Sixtus V. extended the scope of this establishment, and it soon reached a height of wealth and business hitherto unexampled in the history of banking, being frequently enabled to extend large loans to states and sovereigns. In Turin, when the Jews held the money-power, thirty per cent. was common interest; now a Mont de Piété was established there (1519), and with the result of driving out the Jews and relieving popular distress. But the fact of charging no interest prevented the possibility of profit, and pretty soon the capital of these establishments gave out. They would have had to suspend, had it not been that the "Compagnie de St. Paul" came to their rescue, and, by organizing on a new basis, charging two per cent. interest for expenses, succeeded in re-establishing them on a firm basis.

The Turin Mont de Piété lasted until near the close of the eighteenth century, when it was overturned in the midst of the political convulsions of the time; it was, however, again reopened in 1822. Milan has a "Mont" which is nearly four hundred years old, and is formed by the union of thirty-six different establishments. Like the others in Italy, it has been frequently affected by the political disturbances, and once disappeared altogether. In 1833 its capital was 671,000 Austrian livres, the interest charged being six per cent. In 1830 this institution had out 36,126 loans on pawns valued at 1,137,000 livres, on which the loans amounted to about three-fourths of the valuation. A very early establishment existed at Cremona, in Italy, for lending corn at interest; it was called *Mons frumenti pietatis.*

The custom of charging interest was established in 1515 by the Lateran Council, which decided that Monts de Piété could charge sufficient interest to pay expenses. In Rome the original charge was 6½ per cent., but this was afterward increased, and the rate has always varied greatly in different localities, but has always been less in Italy than elsewhere. In Holland the interest has been as high as 56 per cent., in Ireland 25 per cent., France about 15 per cent., America 25 per cent., and England 20 per cent., per annum.

When Napoleon entered Italy in 1796, he robbed the Monts de Piété of their treasures, consisting in many instances of valuable plate and diamonds.

Monts de Piété were established in Marseilles in 1695, and in Paris, by Louis XIII., in 1726. The institution in Paris is probably the largest in the world, and is conducted on the best business principles. Its rate of interest is 9 per cent. It employs a capital of from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000, and usually has between 600,000 and 700,000 articles in its possession. The revenue of this immense establishment is about $250,000 per annum, out of which only $90,000 has to be paid in expenses. The money loaned by this Mont has been calculated to be equivalent to 80 francs per annum to every family in Paris. But although the Paris Mont is thus enormous in its operations, and thus successful at present, it was not a success when first established by Louis XIII., and soon after gave up business. In 1769 Turgot tried to re-establish it on a sound basis, but unsuccessfully; and it was not until Necker's administration of the finances of France, in 1777, that it became firmly based under letters patent. During the Revolution its functions were suspended, but were revived in 1804. The building of this Mont de Piété was erected in 1786, in the Rue des Blanc Manteaux, No. 18. During the Revolution it was destroyed and rebuilt. At present it is comprised in a structure which was five years in building.

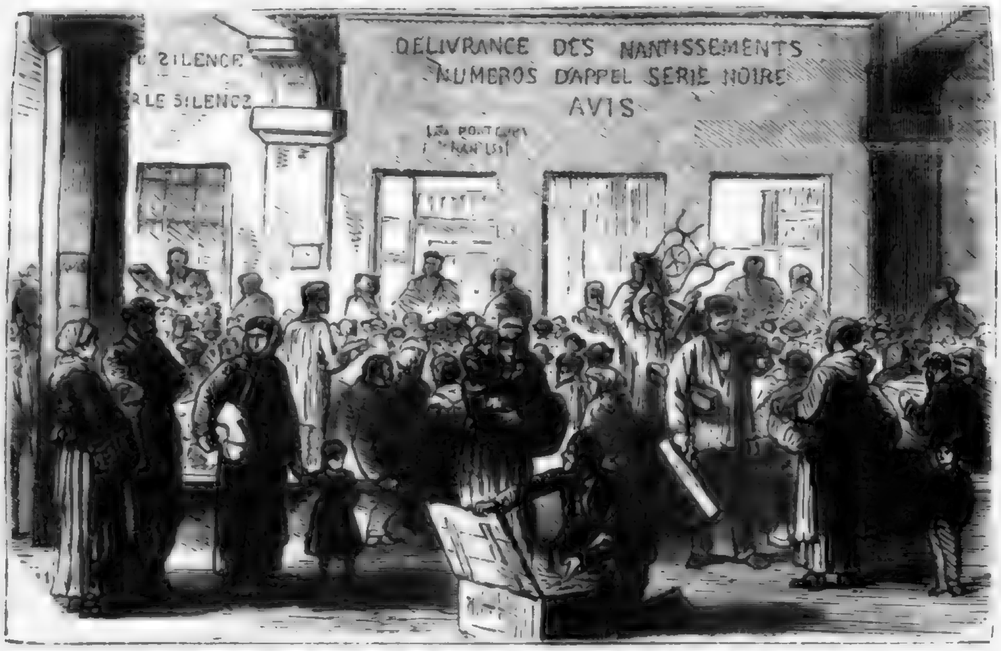
Under the Mont de Piété system Paris is divided into districts, in each of which is an agent of the principal establishment. By this subdivision the enormous labors consequent to the duties of so large an establishment are made less burdensome. There are about fifty Monts de Piété in France, the one in Paris doing more business than all the others, and those of Lyons and Marseilles rating next in order.

The first Danish Mont de Piété was established at Copenhagen in 1688 by private persons, in whose hands it flourished until 1753, when it was purchased by the Naval Hospital for $3,000 (6,000 Rix bank dollars). The rate of interest in Scandinavia is usually from nine to twelve per cent.

In Russia, two Monts de Piété were established in 1772, as was stated, "to put an end to the devouring cupidity of the usurers, by offering prompt assistance to those who are so unfortunate as to be suddenly thrown into need."

The income from these Monts, over the expenses, is devoted to the sustenance of the "Hospice des Enfants Trouvées," which is an institution greatly favored by the Russian Government. The net profits of the Russian Monts in St. Petersburgh during the first twenty years of its existence amounted to 500,000 rubles (nearly the same number of dollars).

The average value of articles deposited at this period was from $30 to $100 each; but after 1830 this average largely increased, and the statistics show that this Mont has always been used more extensively by the nobility and gentry than by the lower classes. It is a peculiarity of the Russians, however, that they think no more of applying for assistance to a Mont de Piété than do the people of other nationalities of requesting discount at their banks. The Russian nobleman will have his magnificent equipage driven to the "Lombard," where he will deposit his plate

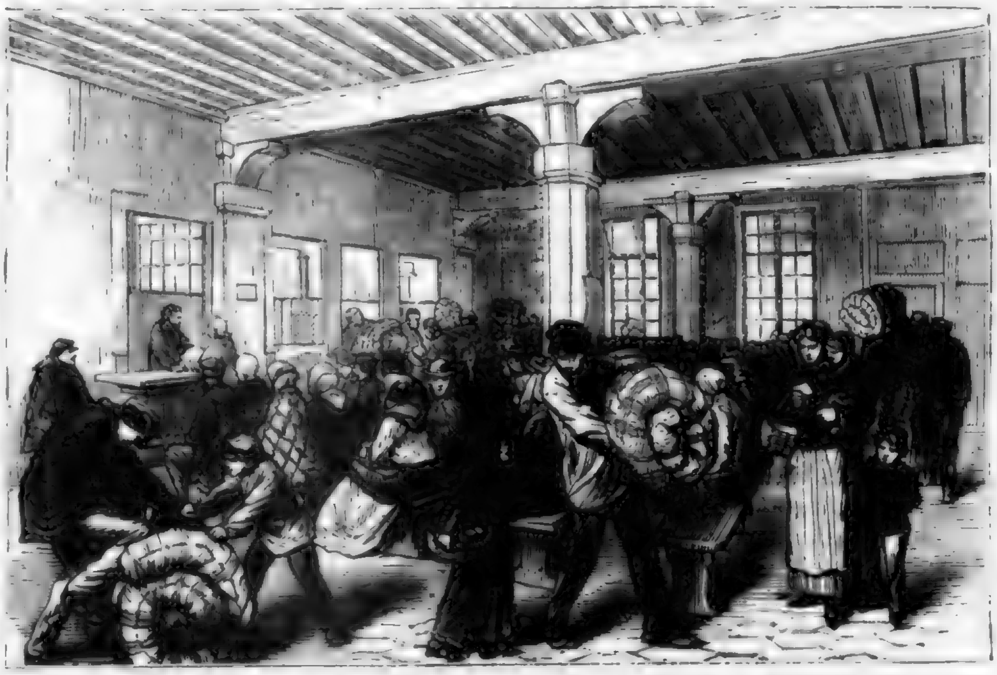


CHARITABLE REDEMPTION OF PLEDGES AFTER THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

or jewels, worth perhaps thousands of dollars.

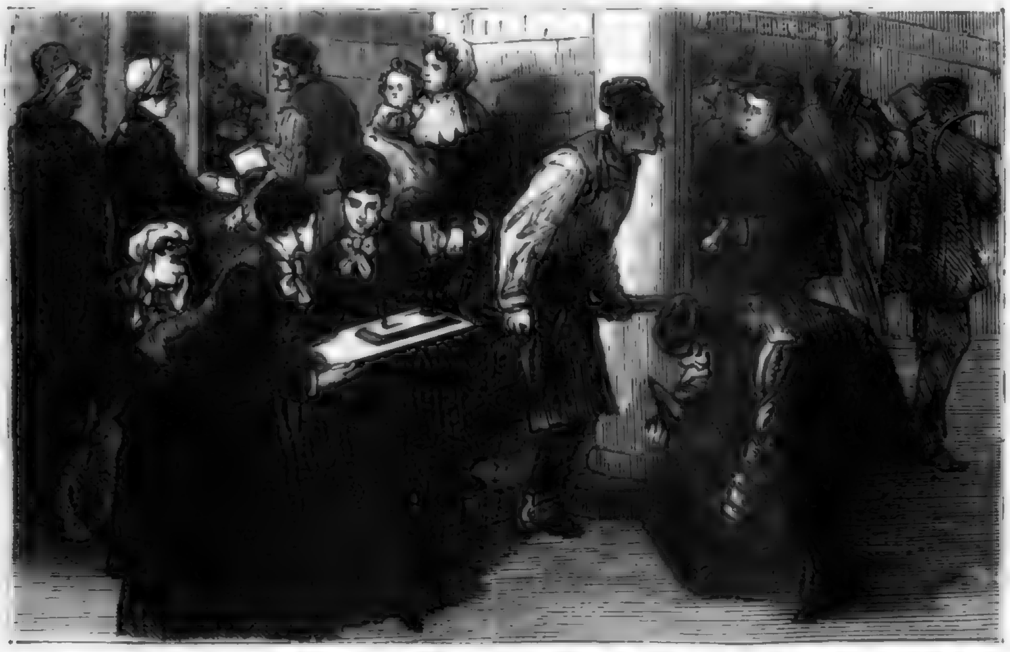
Families of Moscow, intending to be absent from their homes for a time, often deposit their plate in the Mont, merely for the sake of the security thus afforded them. In 1813, when Napoleon marched against Moscow, the Mont loaned more than five times their usual average. In 1817 the St. Petersburgh Mont lost more than $1,000,000 by a "breach of trust." As the profits at that time averaged $300,000 per annum, the amount was soon made up.

It is a little remarkable that the Mont de Piété is *pur et simple* a Continental institution; it has never flourished outside of Europe. One was established in 1837 in Limerick, which was only passably successful. In fact, as soon as the "Mont de Piété" crossed the Channel, it became reduced to be the ordinary "pawnbroker" of the period.

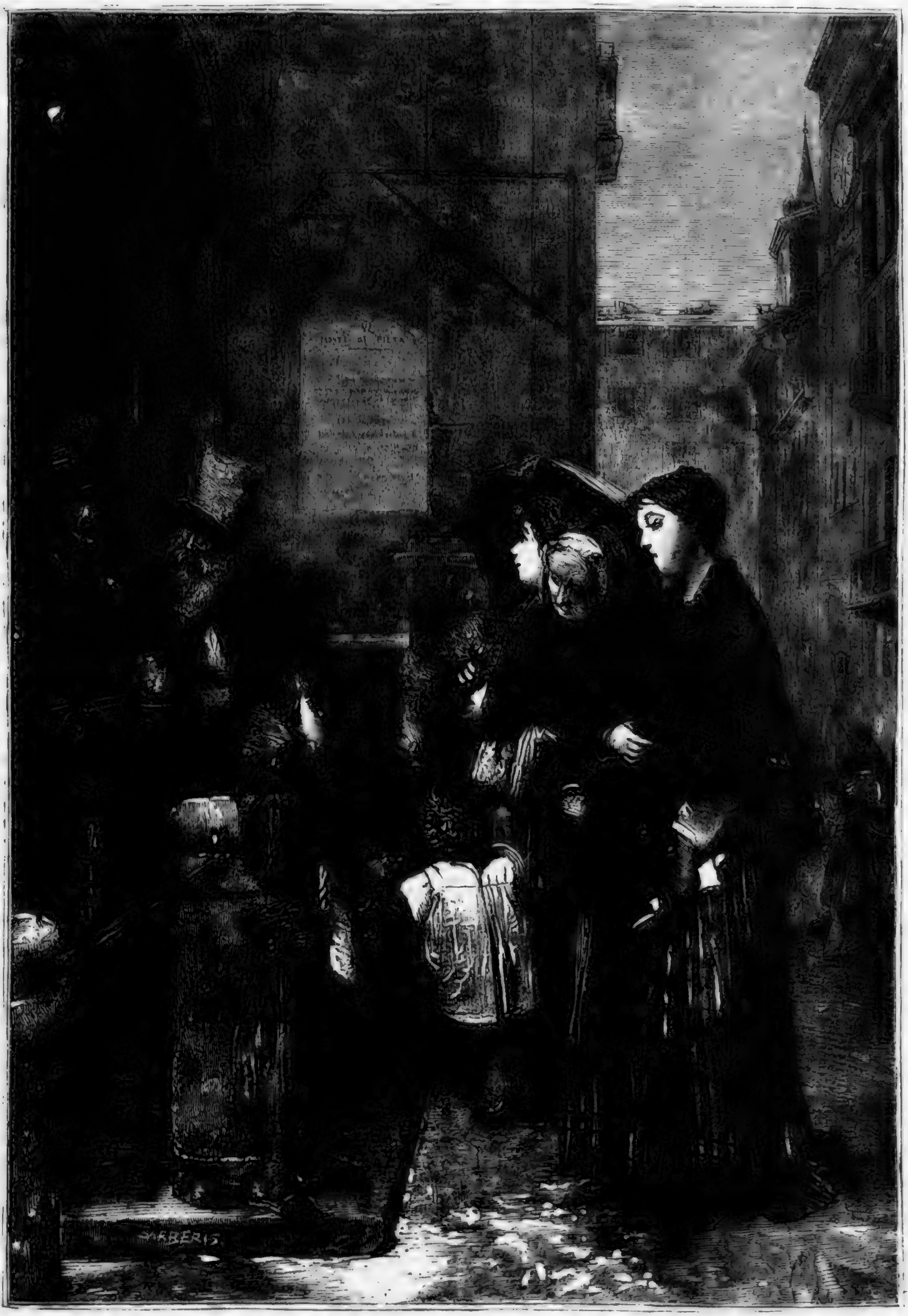


CLOTHING AND BEDDING OF THE POOR REDEEMED IN WINTER BY NAPOLEON III.

It is believed that the first pawnbrokers were Jews, who, driven out of the trade in Europe by the successful establishment of Monts de Piété, repaired to England to set up such a copy of the institution as should seem to afford the same privilege, while actually returning a handsome profit to their own coffers. Not that the Jews were not in England long before this. Indeed, we find traces of them there before the Norman Conquest; and during succeeding reigns they increased in numbers and flourished, through their practice of lending money at usury. But the public feeling began to grow against them, and in the reign of Henry II. they were only permitted to bury their dead within the limits of the City of London. In the time of Richard I. this feeling had so increased that public attacks were made upon them, and their extermination was threatened. Readers of Scott's "Ivanhoe" will remember this period as it was presented in the picturesque and dramatic situations of that writer. Henry III. is alleged to have sold all the Jews in the kingdom to his brother, for the sum of 5,000 marks. Finally, in the following



GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION OF HOUSEHOLD IMPLEMENTS AND TOOLS AT THE PARIS MONT DE PIÉTÉ.


MONTE DI PIETA

THE ARMS OF THE MEDICI.—AT A MONTE DI PIÉTÀ, ITALY.

reign, all the Jews were expelled from England, and upward of 15,000 were dispossessed and fled the country. But this persecution was not confined to England. From the twelfth to the seventeenth century, the Jew had nowhere to rest his foot in safety. He was literally the "Wandering Jew," and nothing in history is more full of pathos than the melancholy tale of the persecutions of this race.

During the desolation occasioned by the "Black Death" (1348–50), when the Plague depopulated Europe from the Volga to the Atlantic, the Jews were accused of having caused the pestilence, and were hounded from city to city, and village to village, beaten, spurned, burned at the stake, assassinated on the highway, murdered in their houses, their property appropriated and their children enslaved. In 1493, 20,000 families of Jews were banished from Sicily. They were burned at the stake in Spain, under the Inquisition's orders, and an *auto da fé* of Jews was a holiday spectacle which has never been equaled, even by a bull-fight. Seventy thousand families were permitted to remain in Portugal for a few months, by paying enormously for the privilege—and were then driven forth again.

At length, Cromwell allowed them to settle in England, and the business of money-lending, and that of the pawnbroker commenced to flourish there at about that time. Soon, pawnbrokers' shops were common in all the chief cities of the British kingdom, and all were well patronized. The Limerick establishment is reported to have loaned £13,000 in eight months on 70,000 pledges. The pawnbrokers' shops of Glasgow in one year received 539 coats, 355 vests, 288 pairs of trowsers, and 1,980 dresses—illustrating the business in the department of wearing apparel alone. In England, pawnbrokers are numerous and very wealthy; in London, alone, there are said to be 4,000 of them.

But nothing has ever equaled the business of the Paris establishment, where in one year 25,000,000 francs were advanced on 1,200,000 pledges; and in whose vaults there have rested at one time no fewer than 40,000 watches alone. Holland dealt largely in the ordinary articles, there being 108 pawnbrokers' shops there some years ago, 60 of which were in Amsterdam.

One pledging custom has given rise to a pleasant charity, which is common to many of the European States, and particularly in France. It is a common habit for workingmen to pledge their tools and implements when in distress, and a very beneficent kind of bounty is the establishment by crowned heads and other dignitaries, on special occasions, of funds to enable the withdrawal of these from the Monts de Piété. The Empress Eugénie was conspicuous in the direction of founding such a charity, and the good purposes which have been served by these means can scarcely be over-estimated.

Instances of the deposit of particular pledges, or anecdotes of interest in this connection, are not common, as the whole business is usually conducted behind the vail of secrecy. One quaint story comes down to us, though, that Tasso, the author of "Gierusalemme Liberati," pawned his father's waistcoat for *venticinque liri*, in 1570, which fact ought to be included among the tales of the straits and perplexities of authors. The poet Shelley, when a boy, pawned a microscope to relieve a case of distress which had come to his knowledge. Finally, in this connection, there appeared some years ago in the public prints in the United States the following notice:

> "A. Garard, a pawnbroker of Sacramento, has in pawn a gold watch made in 1769, which was presented in 1781 by Washington to Lafayette. It bears inside the case the following inscription: 'G. Washington to Gilbert Motier de Lafayette. Lord Cornwallis's capitulation, Yorktown, December 17, 1781.'"

Some patriotic individuals were seized with a sentiment of shame at this announcement—a purse was made up, the watch purchased, a committee presented it to the surviving member of the De Lafayette family at a choice banquet in Paris; and after the *éclat* of the thing had had time to cool, it was discovered that the watch was a terrible swindle. Some ingenious but disreputable and unprincipled wretch had procured the engraving of the inscription on a watch which chanced to have been made by the maker of an *actual* De Lafayette watch, and—presto! the thing was, what the French term, "*un fait accompli.*"

Pawnbroking is not confined to the Western nations. In China, this business is considered as respectable as any other, and some of the wealthiest merchants are engaged in it. And really it is a little difficult to account for the sense of disgrace which attaches to pawning and lending on pawns in Europe and America, always excepting Russia, where, as has been shown, no such scruples exist. As to the pawnbroker, wherein is he less dignified in his trade, who lends upon the pledge of a small object than he who lends upon a large one? And why is the man who loans money on your house more reputable than he who lends it to you on the pledge of your plate or your diamonds? Upon what grounds of common sense is the note-broker respected and the pawnbroker contemned of all men? And further yet, it would certainly appear more honorable, and more independent, to borrow your money from a pawnbroker on a sufficient pledge, and pay a sufficient percentage for the use of it—than to borrow it from a friend, pay no interest for its use, and very likely delay or default in the return of the loan. Altogether, the distinction is incomprehensible from a logical point of view, and the Chinese, who are an improvement on Western Barbarians in many ways, are not unlikely to be so in this.

However, in China the pawnbrokers hang out the sign, which they call *tong*, and which answers to the three golden balls of the Western brother. This sign is often found over the door of some elegant and spacious mansion; while in Shanghai the pawnbrokers' shops are the largest buildings in the city: they appear like old castles, with walls many feet in thickness. In Canton, after an inundation which once devastated that city, the Government levied a special tax on every pawnbroker to relieve the situation of those whose property had been injured or destroyed by the flood. As there were more than eight hundred pawnbrokers in Canton, the amount collected was respectably considerable.

The money of China comprises *cash*, *vuns*, *zes*, and *baugs*; a *cash* being reckoned at one-fourteenth of a cent; seven *cash* the *vun*; 70 *vuns* to the *zes*; and 700 *zes* to the *baug*—increasing in a ratio of 1 to 10. One-half of the estimated value of the article offered is generally loaned on it, and the licensed pawnbrokers charge twelve per cent. interest—articles being redeemable any time in three years. There are also unlicensed pawnbrokers who charge ten per cent. a month interest, and sell pledges which are not redeemed in three months. It is said to be a fact that not one pledge in ten, in China, is ever redeemed. The laws in regard to pawnbrokers are very strict, though the Government officials are not free from the suspicion of being sometimes open to bribery on the part of the brokers, when the latter get into difficulty.

Some curious pledges sometimes get into the pawnbrokers' shops. A traveler in China states that he once found in a large establishment at Ningpo, a bell and an idol, made of bronze, both of which articles had been pawned by a neighboring Buddhist convent. The pawnbroker offered to sell the idol for two dollars and a half. The Chinee puts no confidence in indorsed paper, and consequently the business of lending on pledges is enormous. The pawnbrokers' shops are so common in China that you see them at every turn. They are usually filled with valuables, and are frequently robbed by banditti, who obtain from them rich booty.

In Siam it is quite customary to pledge the person as well as the property of the borrower. And, indeed, this is so far the case also in China, that even emigrants to California pawn their wives and families for sums sufficient to enable them to pay the expenses of the journey from the interior to the seaport, and the voyage to America. In Siam, money loaned on cattle, carts, or other articles which may be rendered remunerative, is not permitted to receive interest. There, too, if the sovereign lends money out of his private treasury, he can charge seventy-five per cent. interest, while private persons can only receive half that sum. When the interest amounts to the sum lent, it ceases, unless a new arrangement is effected.

In Hindoostan the pawnbrokers loan money, chiefly on grain, to the farmers. These lenders sometimes have as much as five lacs of rupees capital—a lac being 100,000 rupees, or fifty thousand dollars.

In Morocco the Jews do the money-lending, loaning on pledges at the rate of about forty per cent. interest per annum.

In the United States the pawnbrokers' business is a comparatively recent innovation, dating back but little more than half a century. It is a little curious that our ancestors should not have found it necessary to resort to this method of gaining means to carry on their early attempts at trade and livelihood. It is, however, admitted that it was not until 1822 that one Stevenson, a London pawnbroker, opened an establishment of the same character in Chatham Street, and which still exists, and is one of the largest in the country, in the hands of his immediate successors. The ice once broken in this direction, it was not long before the institution existed throughout the country, and every city and large town had its pawnbroker's establishment, while in the large cities they increased in number very rapidly. The census of 1870 gave the number of pawnbrokers in the United States at 384, divided as follows: California 43, Connecticut 2, Georgia 1, Illinois 39, Indiana 5, Iowa 1, Kansas 3, Kentucky 1, Louisiana 2, Maine 1, Maryland 5, Massachusetts 27, Michigan 17, Minnesota 1, Missouri 29, Nebraska 3, Nevada 1, New Jersey 1, New York 105, Ohio 27, Pennsylvania 41, Texas 4, Virginia 3, Wisconsin 1, the Territories 21. It is believed that this, the only official statement of statistics on the subject that we have, is very faulty, and that the figures are very much understated. While it is reasonable to suppose that the largest number of pawnbrokers are in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and St. Louis, it is almost incredible that there should not be more than are given in Louisiana and New Jersey. It is estimated that at present there are as many as one thousand pawnbrokers in the United States; there are 108 in the City of New York, and half as many in Brooklyn.

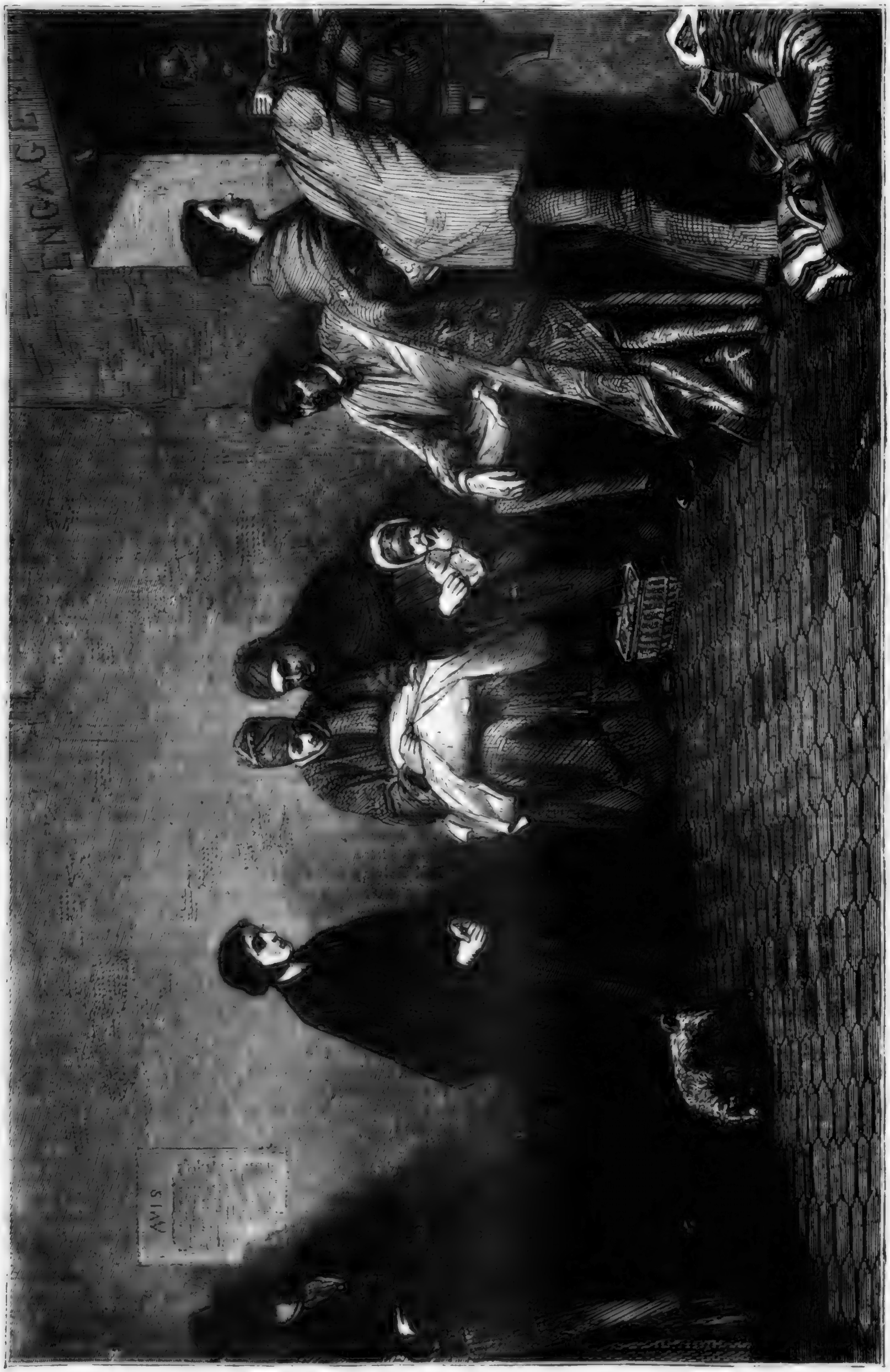
As to nationalities, the current idea that the pawnbrokers are all Jews is a great error. In the City of New York, for instance, not more than one-third of them are Jews, the rest being divided up among different nations, the Irish predominating. Walter Stevenson, the Englishman already mentioned, was able to procure legislation concerning his business, by which it was licensed and regulated through the passage of special laws, said to have been influenced by him. According to these laws, pawnbrokers receive twenty-five per cent. interest on their loans, and are obliged to keep the pledges received for a year, after which they can sell them at auction to the highest bidder. It is found that the redemption of pledges is much more general in this country than abroad, and it is believed that not more than ten per cent. of the pledges ever come beneath the auctioneer's hammer as "unredeemed." The usual custom among pawnbrokers in this country as to loans, is to give one-third of the estimated value of the article. In their judgment this class are very accurate, yet they occasionally find, and particularly in "hard times," that articles bring even less than the advances made on them.

The largest pawnbroker's establishment in this country is said to be that of a well-known firm in Chatham Street. From statements made by members of this firm to a reporter from one of the New York daily papers, we glean the following: The firm are relatives of the Stevenson already named, are English by birth, and learned the business in Stevenson's employ. In 1847 they founded their present business, and during the past five or six years they have loaned money on an annual average of more than one hundred thousand pledges, the amount lent exceeding $75,000 per month, or about $1,000,000 annually. During the Centennial year—or, rather, from February 1st, 1876, to January 31st, 1877—the total number of pledges received by this house was 106,181. In July, 1876, they received 10,645 pledges, while in November the number was only 7,445, or nearly one-third less. It is an interesting fact that the largest number of loans are usually made in July and the smallest in November, not only in the experience of this house, but also in that of others in the same business. One reason assigned for this is that in July many families send their jewelry, plate and other valuables to the pawnbrokers' for safe keeping, preferring to pay a small interest and be relieved of the responsibility. It is more probable, however, that the cause of the increase of pawns in that month lies in the necessitous condition of the poor in midsummer, when many more are out of employment than in the Fall and Winter.

The largest number of pledges are received on Mondays, and the largest number of redemptions are made on Saturdays. This is natural, and easily accounted for by the ordinary system of wage-payments in this country. It does not, however, speak very highly for the economical principles of the working classes. Laborers and skilled mechanics pawn their tools when out of employment, and pawn their clothes to redeem their tools if they get a job. The charity of which we have spoken as existing in Europe, where funds are bequeathed or donated to afford means for the redemption of the tools of workingmen, has not yet been instituted in this country.

Another curious custom among the working classes is that of pawning their best clothes on Monday morning, and redeeming them on Saturday night. This is done more for safety than for the sake of the loan, the precaution being necessary, in the case of tenement lodgers, against danger from fire and from thieves.

Pawnbrokers' sales attract chiefly the class of second-hand dealers in miscellaneous articles, who sometimes pick up real treasures. The ordinary run of pawn sales comprises objects miscellaneous enough. Besides the thousand and one articles of wearing apparel, including every possible garment in every known material, there are watches, jewelry, musical instruments, tools, books, pictures, statuary, ornaments, household furniture, etc., etc. Sometimes ancient heirlooms are offered, at others "articles of virtue and bigotry," as saith Mrs. Malaprop, including rare vases, gems of antique engraving, carved work centuries old, jewels in quaint old settings. These are more open to inspection in the establishments of the second-hand dealers than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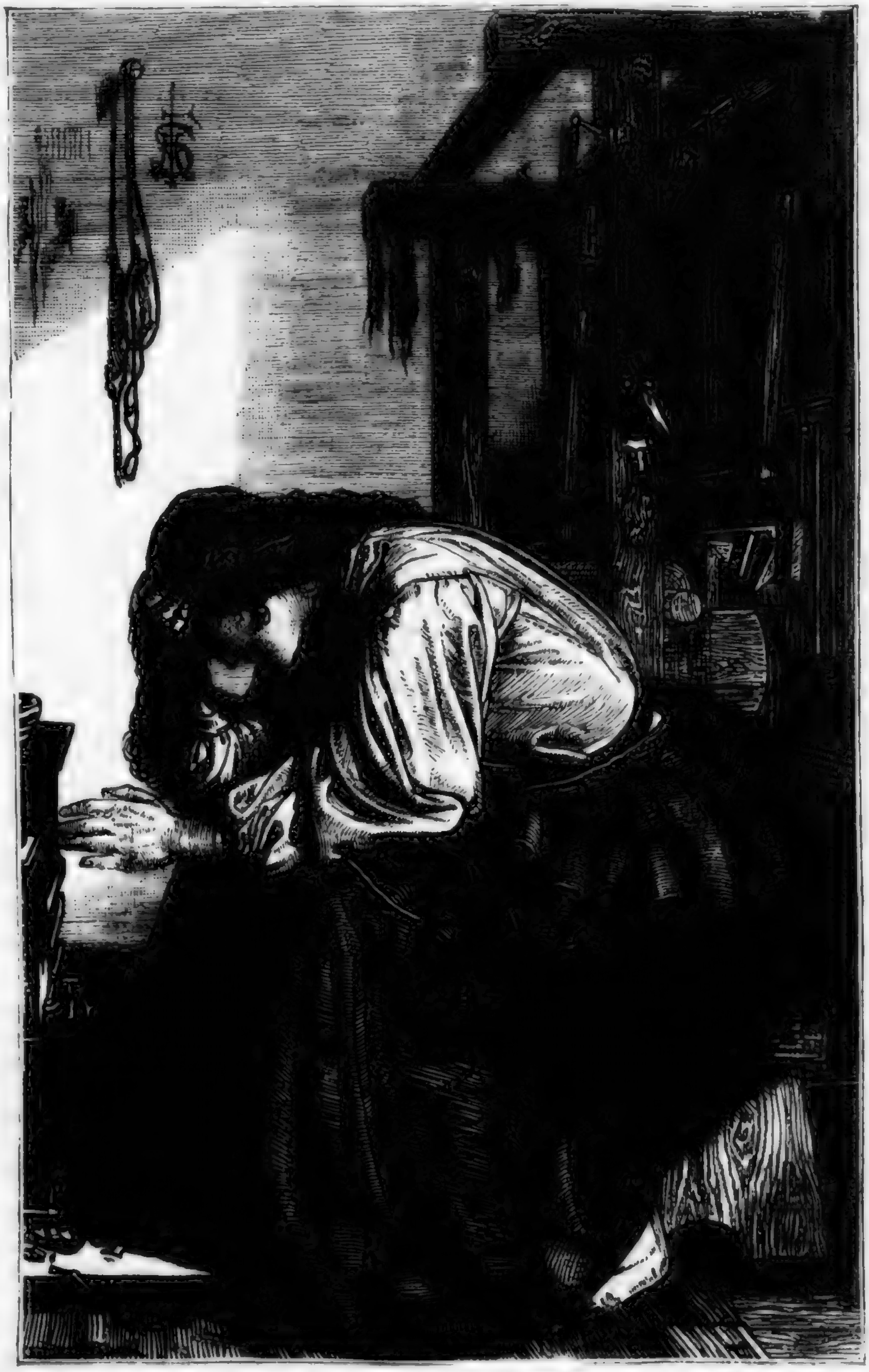
CHARMS OF THE MEDICI.—SCENE AT A MONT DE PIÉTÉ, IN PARIS.

in the pawnbrokers' shops, where they are invisible between the times of their deposit and withdrawal, and become only "Number ——."

There are several stores in the Bowery and Chatham Street, New York, where the product of pawnbrokers' sales may be seen, including some veritable curiosities. Not long since a curious old alarm-watch was found in such a shop, which bore an inscription dated nearly a hundred years ago, than which the watch was obviously many years older. In one Bowery store, not long ago, was a cane, a Malacca stick with a handle in ivory, carved to represent a dog's head. This handle was mounted on the stick with heavy silver bands set with jewels; an inscription bore the titles, "Earl of Pembroke," and the maker's name, "Cullun, Charing Cross, London." There was also exposed in the window of another shop a magnificent presentation sword, heavily jeweled and richly ornamented, and which had once been bestowed, for daring service, upon a distinguished general officer. A valuable painting was found under similar circumstances, and being purchased for a trifle, proved to be a veritable work of one of the Flemish masters.



DAYS WHEN PAWNBROKERS THRIVE.

The system of management of the pawnbroker's establishment in this country—and presumably abroad—is the perfection of business accuracy. Indeed it would be impossible to conduct a business dealing so largely in details without the closest record of its transactions, and the most absolute care over its complex arrangements. So nicely is everything adjusted, that it is the rarest thing for any article to be lost; while an article which has perhaps been in pawn for years (paying interest regularly) can be found in a few minutes. An examination of the arrangements of the large establishment already referred to reveals the most perfect order and system. Here, as is commonly the case, the office is small, and displays little evidence of the immense business transacted through it. A counter; one or two inclosed spaces, like sentry-boxes, where special or modest customers can be essentially private; shelves behind, with a few objects exposed—such as a French clock or two, a few musical instruments, etc.; and a dumb-waiter and desk. These are the customary appurtenances of the pawnbroker's shop of the period. On ascending to the second floor, which, in the case under consideration, is devoted to bedclothes and clothing, we find ourselves in a room extending the entire length of the building, which is a large one, and containing about two thousand bins, arranged along the walls. Each of these bins holds about twenty-five packages, each of which is a bundle, neatly folded and fastened, ticketed, numbered, and packed away in the order observed in the system of the establishment. Here are, perhaps, 100,000 different articles of bedclothing, all sorts of wearing-apparel, and in fact, everything of cloth material, dry-goods, etc. The average loan on each of these lots is about one dollar.

The next floor is devoted to miscellaneous articles, and the description is motley. Here are guns, pistols, swords, clocks, musical instruments—including banjos, guitars, violins, accordeons, *ad nauseam*, flutes, brass instruments, harmonicons; boots and shoes, work-boxes, statuettes, bronzes, vases, dishes, household utensils, books in all languages, family Bibles, glassware, cutlery, opera-glasses, microscopes, spy-glasses, umbrellas, etc., etc. Every article is ticketed, numbered, entered in a ledger, and placed agreement with the general organized system. Dumb-waiters and speaking-tubes connect the different floors with the main office, and clerks are at all times employed in examining, packing, unpacking and repacking, storing away, and searching for the myriad of constantly changing objects which fill this curiosity-shop.

In the basement, a large, well-lighted room is filled with rows of shelves—partitions containing these extending the whole length of the building. Here is the "Mechanics' Department," and here are all the heavier articles which are pledged. These comprise chiefly mechanics' tools and implements, articles of furniture, etc. In the office an iron door gives entrance to a large, roomy vault, built entirely of iron, and lighted with gas. All the customary burglar-proof inventions are applied here, including combination locks, chilled steel diversified by cannon balls, and possibly dire and terrible impending occurrences for the nefarious, in the shape of explosive compounds, man-traps, spring-guns, and what not?—but all of this latter is only surmised.

Within this safe, or vault, and around its sides, are small, shallow drawers similar to those common in jewelers' safes. In one corner are small bins, in which are heavy packages, ticketed, and numbered like all the rest. Opening these drawers, we count about a thousand watches, gold and silver, on which have been advanced sums varying between one dollar and a hundred. These are contained in fifty drawers. Twenty-five drawers are filled with finger-rings, bracelets, earrings, and jewelry of all sorts, and all kinds of precious stones. The bundles contain silver cups, ladles, forks, and about five hundred dozen of silver spoons. Leaving the safe, a packing-case attracts attention, and the visitor is told that it contains plated ware—part of the stock of a western merchant. It is indeed no uncommon thing for pawnbrokers to advance large sums on whole storesful of stock belonging to merchants in different parts of the country.

It is not always the case that those who pawn ask so much on a first loan as the lending value of the article. In such instances, if the borrower should care to increase the loan, he can do so at any time on application. The article is called from its depository, a fresh examination is made, a new ticket is given with the increased amount added, the interest to the date of the new application being deducted from the amount.

An article pawned is safe in the possession of the pawnbroker (excepting in case of fire or robbery, for which he is not responsible) until a year from the date of pawning. On that day, even, if the pawner appears and pays his year's interest, his pledge can remain, under the same law, for another year—and so on. Such incidents in the business often happen, persons keeping up their interest, and only withdrawing their pledge after several years' deposit.

It is but rarely that a pawnbroker gets "stuck" with a worthless article, an imitation jewel, counterfeit gold, or any of the other frauds that are framed or compounded to deceive the unwary. They are naturally sharp and clear-headed as a class, have long memories, quick perceptive faculties, and their wide and constantly increasing experience provides them with a fund of valuable knowledge which is ready to be drawn upon at a moment's notice. They can tell the precious metals on sight, no matter how cleverly counterfeited; can detect a false gem or a paste imitation almost without testing, and recognize the real value of a watch or instrument of precision after a few moments' inspection. Yet, despite all of this worldly-wise attainment, there are occasions with the smartest of them, when they are thrown off their guard and deceived, to their pecuniary detriment, doubtless, but with a new lesson of experience to arm them against similar instances in the future. One such case came to the knowledge of the writer in connection with one of the sharpest and most experienced pawnbrokers in New York. One morning a respectable-looking young man, a German, applied to this gentleman for a loan of $500 on a diamond. The stone was perfect, and was worth fully $700, and the pawnbroker advanced the desired amount. About a week after, the man returned and redeemed the stone, but the following week he pawned it again, letting it remain this time for about three weeks in pawn, when he again redeemed it. And so for about six months he continued to pawn the stone every two or three weeks, paying the interest. For the first few times that it was offered, the pawnbroker scanned it carefully, but having discovered a peculiarity in it which enabled him to identify it at sight, he would, after that, only look for this peculiarity, and thus became less careful. One day the young man brought in the diamond at a time when the broker was very much occupied, and after noting the mark, which he recognized, the latter advanced the money as usual, and the young man went his way. The pawnbroker thought no more of the matter until some weeks after, when his attention was called to the stone by his partner, who had taken it from the safe and was examining it closely. To the dismay of both, it was found to be a copy in paste of the original stone, "peculiarity" and all. All search for the young German at the address which he had given proved fruitless, and the pawnbroker lost his $500. The lesson was of value to him, however, and it is not likely he will ever be caught by that trick again.

Frequently, stolen articles are pawned at respectable pawnbrokers' shops, and on the owner applying for them and proving property, they are given up according to law, and the broker pockets the loss. But there are a low class of thieves' brokers, called "Fences," whose business it is to buy or lend on stolen goods, and these exist in all large cities. They melt up jewelry, break up watches and melt the cases, take precious stones out of their settings, and destroy the identity of valuables that come into their hands as speedily and as perfectly as possible. The police know the establishments of these wretches, and search there whenever robberies are reported. And the efficient officers of the law never—that is, hardly ever—lose a chance of bringing a "fence" to justice.

The moral results of the institution of pawnbroking are considered by some to be unfortunate—through the enabling of easy borrowing—but the point is scarcely well taken. The popular feeling among the middle classes is against application to the pawnbroker, and with them it seldom grows to be a custom. And certainly through this means the respectable middle-class poor are often saved, in desperate straits, from a much worse fate. As to the humbler class, it probably saves many from dishonesty, as without its means the practice of virtue would be met by pretty severe arguments in the way of misery often undeserved, but none the less difficult to them.

It is true, also, that while pawnbrokers, as a rule, are men who act on strict business principles, and permit no argument of necessity or distress to raise their estimate of the value of an article, yet instances have occurred of their bestowing in charity; of their returning pawned articles without requiring the amount loaned—in extreme cases; and of their giving up their interest, in cases where it was a real hardship for the borrower to pay it.

The goodness and charity of this world are not all in the hearts and acts of the so-called "legitimate" business men of this world (curiously enough), and it is matter of not a little satisfaction to learn, by extended examination, that kindness is frequently exhibited, even by pawnbrokers.

## LOST AND FOUND.

Only three years since she went away!
And how should her mother ever miss,
The look of that little face held up,
Or forget the mouth that she used to kiss?
*Know her?* Oh God! let me only brush
The hem of her dress in the crowded street,
I should find her soul in the air around,
And fall down glad at my darling's feet!

I should know her eyes, with their glancing brown,
And the chestnut gloss on her braided hair;
I should know the curve of her cheek and her chin,
And the dimple rosily dented there.
Her soul would meet me, straight and clear,
Through those upward eyes, if she passed me near!

But everywhere in the iron din
Of the restless, wicked, weary town,
I have sought her—drifting to and fro
With the tide that hurries up and down.
Day and night in the trodden ways—
Night and day in the wretched maze
Where the poor souls tread, through the pitiless roar,
The same old circle for evermore—

Through the dark wet lanes, in the reeking air,
Where a breath of heaven never blew;
High up the broken and rotting stair,
Each dreary corner I've wandered through;
Till the starving wretches know my name,
And for what I seek, and whence I came.

When the swift, soft roll of the carriage wheels
Goes by me, out in the sunny street,
I lift my eyes with a hungry stare,
For the eyes I know, for the face so sweet.
Silks and laces and jewels rare,
Gleams of gold in the braided hair;
Painted roses or faded cheek—
Lips that are haughty, or sad, or meek—
I see them all; but they never tell
Hint or tidings of lost, sweet Nell!

And faithfully, patiently—day by day,
I have stared at the image of Death and Sin;
Where the river washes the slimy piers,
And they gather its loathsome harvest in!
Cold, white limbs that lie dripping and bare—
Swathing garments, heavy and dank;
Seaweed washed in the floating hair,
And icy mouths that the foul wave drank—
Over them all have I leaned, to trace
The old, sweet curves in some white, wet face.

But the staring eyes were never those
That smiled at me, waking, long ago,
When the dawn rose red o'er the pasture hill,
And the robins twittered to and fro.
Eyes that had reached through the shadows of hell,
Or looked upon Christ—not *hers*, my Nell!

Or—dear Lord, pity us!—last of all,
I have trodden this wide and wicked road,
Where those who have sinned like Magdalene,
Hide away from the voice of God!
Look in my face, and tell me true,
Oh, poor, lost soul! as you hope for grace
In the day of wrath—if you ever knew
A little girl with an innocent face—

A little girl, who had wandered in
Like a poor, lost lamb, from the beaten ways;
Soft eyes of brown, and a sweet, red mouth,
Always athirst for love and praise:
Sweet lips—uncover your face, I say!
You are crying? You shrink from my touch away?

Look in my face! *You* are haggard and wan,
And *she*—it was only three years agone!
She was a child, my Nell, my Nell!—
Scarcely her innocent playtime done!
"Love and sin in an hour may mar
The fairest blossom that ever grew";
You speak with her voice—you look with her eyes—
Down at my feet, and tell me true!

* * * * * *

Up to my heart!—ay, close, as of old
You crept in the shadows of twilight time!
Close as ever you crept and clung,
Rocked to the tune of a nursery rhyme!
Hush—not a word! I have kissed your mouth—
Kissed it clean, till it smiles on me
With the very smile that my baby wore,
When she tottered clinging about my knee!
Safe and still on my breast to lie—
Nay, there needeth no word to tell!
Yesterday in the dust lies dead,
And we trample it down—my Nell, my Nell!

## IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.

One of the indefatigable race of British sportsmen, Mr. John Bradley, has recently published a most entertaining narrative of travel and sport in Burmah, Siam, and the Malay Peninsula, a region hitherto wholly unexplored by European Nimrods.

The author's miraculous escape from the jaws of a tiger, near Shallangat, in Burmah, is thus described:

At Shallangat we were informed that wild elephants and tigers, as well as deer and wild boars, were numerous in the adjoining forests, and we determined to have a day or two's sport before leaving the place.

We were up and ready for action by four o'clock, having engaged two of the village *shikarees* the preceding night. They put in an appearance punctually, but accompanied by fifty or sixty of the villagers, to serve as beaters. As we felt quite competent to beat up our own game, and only required guiding to the spot where it was to be found, we gave these gentry to understand that if they went we should expect to have their services gratuitously, especially as we were doing them a favor in helping to rid the country of a great pest.

The hint was sufficient. Finding they had nothing to expect in the way of reward, they declined to expose their precious persons, and fell away to their business—two or three at a time.

Striking off almost due south, we followed a narrow footpath through a dense forest where daylight was nearly excluded, our native huntsmen leading the way. The

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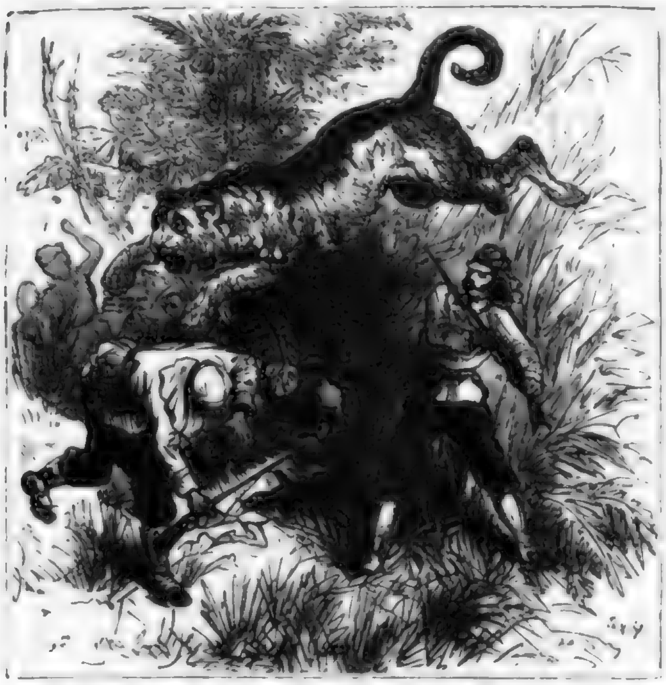
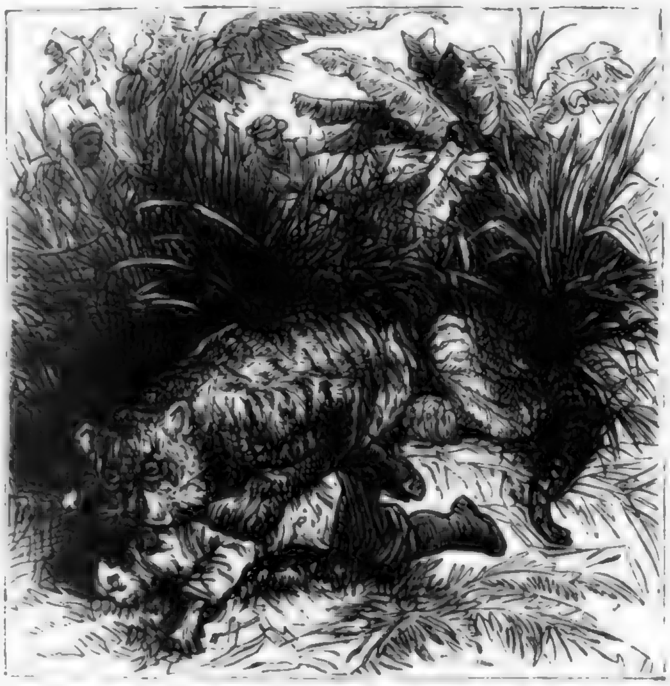


IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.—"BEFORE A THOUGHT OF THE CREATURE'S INTENTION HAD TIME TO FLASH THROUGH MY MIND, I WAS DOWN UNDER ITS PAWS."—SEE PAGE 219.



IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.—"IN AN INSTANT, AND WITH A TERRIBLE ROAR, THE CREATURE POUNCED UPON ME, SEIZING ME THIS TIME BY THE SHOULDER."

trees were at least a hundred and fifty feet in height, and matted together with gigantic creepers, bearing flowers of most gorgeous colors and patterns.

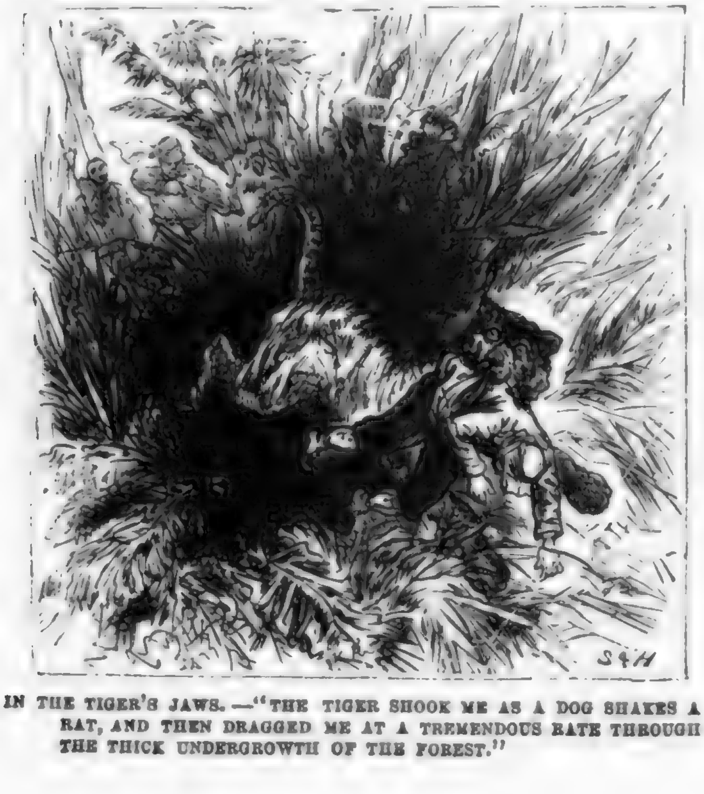
After four miles or so, we made a direct turn to the left, and shortly afterward emerged from the forest on to a jungle-covered plain of considerable extent Patches of bamboo thicket were here numerous, and afforded, our guide said, a usual lurking-place for tigers and boars. We accordingly made dispositions for the attack, ranging the *shikarees* and servants—of whom we had brought four with us, besides Akbar and Laoo (my own servants)—in a line with intervals, and placing ourselves near the centre.

Advancing slowly, we beat every patch of long grass and clump of bushes that was large enough to conceal any animal of size. The first game started was a large boar, which made off at a great rate, and was speedily followed by two more of its disturbed companions. We did not interfere with them, our object being to shoot tigers, of which we began to fear there were not so many in the neighborhood as our guide had represented.

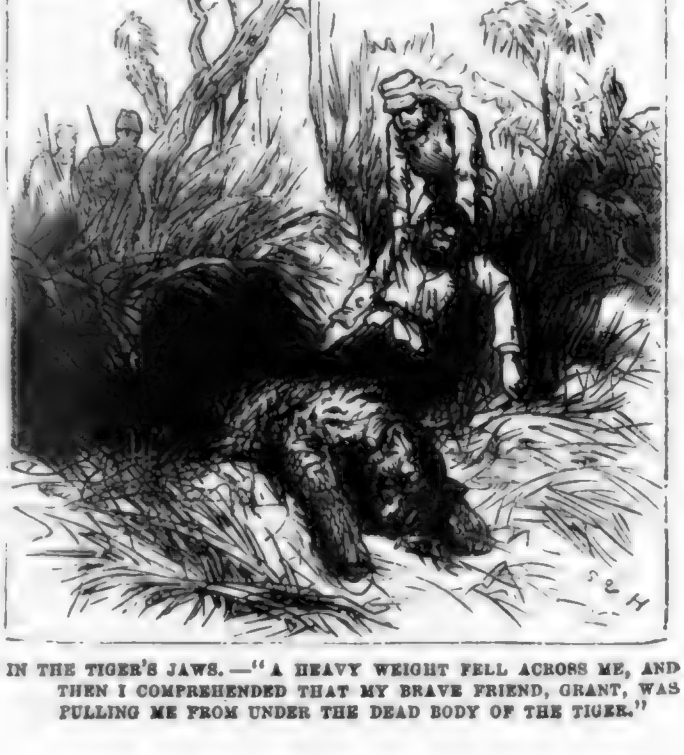
After three hours' fatiguing work we had reached the eastern extremity of the plain, and found ourselves amongst some low hillocks, fairly sprinkled over with large trees, and covered with tall, rank grass, where we made a halt for rest and refreshments.

In the afternoon we continued our march, but with no signs of being likely to meet with sport, and about four o'clock we turned toward our camp. We marched along carelessly, without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, "Beware, Sahib!" and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

A straggling volley was fired after it, and, though evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and, rearing itself upon its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree, just as a cat



IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.—"THE TIGER SHOOK ME AS A DOG SHAKES A RAT, AND THEN DRAGGED ME AT A TREMENDOUS RATE THROUGH THE THICK UNDERGROWTH OF THE FOREST."

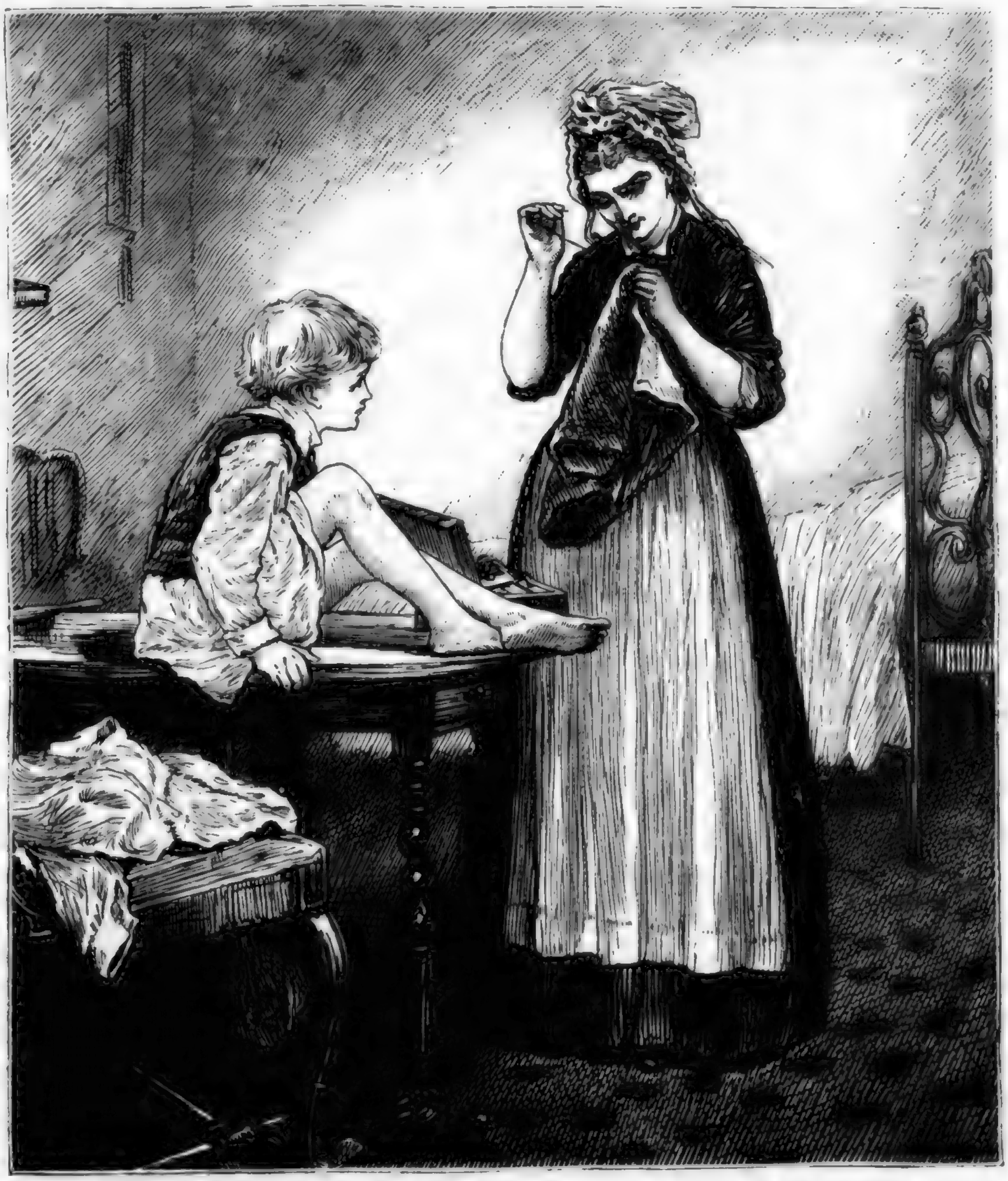


IN THE TIGER'S JAWS.—"A HEAVY WEIGHT FELL ACROSS ME, AND THEN I COMPREHENDED THAT MY BRAVE FRIEND, GRANT, WAS PULLING ME FROM UNDER THE DEAD BODY OF THE TIGER."

scratches the leg of a chair or table. Mr. Grant and myself fired simultaneously, but without effect, and, before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest.

I heard the frightened shouts of my companions and the reports of several shots, and then a dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness. As I was jolted through the forest, I several times caught hold of the trees, but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant.



GOLD AND GILT.—"HE SAT ON THE TABLE WHILE SHE SEWED A BUTTON ON HIS TROUSERS."

All this time, though quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to my danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances.

How long I was in the jaws of this brute I cannot tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run, and, though I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life; for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance, it must have been fatal to me.

The moment the tiger halted it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, though, as yet, I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to creep to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand.

In an instant, and with a terrible roar, the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws. A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to fire too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful, and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket.

I began to feel very faint, and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me. Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and commenced to spit, like an

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angry cat, at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but I could not see him owing to my position, for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bark of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my brave friend, Grant, was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger.

Captain Lacy and some of the others came up, and proceeded to stanch the flow of blood from my wounds. That on my thigh was the worst injury. The flesh was bitten and torn to such an extent that the bone was visible. The wounds on the chest were also severe; but my shoulder was not much injured. When the bleeding was stopped I fainted, and, upon recovering consciousness, found I was being carried along upon a rough litter formed of boughs. I suffered great pain, especially in the leg, and was exceedingly thankful when we arrived at our camping-place.

As soon as the news spread about Shallangat that a tiger had been slain, the people came crowding round our tent to see it. The hubbub they created was horrible. There was shouting, singing, beating of *tomtoms* and drums, blowing of reeds, dancing, and exulting over the dead animal. In my weak state the noise was particularly irritating; and as it was in vain to appeal to the sympathies of these people, the dead beast was removed to a distance, where the rejoicing continued nearly all night.

The following day fever had set in, and toward midday I became delirious. With a few lucid intervals, I was in this state for five days.

Although my companions, both experienced Indian sportsmen, abandoned all hope of my recovery—a belief in which they were confirmed by the unanimous opinion of our native servants—I managed to pull through after much suffering, and on November 20th, just a month after the catastrophe, I was again able to mount my horse and resume our journey.

# GOLD AND GILT.

By the Author of "The Dingy House at Kensington," "The Bridge Between," Etc.

## CHAPTER I.

### IN EARLY SPRING.

SHE was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, and did her best, in an innocent sort of way, to let other people know it; and she could not help thinking, as she walked along the Feltham road, that keeping company with Tom Dawlish—who was just a plain, honest, hard-working young fellow—was rather waste of time, and that marrying him would be altogether throwing herself away.

Her reflections came to an end at the door of Messrs. Bradbury's office, and she walked in, wholly intent on the bill she had to pay. A smart-looking young man received the money; and when the receipt was made out, and she turned to go, she found that the shower which had threatened for some time was coming down with a vengeance.

"Oh, dear!" she said. "And I have no umbrella."

"Wait here a few minutes, miss. It will soon be over," said the smart young man.

And then, having accepted his offer of shelter, Mary found herself, after a minute or two, thinking that he was "a very nice-looking young gentleman" (as she afterward described him to the cook), and that he had beautiful hair—it was so nicely curled—and he had a little dark mustache, and wore such a pretty blue necktie. Oh, he was very nice-looking, indeed!

"Are you Mrs. Poole's sister?" he asked.

Mary flushed as she replied truthfully—for she was far too good a girl even to equivocate—that she was not such a distinguished individual, but only the housemaid and nursemaid combined. And then he asked what her name was; and, with another blush, she told him that it was Clara, but Mrs. Poole said it was too fine a name for a servant, and so called her Mary.

"I shall call you Clara," he said—"shall I?" he added, with an appealing glance.

Mary felt her heart beat faster; something seemed to tell her that her destiny had come; and she had no words to say. So he followed up his successful sally with another one:

"Do you ever get out of an evening for a walk?"

"Sometimes," she said, softly.

"Will you go for a walk with me next time?"

"It wouldn't be right; you are quite strange, you see," she answered, slowly.

"Oh, we'll soon get over that, you know. Perhaps you are engaged, though?"

Mary's inconvenient heart gave a thump, for here was a good, practical question, which showed that he meant business—*i. e.*, matrimony.

"No, I'm not; but I'm wanted to be."

Not a very lucid answer, but he understood it.

"Who to?" he asked, coaxingly.

"Well, perhaps I oughtn't to say his name," she answered, slowly; for in this, the most important moment of her life, as she felt it to be, words seemed altogether to fail her.

"What is he?"

"He's—he's a carpenter."

"A carpenter!" he said, in a telling tone of injury, not unmixed with scorn. "Well, of course, if I am not better than a carpenter——"

"Oh, you are—you are, sir!" said Mary, in her excitement putting out her hand, and resting it for just a moment on his sleeve.

Mary lost her heart to the smart young man with the blue tie and the well-oiled hair. He never said anything more definite than he said that first day; but he was always ready to take her out, and most particular about her dress; and the result was that all her little hoard of savings went in more or less ill-chosen finery, and Tom Dawlish was forgotten.

There was only one thing she refused to do, and that was, she would not give up her Saturday afternoons to him. She had always had to take little Franky Poole out for a long walk on that day, it being his half-holiday, and she would never consent to his being allowed to run about wild in Kensington Gardens, as Alfred Hill (for so the smart young man was called) suggested, while she walked about with her fine sweetheart.

"He is such a wild little fellow; nobody knows what he might do if he had the chance."

"Ah, you don't care for me," said the hero of the coal-merchant's office, and the proud recipient of thirty shillings a week income.

No answer came, save that her clasped hands made one in their dumb movement of contradiction. Not love him! Why, every moment in the day was devoted to thinking of him; her work was neglected, her money spent, her place in a fair way to be forfeited, and poor Tom Dawlish nearly heart-broken, and yet he said she did not love him!

"Ah, you don't care for me!" he repeated, artfully enough; for no avowal of his own feelings had ever escaped his lips.

"Oh, I do, I do!" she said; and covering her face with her hands, let her head droop down upon his shoulder.

## CHAPTER II.

### AFTER THE SUMMER.

"I HATE school," Franky Poole informed her, one morning, as he sat on the table while she sewed a button on his trousers. "I should like to be a sailor."

"Goodness! Master Franky, what's put that into your head?"

"Oh, nothing; only Tom Dawlish was telling me about it—what they did in wrecks, you know, and all that. I should like to be on a raft, I should." And he drew his naked toes up on to the table, and wriggled them about at the thought of the great things he would do. "Tom's coming to-day—I heard mamma say so; and if he isn't gone when I come back this afternoon, I shall ask him more about it."

"I'd tell him not to go filling the child's head with such nonsense, only I don't want to get in his way," Mary thought.

But, somehow, Tom got into her way that afternoon.

"Look here, Mary," he said; "I want to speak to you. It isn't that I want you to look at me if you haven't a mind to, though goodness knows I'd do anything for you; but I don't want to see a nice girl like you a-lowering of herself by walking out with a chap like Alfred Hill."

"What's it got to do with you?" she asked, angrily.

"Why, just this; that I've found out a bit about him, and he's only laughing at you, and thinking you are a nice-looking girl when you are dressed up, to walk about with; but as for marrying you, he'll no more do it than that"—and he snapped his fingers; though what that action had to do with Mr. Alfred Hill's intentions he did not explain. "Why, he's going to marry the daughter of Mr. Brooks, what travels for the firm—that's what he's going to do. Ask him, and see if he can deny it. Why, it's coming off directly, only she's nothing to look at, so he isn't fond of showing her off; but she's got some money, she has, and plays on the piano, and looks a lady."

"How do you know it?". Mary asked, her very lips turning white; for her exacting heart knew that he had fallen off lately—that he was not what he had been in the Spring (the Summer was over). Not that for a single moment she believed Tom's words.

"Why, I work there, and the servant told me. Besides, I've seen him go there courting."

"I don't believe it. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" And she rushed away to hide her gathering tears and frightened face.

She wrote to him, asking him to meet her that night; but he replied with an excuse that made her heart sick. He would meet her to-morrow (Saturday) afternoon in Kensington Gardens if she liked, he said; and to this she consented, and for the first time, and for his sake, was false to her charge of Franky.

"You run about, Master Franky, dear," she said; "I want to talk to a friend of mine—but don't go out of sight."

And then, in her bewilderment, she forgot all about him.

Alfred Hill looked rather bored than otherwise, but he was smiling and shiny as ever. She scarcely greeted him when he appeared, but she looked at him with all the admiration she had ever felt for him intensified by her fear. He sat down beside her, and, elegantly crossing his legs, began tapping his highly polished boots with his bone-headed cane.

"A'fred," she said, crossing her hands and looking at him straight in the face, "is it true as you are going to get married directly?"

"Who's told you so?"

"It isn't any account who told. Is it true as you are going to marry Miss Brooks because she plays on the piano, and has money, and——" The tears came into her eyes, and her lips quivered with anguish. "Oh, it isn't true—I know it isn't!"

And she touched his hand in her dismay, and looked up into his face with all her heart's story written in her eyes.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be, and so there's the long and the short of it. It's no use making a fuss about it, my dear girl."

"But it isn't? it isn't?" she said, appealingly.

"Well, yes, it is true," he said, slowly, not daring to look in her face; "so you may as well know it at once."

She stood up before him.

"True! Do you mean to say, Alfred, after all that's passed between us, as you are going to be married to some one else?"

"I really don't know what you mean by 'what has passed between us.' You really couldn't think I was going to marry *you?*"

"Why couldn't I?"

"Well, I don't wish to hurt your feelings; but consider the difference in our positions. One walks out with a pretty servant-girl, but one doesn't marry her."

"You are not a gentleman, as you think yourself, Alfred Hill," she said, slowly. "You are dressed like one, but you are just a bit of a clerk, not any better than a respectable girl like me; you are not a gentleman. A gentleman doesn't try to take a girl's good name and win her heart as you have done."

"I'm very sorry that you let yourself fall in love with me," he said, tapping his boot again. "I thought you would have had more pride, at any rate till you were asked."

"More pride! What do you take me for?" she asked, her cheeks flushing crimson. "Do you think I'd go out with one, and talk to him, and let him talk to me as you've done, if I hadn't cared for him? I've too much pride for that, and I shouldn't be fit company for any honest man if I hadn't. And you know as I've liked you, for you made me say it, and you know it; but it isn't you as I like, but the man I took you for, and he isn't here at all."

"Well, I'm sorry you are disappointed in your hope of bettering yourself by marrying above you, and I think, after all you've said, we'd better part."

"The sooner the better;" and she let him go, and then she sat down and almost sobbed her poor, foolish heart out, and spent the bitterest hour of her life beneath the shadow of the trees from which the leaves were falling.

Suddenly she looked up for Franky; he was nowhere to be seen. She called him at the top of her voice; no answer came. With a fear that deadened all other feeling, she ran to and fro in a wild endeavor to find him. She asked the policeman at the gate; he had not seen him. An hour passed in fruitless search; and then, pale with fear, and trembling in every limb, she went home to relate her terrible news.

Just as she got to the door, she saw through the gathering shadows Tom Dawlish, and in his arms a little figure, which her heart told her was Master Franky.

"I met this young gentleman as he was running away to be a sailor, and luckily brought him back."

"Running away! Why, how were you going to get to the sea?"

"I was going to walk there," said Franky, stoutly.

"You would have killed your poor mamma."

"Mamma," asked Franky Poole the next day, "would it kill you if I ran away to sea?"

"Yes, dear, I think it would."

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"Oh, well, then," he answered, patronizingly, "I won't."

It was Spring time again when Tom Dawlish asked Mary a question once more. He had a good situation, and a prospect of a rise; and he'd always been daft on her; and he wanted to know if she could love him. She looked up with a face that had grown thin and pale, and answered truthfully and simply:

"I don't think as I do now, Tom; but if you like to wait I think it'll come."

"Bless you!" said Tom; "I'd wait seven years rather nor lose you!"

But he had only to wait one.

"He's gold, and t'other was gilt," said Mary on her wedding-day; and she was right.

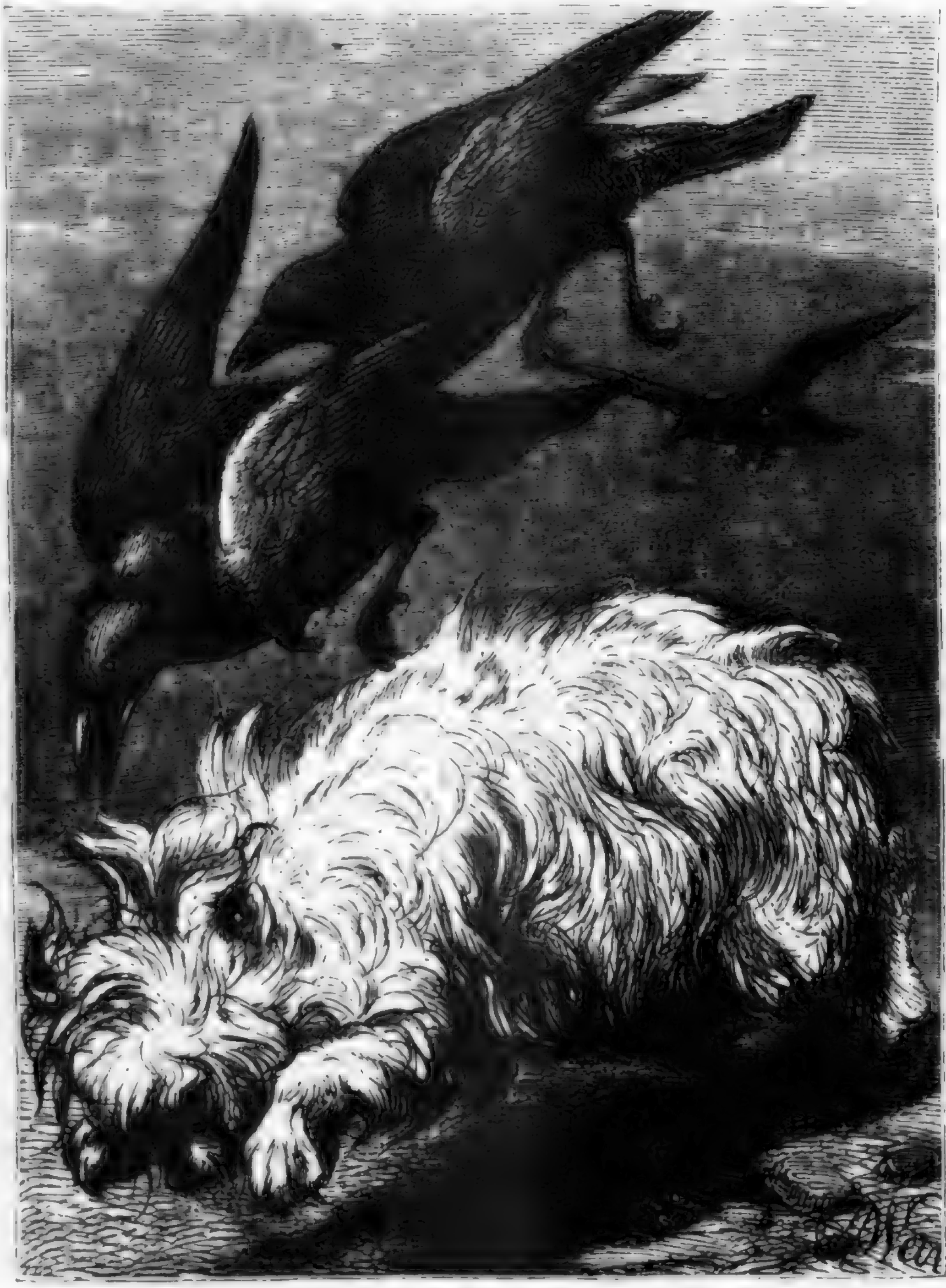
## Crusoe's Adventures.

A LADY thus chronicles some of the adventures of her dog "Crusoe": "When Crusoe was quite a puppy, he ran barking after a fine horse in the garden. The horse lifted his heels, struck poor Crusoe on the ear, and the gentleman who had followed him (and in vain endeavored to call him off the pursuit) took him up for dead. I shall never forget seeing the poor creature brought in, with the white of his eyes turned up as if in death. But he recovered, and it so cured him of running after horses, that he never did it again; and if he ever saw this particular horse, he would be in such a state of distress, he was half wild, and would never go near him, or look at him, if he could help it, even at a great distance off.

"But Crusoe's propensity for *roaming* was not so easily cured, as I shall show you. He was very good for a long time—ran about the garden and house, but never went off the premises. One day, at dinner, we missed him; and his truant ways, this time, nearly cost him his life. He had not been gone very long when one of the servants saw him tearing down a field of stubble. Crusoe was racing with three or four large crows after him, and, as they had wings and he only had legs, though they are very swift ones, the match was rather an unequal one; and faint with exertion and fright, the poor little fellow was completely gained upon by his enemies.

"Just as my servant got up to him, he had sunk down exhausted, and the birds were settling on him and tearing off his beautiful hair, to get to his eyes. They evidently mistook him for a young lamb, and if our lad had not come up when he did, they would have blinded our pretty pet for ever, and perhaps would have killed him. So intent were they on their victim, that the lad's shouts did not frighten them away, and it was only when he was within an arm's length, that the birds rose heavily and took to flight.

"Poor Crusoe! he is generally so brave; but this time he was nearly frightened to death. His pretty eyes, instead of being shaded by his beautiful long hair, were laid open without anything to cover them, and it was months before the hair grew again. He was so disfigured you would scarcely have known him, and I think he scarcely knew himself. How it brought to our minds that dreadful text, that as a child I was wicked enough to fancy could not be true, about the ravens picking out the eyes of those children who curse their parents."



CRUSOE'S ADVENTURES.

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AS THE moon, visible or invisible, has power over the tides, so the face of the loved one, whether present or absent, controls the soul.

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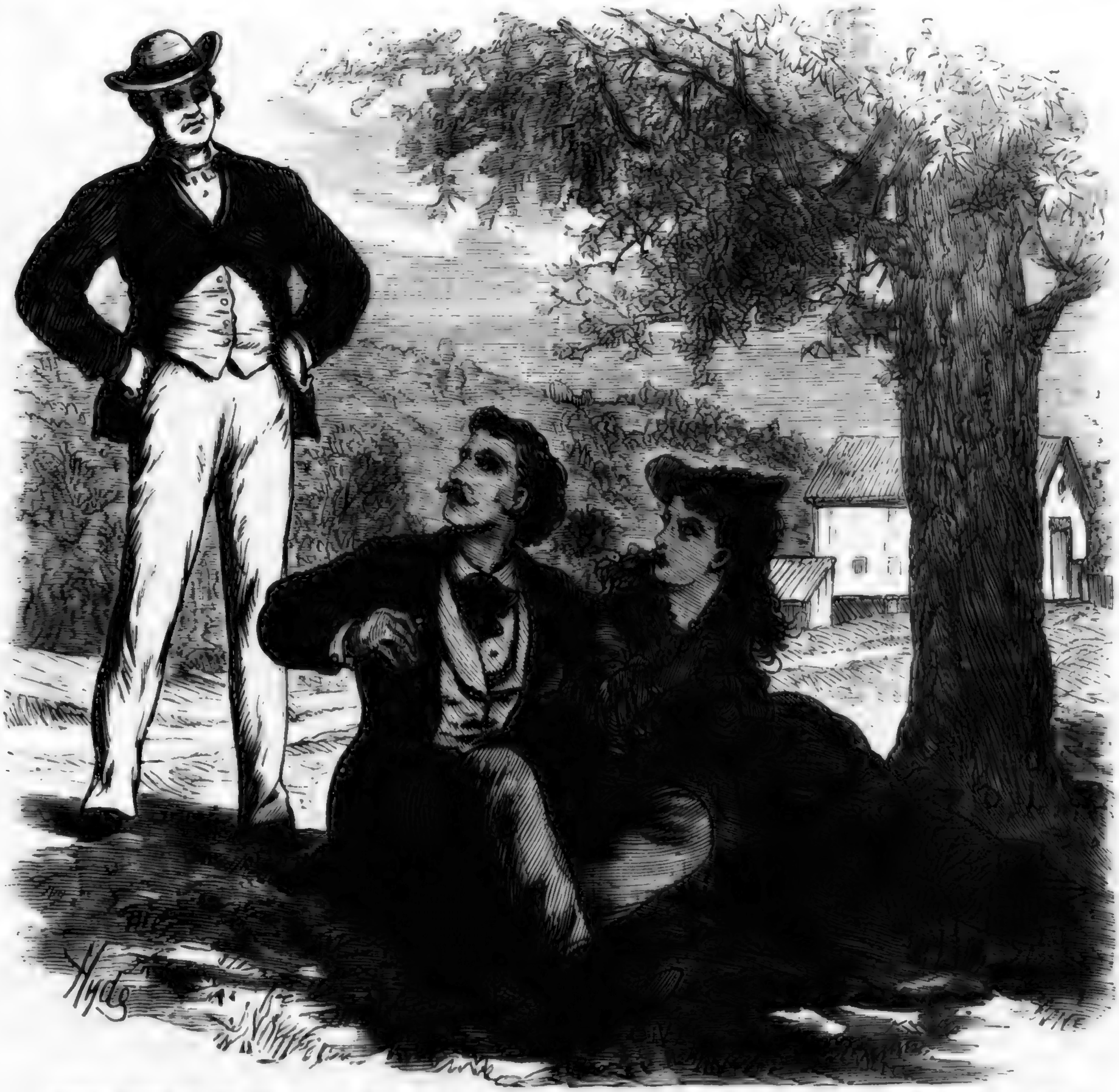
# NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.

At least that. John Shrimpton was too lazy and warm to get up and look at the thermometer, and Camilla was too cross and bored to do anything but sit there and stare out at the parched grass on which the midsummer sun was beating fiercely. This was Camilla Thurstonleigh, very pretty, but very much spoiled. She was engaged to John Shrimpton, and they were to be married within a few weeks.



NINETY DEGREES IN THE SHADE.—"'YES,' SAID A VOICE BEHIND THEM; 'YOU ARE PUTTING IN TIME VERY COZILY. OH, DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU!'"

John was a great, stout, handsome fellow, with a deep voice and a hearty manner; but, nevertheless, John was a kind of tiresome person, too. I don't know exactly what was the matter with John, for my part, but Camilla seemed to think there were many things the matter with him. He was so ponderous and cumbersome for one thing, and so practical and so stupid in some respects, and so foolish and so boyish, and so all that sort of thing generally—as Camilla was wont to say when summing him up, "that—that, in short, he wasn't like his brother Maurice at all."

"Camilla," groaned John from the hammock where he lay, with a dreadful bandana handkerchief over his face to keep off the flies, "if you continue to sit there your complexion will be ruined. The reflection of the sun is just as bad as if you sat in the sun itself. You will look like a gypsy to-morrow."

"I don't care," she murmured.

"All right; it's nothing to me. I wish I hadn't eaten so much dinner."

She started, with an angry gesture of the head.

"You are suffering, and I am glad of it," she answered. "It is really vulgar to eat—or, rather, to feed—as you do. I don't know what the Lawrences thought of you."

"I do; they thought I had a good appetite."

"And your brother Maurice, I am sure he was disgusted."

"Possibly with himself, that he could eat nothing. Poor Maurice is dyspeptic, you know, and sentimental. Glad I'm not. Have you shut up your novel? What was the story about?"

"Nothing that could interest you."

"Yes, yes; come, tell me all about it. Some confounded

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nonsense, of course; but the afternoon is horribly long—let's kill the time somehow. I swear I won't go to sleep."

She picked up the novel beside her, and glanced over it thoughtfully.

"Ah, it is a beautiful story—'Divided Affinities.' Maurice gave it to me to read, and he has *such* pure taste, you know—such judgment! It is the story of a girl who accidentally becomes engaged to a man whom she does not truly love. There is no sympathy, nothing in common between them. He is as the pole in——"

"What, a barber——"

"Well, if you are going to play the buffoon, as usual, I shall tell you no more."

"Go on, sweet; I was only joking. I'm deeply interested."

"They were hopelessly apart," she continued. "She was a creature of soul, he was a mere lump of clay. But they were at length married, and she thought her life blasted. But no. Suddenly a new element entered into——"

"I understand. Another fellow turned up who *was* a creature of soul, and, of course, her affinity. Well?"

"They—they," faltered Camilla, "ran away—fled!"

"Fled! Where did they flee to?"

She tossed the book away impatiently.

"Oh, there you go with your clown's nonsense again!"

"Not at all," protested John, leaning over the side of the hammock, and swinging himself slowly. "Well, finish it."

"They fled to Italy, and the husband pursued. A train of cars on which he was collided with another, and he was killed. His wife and the lover were married, and lived happily for ever afterward."

"A nice pair, truly! So you think it is good taste of Maurice to give you such a book as that to read? Well, I don't know much about books, and no doubt he is right; but—never mind; I think I'll get up."

"Where are you going?"

He shook himself like a big dog that has just come out of the water, and rubbed his chin reflectively.

"Um! I believe I'll go and visit the pigs. I haven't seen 'em since twelve o'clock."

She turned away with a sigh of disgust.

"Pigs! Ah, well, perhaps their society is congenial; but it is a wonder they don't get tired of you sometimes."

"My love, pigs are very interesting animals, I assure you. I love to stand and watch the grunting old porkers and the little piggies, with their curly tails, and——"

"Oh, go along, do!"

With a laugh, John Shrimpton clattered down the steps, and made his way, in the scorching sun, to the rear of the house.

But Camilla continued sitting there, leaning upon her hand, and seemingly very unhappy.

"What is to become of me?" she moaned, softly. "Only a little while more, and this man will be my husband. I shall be tied to him for life. Once, indeed, I fancied I loved him; but now—since I have met another, so different—I have sad doubts, and they make my life one long pain."

"In a reverie?" said a quiet, rather feminine voice, behind her.

She turned, her face red with a blush, and saw Maurice, John's brother.

But, ah, so unlike John! Maurice was slender and delicate, and had a complexion clear as her own, and luminous large eyes. His hands were soft and narrow, and the fingers tapered. When he spoke, it was in a low, refined tone, and when he moved about, it was with a languid indolence that seemed the very perfection of elegant breeding.

Altogether, Maurice was a superior being—and to Camilla almost a god.

"Yes," she said; "but a very dreamy one. The weather is too hot to think. Sometimes I fancy, Maurice, that people are half insane when the sun burns as it does to-day, and don't know it. I feel that I could do almost anything desperate."

"I shouldn't care to exert myself," he answered. "How well that *pose* sets off your figure! Don't stir, I beg. You must let me make a sketch of you before we leave Lake Ridge. I can do a really striking face, I think, rather closely; and yours, Camilla, is *so* beautiful!"

She dared not trust herself to answer—even to look at him!

He had seated himself at her side, and was toying with her hair—a single curl that had escaped from the great, golden mass piled upon her head.

"Don't you love an afternoon like this?" he went on. "Every person in the house is asleep except ourselves; but we are enjoying the——"

"No, Maurice, I am not enjoying anything," she laughed; "for the thermometer is at ninety. But I am not asleep, at any rate. It is only sluggish natures that love sleep."

"True. Ah, Camilla! you and I have such reciprocity of feeling, have we not? We should be very dear—friends, should we not?"

"We seem to have much in common," she said, faintly.

"Everything! Nay, don't take your hand away. I love to hold it in mine, and to kiss it and fondle it, as if it were a bird. No one can see us, for, as I just said, everybody is asleep; therefore, let us be affectionate. Do you mind if I put my arm around you?" he added, suiting the action to the word, without waiting for a reply.

She resisted very faintly, scarcely at all; and so they sat there, in a very affectionate attitude indeed.

"Lean upon my shoulder, so that I can look into your grand eyes. There, now! How delicious this is! Yet, what would some prudish old woman say? No doubt all sorts of stupid things. Camilla, do you care for me much?"

All these pleasant words were uttered in whispers.

"Yes," she murmured.

"*Very* much?"

"Yes."

"So I thought," he simpered, complacently. "Ah! you are such a lovely woman! Now, I will tell you something. I am going to kiss you."

"You must not," she answered, meaning, possibly, "You may, if you dare."

He dared, at any rate, and kissed her again and again.

"Sweet Camilla! this is what it is to live. Who in the house can find the delight in sleep that we find here? How quiet and solemn it is, and how the day seems to hold its breath! Oh, would it were always afternoon!"

"Yes," said a voice behind them; "you are putting in time very cozily. Oh, don't let me disturb you!"

Camilla sprang to her feet, frightened indeed, for it was John who spoke. But Maurice rose quite leisurely.

"Halloa, John!" he drawled. "I thought you were asleep; but you're like that old fellow in Lemprière—*non omnibus* something. He meant, anyhow, that he wasn't asleep when the wrong party was around. Camilla and I have just been playing Lotus-eaters and that sort of thing. Now that you have interrupted us, I don't know what I shall do to amuse myself. Ah, I have it! I'll go and get

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two lumps of sugar, and play fly-loo with myself—left-hand lump against the right-hand lump. Ta-ta!"

"Well, Camilla," said John, when he had gone, "I suppose you can explain the peculiar situation in which I found you with my brother. You were in his arms, and he was kissing you, and you are my betrothed wife."

She turned upon him calmly, and answered:

"I have nothing whatever to say. You may act precisely as you like."

"Then, everything between us is at an end. I think it best that we should not ever speak to each other again."

"As you wish, sir."

"But what will the world think? I can only tell the truth—that I flung you off, as you deserved."

"I care nothing for that."

No; for Maurice—dear Maurice!—would only be too glad that she was free once more, and free to be his bride.

He would think well enough of the change, she felt assured.

How often had she heard those Hall girls say they wondered she could so much as *think* of John Shrimpton!

Even such creatures as they could perceive that she was about to throw herself away. But now she was saved.

She would let Maurice know that very night.

Thus it happened that she came to him in the billiard-room, about nine or so.

The Hall girls were there, and in his game; but he readily gave up the cue, despite wondrous points, and lounged out.

He was smoking and excited, and had had some wine, and was, in short, not quite himself.

"Oh, dear Maurice," said Camilla, getting close to him as soon as they were under the stars, "I do hope you and John have had no words!"

He stared a little, and then vigorously puffed the cigar.

"Words? He asked me to hand him the cream at tea, you know—but there was nothing else. He is a man of few words, Camilla; but he does what he says he will do."

It was awfully warm; but she shivered a bit, nevertheless. Indeed, it was still quite ninety, even in the shade of this darkness. She determined to be explicit, because there was no time to lose, and so she continued;

"John and I quarreled this afternoon, after you left us. You remember our situation, Maurice. Ah. I shall not soon forget! Well, all is at an end between John and me, and I am entirely free."

"Free!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—once more."

"My sweetest Camilla," said Maurice, seizing her hand, "you couldn't love another at once—immediately—*à l'instant—sur le champ*—on the spot, as it were. Could you?"

"I—I scarcely dare say——"

"You could! Yes, I understand you fully. Well, my adored friend, I will at once introduce you to Buffles—the man who took my cue when I left the billiard-room—did you observe? He has been bothering me with all sorts of questions about you—and in fact, I believe he loves you."

The obstinate thermometer hadn't gone down a step, but she became ice.

"I really don't understand you, Maurice," she gasped.

He glanced at her, reflected a second, flung away his cigar, and then gently laughed.

"Upon my soul, Camilla, I hope you have had more sense than to fancy *I* was seriously in love with you?" he said.

"And you are not?"

"I like you as a friend amazingly, and as a sister-in-law I should have loved you as madly as might be within the bounds of propriety; but outside of these positions, my charming Camilla, you are now, and never can be, but as a friend. You see it wouldn't do. I'm already engaged to one of the Hall girls, and I suppose you are not particularly anxious that I should ruin all my prospects in life, do you?"

"Do you desire that I should consider you a villain, Mr. Maurice Shrimpton?" she demanded.

"My own, own Camilla," I desire you to think the best of me," he answered. "This sort of talk is all nonsense, you know. Weather's too hot for heroics, *per Bacco*! I can't stand 'em. And—and—really—the game must be sixes and sevens by this time, for Buffles is an awful muff, you know—and so let's get back, will you?"

Maurice was certainly uncomfortable; but a terrible iciness had descended upon the soul of poor Camilla.

She walked back with him, for the first time fully conscious of her position.

She had lost John for ever—poor, foolish, handsome, loving John, and all for the sake of this trifling creature at her side. He was trying to explain the flirtation as they went along; but she did not heed, and scarcely heard.

"I was only spooning a bit, you know, for the sake of occupation," he said. "Of course I thought you understood it, Camilla. I've done the same thing with plenty of other girls. I was careful not to commit myself, you remember. I said we should be very dear *friends*, and so I hope we shall. It's all right now, I know—isn't it?"

"Yes," she murmured, scarcely attending to his question.

In the billiard-room they found John devoting himself to Isabel Hall—a *petite* beauty, dark hair and eyes—and a pang cut through Camilla's heart like a knife. She at once went away to bed, miserable with jealousy, and cried herself to sleep.

Throughout the week that followed the thermometer remained intrenched at ninety, and John Shrimpton played the gallant to Isabel Hall. Maurice devoted himself to Myra, her sister. Poor Camilla wandered about distraught. She ate nothing, but lived on Byron and Tennyson, and the most melancholy music imaginable.

At length one day she happened to enter the parlor, and saw a letter half finished lying on an open portfolio.

Some one of the gossiping old ladies at Lake Ridge was writing to a friend, and had gone out of the room for a moment. Camilla absently glanced at the sheet, and this met her eye:

"Mr. Shrimpton, it is officially announced, is engaged to Miss Hall, and the marriage will certainly take place within a month."

Camilla sank down almost in a swoon. There was no hope for her now—none, none!

John—her good, kind, handsome John—was going to marry that creature—that Isabel Hall! Oh, if she had only appreciated him at his proper value! What mattered it if he had no romance in his composition? Maurice had plenty of it, but what was he?—merely a languid sham, a well-bred deception. What mattered it if John did eat so much? Maurice didn't eat ravenously, because he drank all day and late at night instead, and so never had any appetite.

Yes, she saw the difference between the brothers very plainly now; but it was too late, and she could have no hope of either.

The thermometer on the first of September suddenly went down five degrees, and the next day five more. By the middle of that month the nights grew chilly, and people began to leave the Lake Ridge Hotel. At last only Camilla and John were left.

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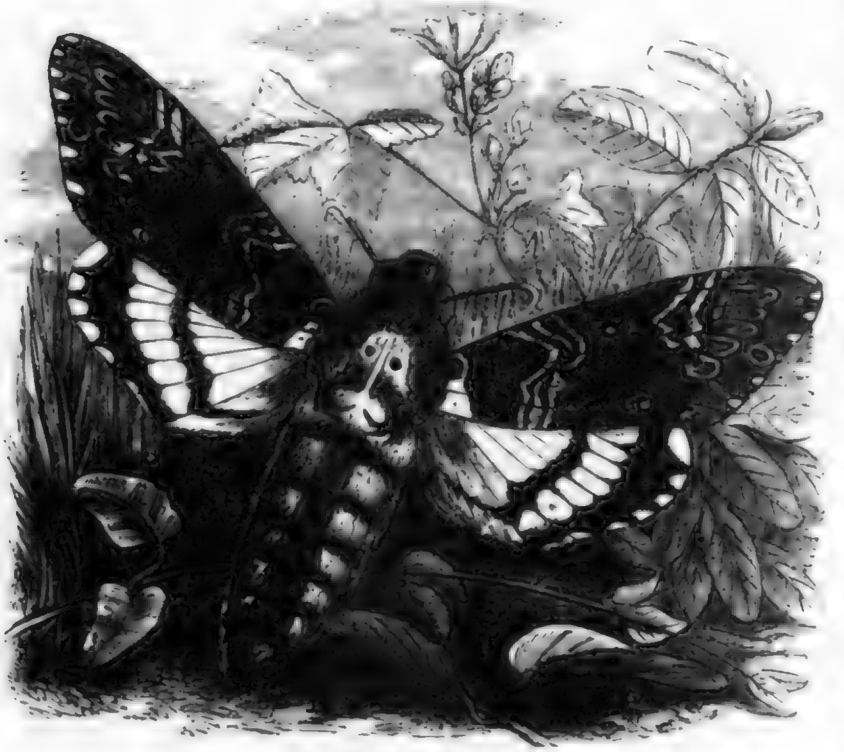


THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

“Why doesn't he go, too?” she wondered.

Well, it finally became necessary for herself to go.

On the morning she was to leave—about ten—(the stage was to start at noon), she ran up the steps in the direction of her room. On the top stair her dress caught. Somebody was coming up with a clatter behind her. For fear of tearing the delicate fabric, she did not turn her head, but said:

“Will you kindly detach my dress?”

“Yes, Camilla.”

He did so—and, of course, it was John.

“Look at me, Camilla,” he said, almost in a whisper—“simply look at me! I'm in a decline, I am, and I'll be a dead Shrimpton in two weeks. Now, Camilla, you'll be a murderess, and nothing short of it, if you don't interfere to save my life.”

“John, I don't understand you!” she answered, quivering.

“Yes, you do. You know I'm loving you a million times harder than ever; and if you don't take me back, I'll—I'll cut my decline short by drowning myself!”

“Oh, John, do you really care for *me?* Are you not engaged to Isabel Hall? I heard that the engagement was officially announced—Mr. Shrimpton and Miss Hall.”

“Kiss me, and make up, and promise to be my Camilla, just as you were, and I will tell you how I got out of that scrape.”

He drew her to him, and they were reconciled.

“How, John?” she asked.

“By never getting into it. The Mr. Shrimpton you mention is Maurice, and the Miss Hall is Myra.”

“And your thoughts have never strayed from me?”

“Never once!” he said, emphatically. “But what the deuce was the matter with you, darling? Our little misunderstanding seems like a dream now. Try to explain it to me.”

“Well, John,” she answered, smiling, “I really think it was the weather. I don't think I was quite in my right senses. Just fancy the thermometer being at ninety in the shade!”

“Ah, yes,” said John—poor, simple-hearted fellow; “I see now! I felt irritable and cross, and generally queer, too. But it was all the thermometer's fault. Think of it, indeed! ninety degrees in the shade!”

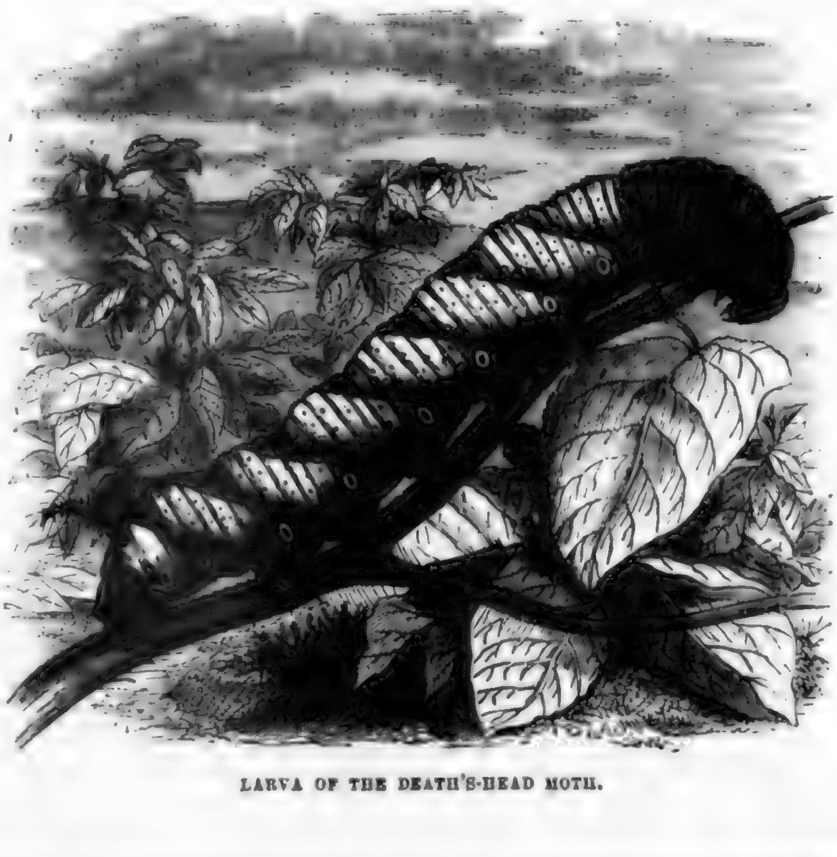
## THE METAMORPHOSES OF THE SPHINX.

All these *Lepidoptera* were formerly called moths or crepuscular and nocturnal flyers, but as some of the nightloving tribes were equally active during sunshine, and as none of them really wandered in the depths of the darkness, when everything sleeps, there was no wisdom in keeping up these popular distinctions. The structure which retains the hind and fore wings on each side together is a very good distinction, especially as it is common to most twilight and nocturnal *Lepidoptera*, it being deficient in the butterflies; nevertheless, it is wanting in some kinds of moths.

The tints of the wings of moths (under this term we include the nocturnal and crepuscular *Chalinoptera*) are principally shades of gray and brown, and resemble the colors of the trees and walls when the light is dim and night is advancing. But the wings of some, although not so brilliant and coruscating as those of the butterflies, are exquisitely delicate and soft in their tone. Some of the moths that fly by day, and thus lead the life of butterflies, often have colors as glowing as these have, but the tints are never brilliant and sparkling. The educated eye can distinguish at once between the scales of a butterfly and those of the brightest of moths.

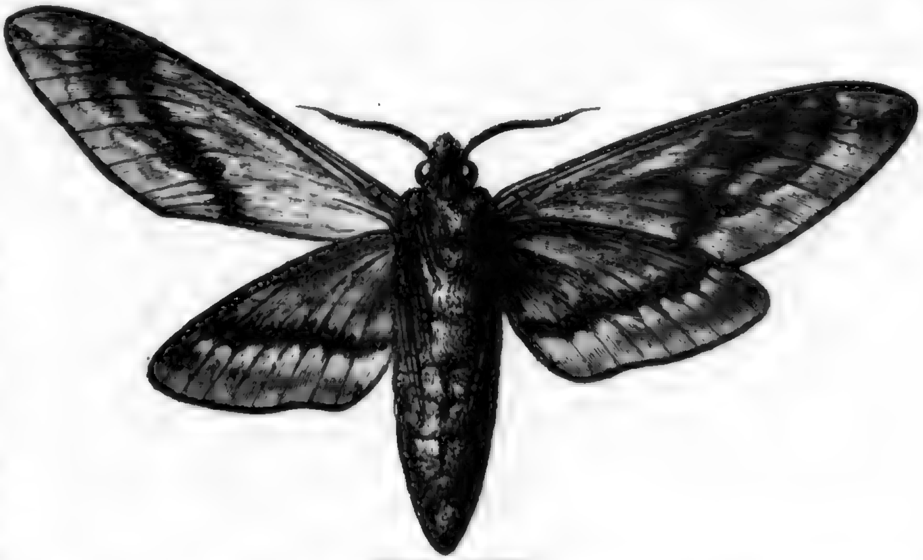
The wings of moths rest upon the body of the insect when in repose, and are not stuck upright like those of the butterflies.

The antennæ of the moths are very different in shape to those of the butterflies, as can readily be seen by examin-



LARVA OF THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

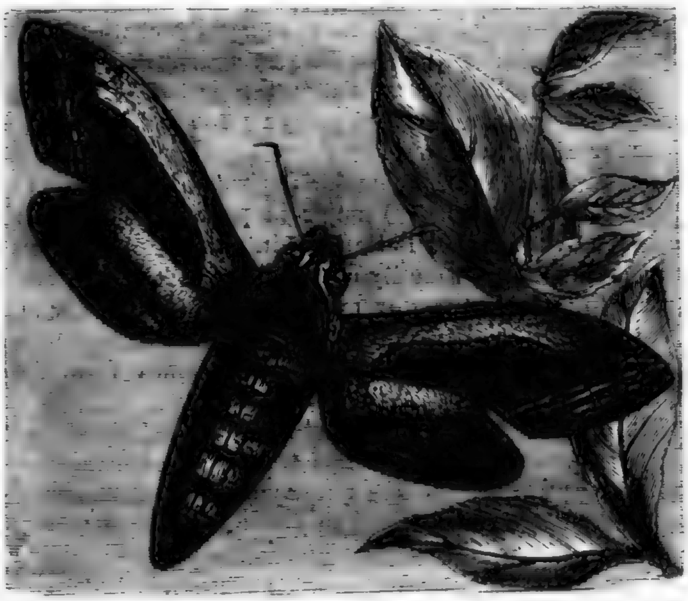
ing the representation of the structures in the accompanying engraving.


SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

No family of the *Lepidoptera* is better known or more readily distinguished than that of the *Sphinidæ*, Sphinges or Sphinxes, as they are commonly called.

The large body, the thick antennæ, terminating in a hooked bristle, and the long, narrow, and strong wings, give the sphinges a very marked appearance. These moths are usually large, and their active flight soon makes them noticed. They glide along during the hot Summer evenings with immense rapidity, and poise themselves in the air by a peculiar vibration of their wings. The sphinges, which have long trunks, can thus sip up the honey from the nectaries of flowers without touching them, and this peculiarity recalls that of the humming birds of the New World.

The sphinges are very remarkable, even as caterpillars. They are large creatures, which, when quiet, often put on a very curious attitude. Being well and safely fixed on a twig or leaf by their membranous or hind feet, they lift up the front of their bodies, and bend the head, which is buried in the first segment; they then remain perfectly motionless for hours.


SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

This attitude—which is represented in the engraving of the *Euphorbia* sphinx—has excited much attention, and entomologists, whose imaginations are always vivid, and sometimes classical, have had no difficulty in investing this larva with the majesty of the Egyptian sphinx. Indeed, one of these stolid larvæ has sufficed to bring up the memories of Thebes and of the great enigma before the enthusiastic naturalist.

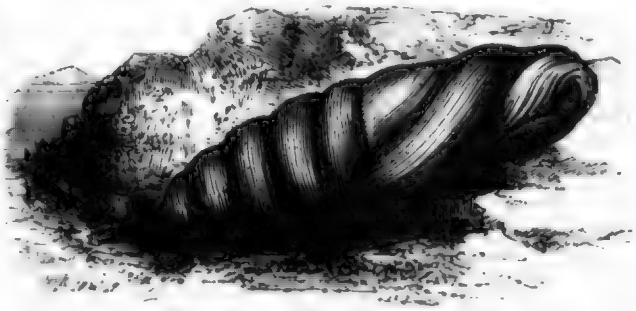
The name has become popular, and there is really something enigmatical in the queer posture. Why should the larva imitate the sphinx, which it never saw? The answer may be commonplace, but nevertheless true; it remains thus motionless to prevent itself being gobbled up by birds or attacked by ichneumon flies, which are on the lookout for everything that moves.

These fine caterpillars have a smooth and glossy skin, with bright colors, and pretty ornamentation. Generally speaking, they are rather narrowed in front, and have a curved appendix on the top of the last segment of the body like a horn or tail. When about to become transformed into the pupa condition, the caterpillars hide themselves in the ground, forming a comfortable hole, which they line with all the silk they can muster.

It is very wonderful in this instance, as in all others, how the insects that live in the earth through very inclement seasons manage to make a safe retreat with so very little covering. The chrysalis has to live in the hole in the ground throughout the Winter, and any water draining in would assuredly kill it. The silk is all expended in lining the cavity, and fortunately, although it is scanty, it is so varnished that it is water-tight; hence the safety of the pupa is scarcely a matter of doubt. Some species of the *Sphingidæ* undergo their metamorphoses on top of the soil, and agglutinate little stones, leaves, and rubbish into a cocoon. The pupæ of these great caterpillars are not very remarkable; they are dark brown or reddish, and have a small point at their end.

The most common sphinges are the Privet Moth, or *Sphinx ligustri*, and the Convolvulus Hawk, or *Sphinx convolvuli*. The caterpillars of the first are well known to and prized by young collectors, and are now and then seen upon the privet hedges, or upon the lilac bushes. They are very fine insects, and their size renders their beautiful light green color and oblique bands of violet very visible. This pretty larva feeds vigorously during the Summer, and when full grown begins to descend to the ground at the base of the tree, whose leaves it has partly consumed. Toward the end of July, or the commencement of August, it hides up in the earth, where it forms a comfortable cocoon, and becomes metamorphosed into a chrysalis, living, moreover, in that condition all through the Winter, and until the month of June in the next year. It then bursts forth as a moth.

The anatomy of this sphinx, and the details of its


CHRYSALIS OF DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

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metamorphoses, have already been described. The other sphinx has a green or brown larva, marked with seven oblique side streaks, and the spiracles or air openings are black in white rings. It lives on the small bindweed, and on the wild balsam. The moth is rather larger than that of the privet sphinx, and has a very long trunk.

The Death's-head Moth is a well-known sphinx, on account of its fine size, as well as their being some markings on the thorax, which, with the aid of a little imagination, can be believed to represent a human skull. Unlike the humming-bird sphinx, the *Acherontia atropos* has a short and thick trunk; its antennæ, moreover, are short, thick, and terminated in a hooked bristle. The head is large, and the abdomen very thick. The front wings are blackish brown, with indistinct tawny markings and a conspicuous yellowish dot near their centres; the hind wings are yellow and have a narrow black central and a broad black marginal band.

The moth possesses the power of squeaking, and this propensity has given an infinitude of trouble to philosophers, who have formed many theories concerning the manner in which the sound can be produced. This gift, combined with the sombre hues of the sphinx, and the presence of the death's head upon its back, have surrounded the moths with much mysterious dread, and there are many people in the most civilized and learned countries in the world that are heartily afraid of them. They are said to be a sign of bad luck, and are supposed to precede a death in the house; and they once produced a panic in Brittany. The squeaking appears to be connected in some way or other with a small membranous capsule, which is situated on either side of the body at the base of the abdomen, and which is covered with some hairs that can be made to vibrate.

The fondness of the moth for honey leads it into beehives, and it is most remarkable that the insect should know that honey is to be got there. The bees, moreover, do not rush upon the robber, but employ every artifice to shut it out or wall it up.

The caterpillar is perhaps the largest among the European kinds. It is usually lemon yellow in color, and a fresh green tint may be noticed toward the head and the lower part of the sides; there are seven oblique violet stripes on the sides, and the spiracles are black, edged with white. The horn is yellowish, rough, and inclined backward. Sometimes the color is by no means like this, for some caterpillars have been found whose prevailing color is brownish olive, and whose lateral stripes are darker. A fresh green is accompanied by darker stripes in others. This great caterpillar lives on the potato leaf, the jasmine, and the common tea tree (*Lycium barbarum*); and when full grown it hides in the earth, and undergoes its metamorphosis into the chrysalis.

The death's-head moth is more common in Asia and in Africa than in Europe, and there is no doubt that many of the pupæ are destroyed during severe Winters.

Perhaps the largest sphinges in the world live in Australia, and their caterpillars feed upon the Banksia trees and bushes, which form most important parts of the foliage of the landscape of that country.

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There are a good many autograph books, and there are autographs of many different kinds. Mr. Thomas Hood describes several of them. Of one he says: "A friend of mine possesses an autograph—'*Remember Jim Hoskins*'—done with a red-hot poker on the back kitchen door"—and then he adds: "This, however, is an awkward autograph *to bind up.*"

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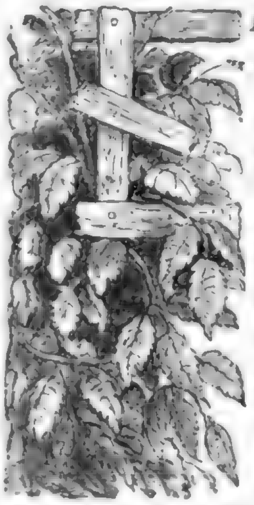
# MAJOR MARTT'S FRIEND.

By H. A. Burton.



EAST PATTEN was one of the quietest places in the world. The indisposition of a family horse or cow was cause for animated general conversation, and the displaying of a new poster or prospectus on the post-office door was the signal for a spirited gathering of citizens.

Why, therefore, Major Martt had spent the whole of three successive leaves-of-absence at East Patten, where he hadn't a relative, and where no other soldier lived, no one could imagine. Even professional newsmakers never assigned any reason for it, for, although their vigorous and experienced imaginations were fully capable of forming some plausible theory on the subject of the major's fondness for East Patten, they shrank from making public the results of any such labors.

It was perfectly safe to circulate some purely original story about any ordinary citizen, but there was no knowing how a military man might treat such a matter when it reached his ears, as it was morally sure to do.

Live military men had not been seen in East Patten since the Revolutionary War, three-quarters of a century before the villagers first saw Major Martt; and such soldiers as had been revealed to East Patten through the medium of print were as dangerously touchy as the hair-triggers of their favorite weapons.

So East Patten let the major's private affairs alone, and was really glad to see the major in person. There was a scarcity of men at East Patten—of interesting men, at least, for the undoubted sanctity of the old men lent no special graces to their features or manners, while the young men were merely the residuum of an active emigration which had, for some years, been setting westward from East Patten.

When, therefore, the tall, straight, broad-shouldered, clear-eyed, much-whiskered major appeared on the street, looking (as he always did) as if he had just been shaved, brushed and polished, the sight was an extremely pleasing one, except to certain young men who feared for the validity of their titles to their respective sweethearts should the major chance to be affectionate.

But the major gave no cause for complaint. When he first came to the village he bought Rose Cottage, opposite the splendid Wittleday property, and he spent most of his time (his leaves-of-absence always occurring in the Summer season) in his garden, trimming his shrubs, nursing his flowering plants, growing magnificent roses, and in all ways acting utterly unlike a man of blood.

Occasionally he played a game of chess with Parson Fisher, the jolly ex-clergyman, or smoked a pipe with the saddler postmaster; he attended all the East Patten tea-parties, too, but he made himself so uniformly agreeable to all the ladies that the mothers in Israel agreed, with many sighs, that the major was not a marrying man.

It may easily be imagined, then, that when, one Summer, the major reappeared at East Patten with a brother officer who was young and reasonably good-looking, the major's popularity did not diminish.

The young man was introduced as Lieutenant Doyson, who had once saved the major's life by a lucky shot, as that chieftain, with empty pistols, was trying to escape from a

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well-mounted Indian; and all the young ladies in town declared they *knew* the lieutenant *must* have done something wonderful, he was *so* splendid.

But with that fickleness which seems in some way communicable from wicked cities to virtuous villages, East Patten suddenly ceased to exhibit unusual interest in the pair of warriors, for a new excitement had convulsed the village mind to its very centre.

It was whispered that Mrs. Wittleday, the sole and widowed owner of the great Wittleday property, had wearied of the mourning she wore for the husband she had buried two years previously, and that she would soon publicly announce the fact by laying aside her weeds and giving a great entertainment, to which every one was to be invited.

There was considerable high-toned deprecation of so early a cessation of Mrs. Wittleday's sorrowing, she being still young and handsome, and there was some fault found on the economic ground that the widow couldn't yet have half worn out her mourning garments; but as to the propriety of her giving an entertainment, the voices of East Patten were as one in the affirmative.

Such of the villagers as had chanced to sit at meat with the late Scott Wittleday had reported that dishes with unremembered foreign names were as plentiful as were the plainer viands on the tables of the old inhabitants; such East Pattenites as had not been entertained at the Wittleday board rejoiced in a prospect of believing by sight as well as by faith.

The report proved to have unusually good foundation. Within a fortnight each respectable householder received a note intimating that Mrs. Wittleday would be pleased to see self and family on the evening of the following Thursday.

The time was short, and the resources of the single store at East Patten were limited, but the natives did their best, and the eventful evening brought to Mrs. Wittleday's handsome parlor a few gentlemen and ladies and a large number of good people, who, with all the heroism of a forlorn hope, were doing their best to appear at ease and happy.

The major and lieutenant were there, of course, and both in uniform, by special request of the hostess. The major, who had met Mrs. Wittleday in city society before her husband's death, and who had maintained a bowing acquaintance with her during her widowhood, gravely presented the lieutenant to Mrs. Wittleday, made a gallant speech about the debt society owed to her for again condescending to smile upon it, and then presented his respects to the nearest of the several groups of ladies who were gazing invitingly at him.

Then he summoned the lieutenant (whose reluctance to leave Mrs. Wittleday's side was rendered no less by a bright smile which that lady gave him as he departed), and made him acquainted with ladies of all ages, and of greatly varying personal appearance. The young warrior went through the ordeal with only tolerable composure, and improved his first opportunity to escape and regain the society of the hostess.

Two or three moments later, just as Mrs. Wittleday turned aside to speak to stately old Judge Bray, the lieutenant found himself being led rapidly toward the veranda. The company had not yet found its way out of the parlors to any extent, so the major locked the lieutenant's arm in his own, commenced a gentle promenade, and remarked:

"Fred, my boy, you're making an ass of yourself."

"Oh, nonsense, major," answered the young man, with considerable impatience. "I don't want to know all these queer, old-fashioned people; they're worse than a lot of plebes at West Point."

"I don't mean that, Fred, though, if you don't want to make talk, you must make yourself agreeable. But you're too attentive to Mrs. Wittleday."

"By George!" responded the lieutenant, eagerly, "how can I help it? She's divine!"

"A great many others think so too, Fred—I do, myself; but they don't make it so plagued evident on short acquaintance. Behave yourself now; your eyesight is good—sit down, and play the agreeable to some old lady, and look at Mrs. Wittleday across the room as often as you like."

The lieutenant was young—his face was not under good control, and he had no whiskers, and very little mustache to hide it, so, although he obeyed the order of his superior, it was with a visage so mournful, that the major imagined, when once or twice he caught Mrs. Wittleday's eye, that that handsome lady was suffering from restrained laughter.

Humorous as the affair had seemed to the major before, he could not endure to have his preserver's sorrow the cause of merriment in any one else, so, deputing Parson Fisher to make their excuse to the hostess when it became possible to penetrate the crowd which had slowly surrounded her, the major took his friend's arm, and returned to the cottage.

"Major!" exclaimed the subaltern, "I—I half wish I'd let that Indian catch you; then you wouldn't have spoiled the pleasantest evening I ever had—ever *began* to have, I should say!"

"You wouldn't have had an evening at East Patten then, Fred," said the major, with a laugh, as he passed the cigars, and lit one himself. "Seriously, my boy, you must be more careful. You came here to spend a pleasant three months with me, and the first time you're in society you act, to a lady you never saw before, too, in such a way, that if it had been any one but a lady of experience, she would have imagined you in love with her."

"I *am* in love with her!" declared the young man, with a look which was intended to be defiant, but which was noticeably shamefaced. "I'm going to tell her so, too—that is, I'm going to write her about it."

"Steady, Fred, steady!" urged the major, kindly. "She'd be more provoked than pleased. Don't you suppose fifty men have worshiped her at first sight? They have, and she knows it, too—but it hasn't troubled her mind at all; handsome women know that they turn men's heads in that way, and they generally respect the men who are sensible enough to hold their tongues about it, at least until there's acquaintance enough between them to justify a little confidence."

"Major," said poor Fred, very meekly, almost piteously, "don't—don't you suppose I *could* make her care something for me?"

The major looked thoughtfully, and then tenderly, at the cigar he held between his fingers. Finally he said, very gently:

"My dear boy, perhaps you could. Would it be fair, though? Love in earnest means marriage. Would you torment a poor woman, who's lost one husband, into wondering three-quarters of the time whether the scalp of another isn't in the hands of some villainous Apache?"

The unhappy lieutenant hid his face in heavy clouds of tobacco-smoke.

"Well," said he, springing to his feet, and pacing the floor like a caged animal, "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll write her, and throw my heart at her feet. Of course she won't care. It's just as you say. Why should she? But

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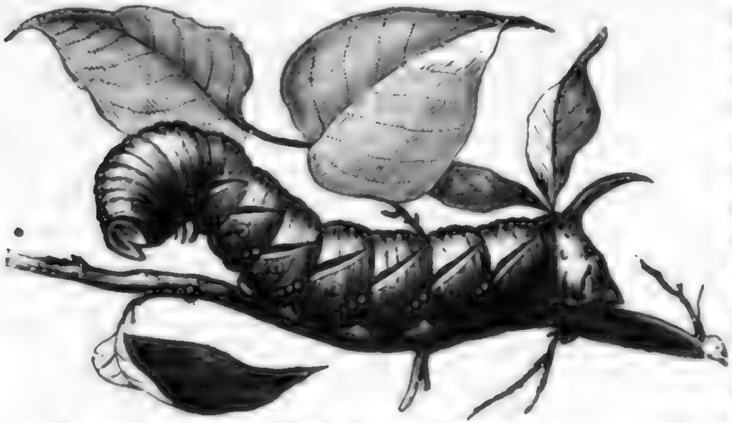
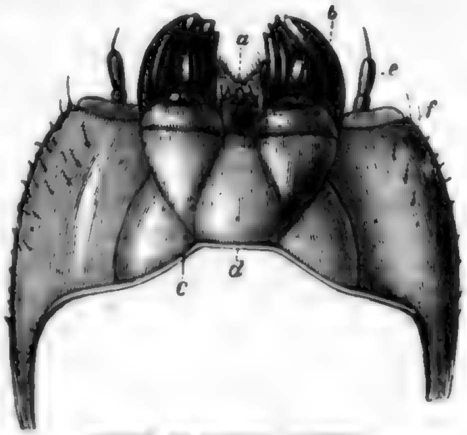


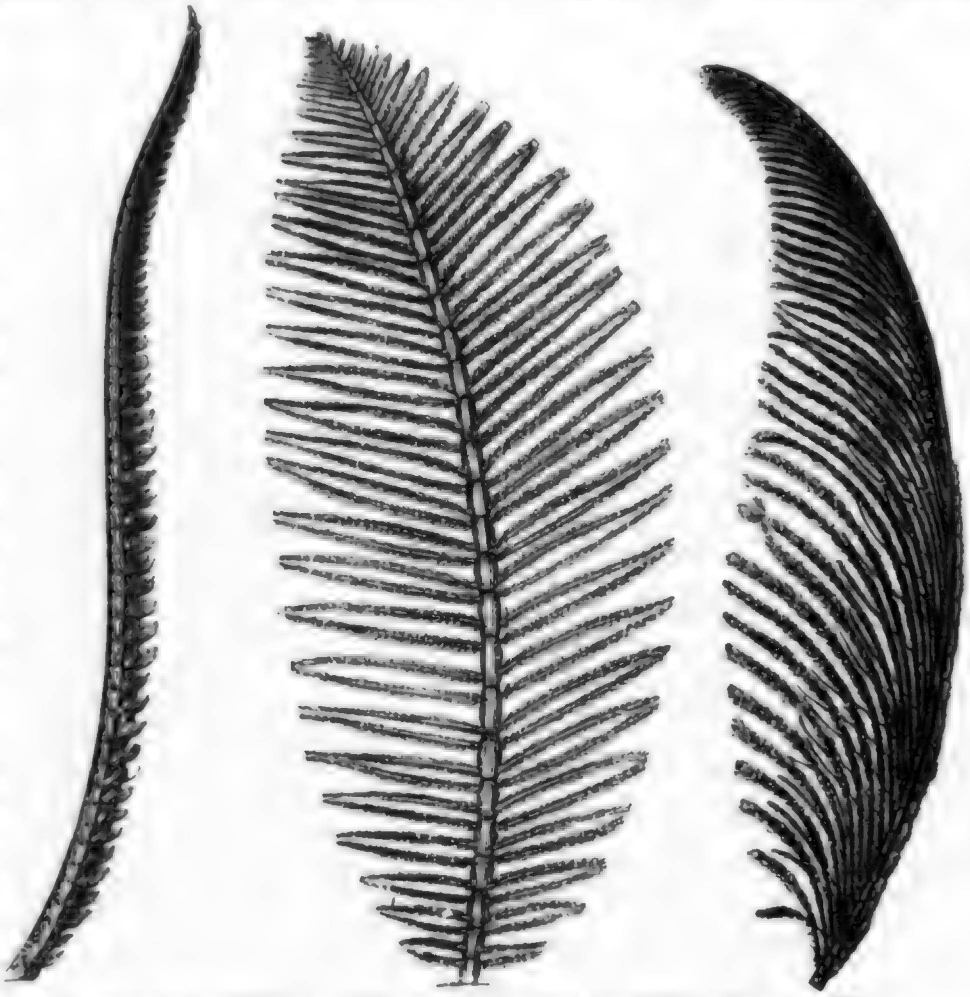
CATERPILLAR OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.



MOUTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

I'll do it, and then I'll go back to the regiment. I hate to spoil *your* fun, major, if it's any fun to you to have such a fool in your quarters; but the fact is, the enemy's too much for me. I wouldn't feel worse if I was facing a division. I'll write her to-morrow. I'd rather be refused by her than loved by any other woman!"

"Put it off a fortnight, Fred," suggested the major; "it's the polite thing to call within a week after this party; you'll have a chance then to become better acquainted with her. She's delightful company, I'm told. Perhaps you'll make up your mind it's better to enjoy her society during our leave, than to throw away everything in a forlorn hope. Wait a week or two longer—that's a sensible youth!" added the major.



THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE SPHINX.— ANTENNÆ OF MOTHS.—SEE PAGE 228.

"I can't, major!" cried the excited boy. "Hang it! you're an old soldier—don't you know how infernally uncomfortable it is to stand still and be shot at?"

"I *do*, my boy," said the major, with considerable emphasis, and a far-away look at nothing in particular.

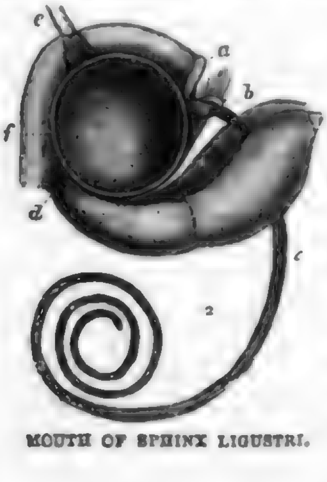
"Well, that'll be my fix as long as I stay here and keep quiet," replied the lieutenant.

"Wait a week, then," persisted the major. "You don't want to be 'guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman,' eh? Don't spoil her first pleasant remembrances of the first freedom she's known for two years."

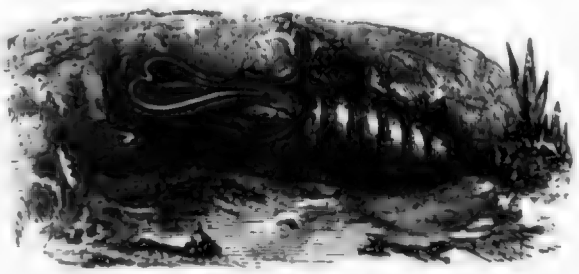
"Well, call it a week, then!" moodily replied the lovesick brave, lighting a candle, and moving toward his room. "I suppose it will take me a week, anyway, to make up a letter fit to send to such an angel."

The major sighed, put on an easy coat and slippers, and stepped into his garden.

"Poor Fred!" he muttered to himself, as he paced the walk in front of the piazza—"can't wait a fortnight, eh? Wonder what he would say if he knew I'd been waiting for seven or eight years—if he knew I fell in love with her as easily as he did, and that I've never recovered myself? Wonder what he'd do if some one were to marry her almost before his very eyes, as poor Wittleday did while I was longing for her acquaintance? Wonder what sort of fool he'd call me if he knew that I came to East Patten time after time, just for a chance of looking at her—that I bought Rose Cottage merely to be near her—that I'd kept it all to myself, and for a couple of years had felt younger

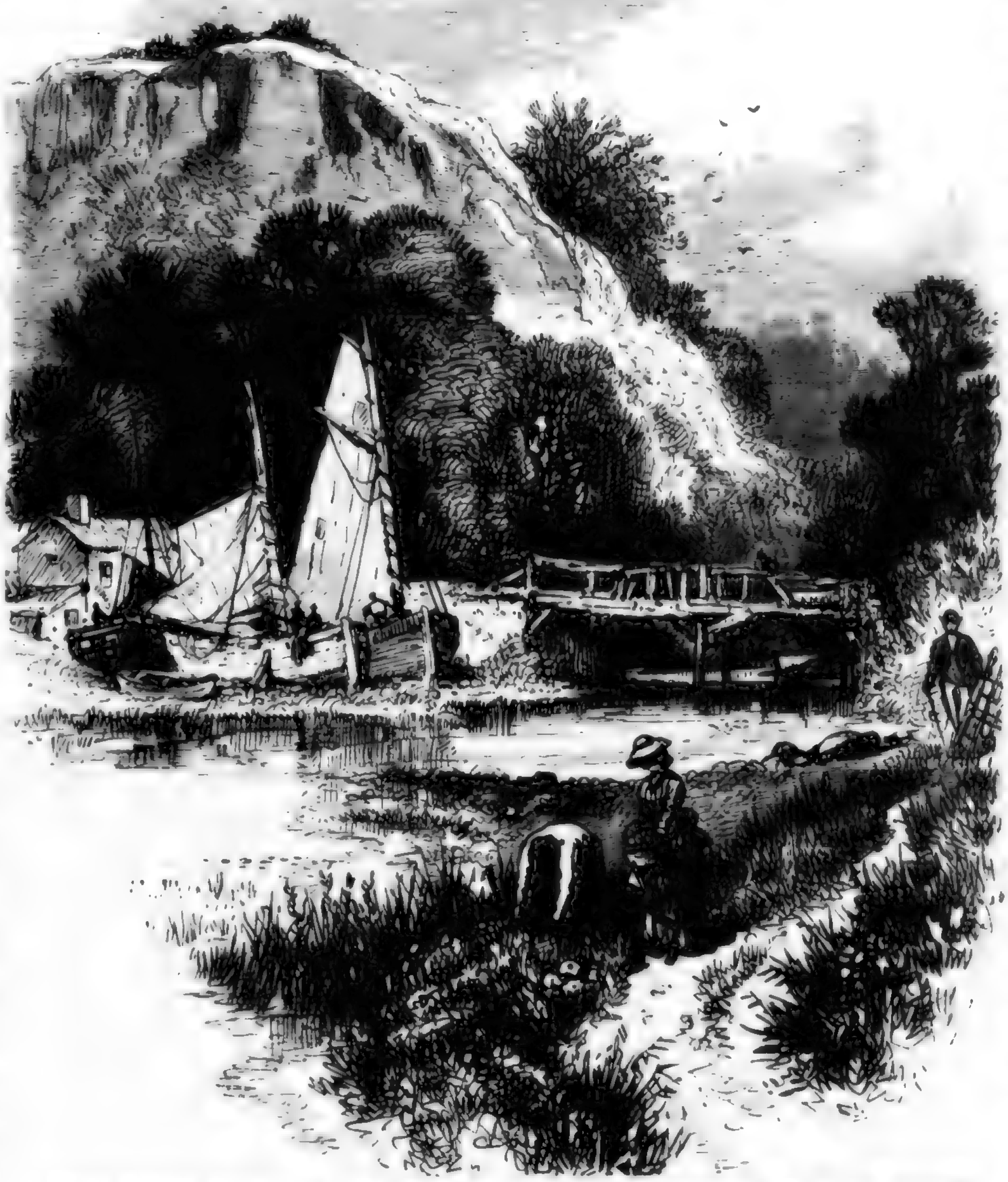


MOUTH OF SPHINX LIGUSTRI.



CHRYSALIS OF THE SPHINX LIGUSTRI.

at the thought that I might, perchance, win her after all? Poor Fred! And yet, why shouldn't she marry him?—women have done stranger things; and he's a great deal more attractive-looking than an old campaigner like myself. Well, God bless 'em both, and have mercy on an old coward!"



MAJOR MARTT'S FRIEND.—"EAST PATTEN WAS ONE OF THE QUIETEST PLACES IN THE WORLD." SEE PAGE 230.

The major looked toward the Wittleday mansion. The door was open; the last guests were evidently departing, and their beautiful entertainer was standing in the doorway, a flood of light throwing into perfect relief her graceful and tastefully dressed figure. She said something laughingly to the departing guests—it seemed exquisite music to the major. Then the door closed, and the major, with a groan, retired within his own door, and sorrowfully consumed many cigars.

The week that followed was a very dismal one to the major. He petted his garden as usual, and whistled softly to himself, as was his constant habit, but he insanely pinched the buds off the flowering plants, and his whistling was restricted to the execution of dead marches alone. He jeopardized his queen so often at chess that Parson Fisher deemed it only honorable to call the major's attention to his misplays, and to allow him to correct them. The saddler-postmaster noticed that the major—usually a most accomplished smoker—now consumed a great many matches in relighting each pipe that he filled.

Only once during the week did he chance to meet Mrs. Wittleday, and then the look which accompanied his bow and raised hat was so solemn, that his fair neighbor was unusually sober herself for a few moments, while she wondered whether she could in any way have given the major offense.

As for the lieutenant, he sat at the major's desk for many sorrowful hours each day, the general result being a large number of closely written and finely torn scraps in the waste-basket. Then, coatless, collarless, with open vest and hair disarranged in the manner traditional among love-sick youths, he would pour mournful airs from a flute.

The major complained—rather frequently for a man who had spent years on the Plains—of drafts from the front windows, which windows he finally kept closed most of the time, thus saving Mrs. Wittleday the annoyance which would certainly have resulted from the noise made by the earnest but unskilled amateur.

For the major himself, however, neither windows nor doors could afford relief; and when, one day, the sergeant accidentally overturned a heavy table, which fell upon the flute and crushed it, the major enjoyed the only happy moments that were his during the week.

The week drew very near its close. The major had, with a heavy but desperate heart, told stories, sung songs, brought up tactical points for discussion — he even waxed enthusiastic in favor of a run through Europe, he to bear all the expenses; but the subaltern remained faithful and obdurate. Finally, the morning of the last day arrived, and the lieutenant, to the major's surprise and delight, appeared at the table with a very resigned air.

"Major," said he, "I wouldn't mention it under any other circumstances, but—I saved your life once?"

"You did, my boy. God bless you!" responded the major, promptly.

"Well, now I want to ask you a favor on the strength of that act—I'll never ask another. It's no use for me to try to write to her—the harder I try the more contemptible my words appear. Now, what I ask is this—*you* write me

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a rough draft of what's fit to send to such an incomparable being, and I'll copy it and send it over. I don't expect any answer—all I want to do is to throw myself away on her, but I want to do it handsomely, and—hang it! I don't know how. Write just as if you were doing it for yourself. Will you do it?"

The major tried to wash his heart out of his throat with a sip of coffee, and succeeded but partially; yet the appealing look of his favorite, added to the unconscious pathos of his tone, restored to him his self-command, and he replied:

"I'll do it, Fred—right away."

"Don't spoil your breakfast for it; any time this morning will do," said the lieutenant, as the major arose from the table. But the veteran needed an excuse for leaving his breakfast untouched, and he rather abruptly stepped upon the piazza and indulged in a thoughtful promenade.

"Write just as if you were doing it for yourself."

The young man's words rang constantly in his ears, and before the major had thought many moments, he determined to do exactly what he was asked to do. This silly performance of the lieutenant's would, of course, put an end to the acquaintanceship of the major and Mrs. Wittleday, unless that lady were most unusually gracious. Why should he not say to her over the subaltern's name, all that he had for years been hoping for an opportunity to say? No matter that she would not imagine who was the real author of the letter—it would still be an unmistakable comfort to write the words and know that her eyes would read them—that her heart would perhaps—probably, in fact—pity the writer.

The major seated himself, wrote, erased, interlined, rewrote, and finally handed to the lieutenant a sheet of letter-paper, of which nearly a page was covered with the major's very characteristic chirography.

"By gracious, major!" exclaimed the lieutenant, his face having lightened perceptibly during the perusal of the letter, "that's magnificent! I declare it puts hope into me; and yet, confound it, it's plaguey like marching under some one else's colors."

"Never mind, my boy; copy it, sign it and send it over, and don't hope too much."

The romantic young brave copied the letter carefully, line for line; he spoiled several envelopes in addressing one to suit him, and then dispatched the missive by the major's servant, laying the rough draft away for future (and probably sorrowful) perusal.

The morning hours dragged dreadfully. Both warriors smoked innumerable cigars, but only to find fault with the flavor thereof. The lieutenant tried to keep his heart up by relating two or three stories, at the points of each of which the major forced a boisterous laugh, but the mirth upon both sides was visibly hollow.

Dinner was set at noon, the usual military dinner-hour, but little was consumed, except a bottle of claret, which the major, who seldom drank, seemed to consider it advisable to produce. The after-dinner cigar lasted only until one o'clock; newspapers by the noonday mail occupied their time for but a scant hour more, and an attempted game of cribbage was speedily dropped by unspoken but mutual consent.

Suddenly the garden-gate creaked. The lieutenant sprang to his feet, looked out of the window, and exclaimed:

"It's her darkey—he's got an answer—oh, major!"

"Steady, boy, steady!" said the major, arising hastily and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, as that excited person was hastening to the door. "'Officer and gentleman,' you know. Let Sam open the door."

The bell rang, the door was opened, a word or two passed between the two servants, and Mrs. Wittleday's coachman appeared in the dining-room, holding the letter. The lieutenant eagerly reached for it, but the sable carrier grinned politely, said "It's fur de major, sah—wuz told to give it right into his han's, an' nobody else," fulfilled his instructions and departed, with many bows and smiles, while the two soldiers dropped into their respective chairs.

"Hurry up, major—do, please," whispered the lieutenant. But the veteran seemed an interminably long time in opening the dainty envelope in his hand. Official communications he opened with a dexterity suggesting sleight-of-hand, but now he took a penknife from his pocket, opened its smallest, brightest blade, and carefully cut Mrs. Wittleday's envelope. As he opened the letter his lower jaw fell, and his eyes opened wide. He read the letter through, and re-read it, his countenance indicating considerable satisfaction, which presently was lost in an expression of puzzled wonder.

"Fred," said he to the miserable lieutenant, who started to his feet, as a prisoner expecting a severe sentence might do, "what in creation did you write Mrs. Wittleday?"

"Just what you gave me to write," replied the young man, evidently astonished.

"Let me see my draft of it," said the major.

The lieutenant opened a drawer in the major's desk, took out a sheet of paper, looked at it, and cried:

"I sent her your draft! *This* is my letter!"

"And she's imagined *I* wrote it, and has accepted *me!*" gasped the major.

The wretched Frederick turned pale, and tottered toward a chair. The major went over to him and spoke sympathizingly, but, despite his genial sorrow for the poor boy, the major's heart was so full that he did not dare to show his face for a moment; so he stood behind the lieutenant, and looked across his own shoulder out of the window.

"Oh, major!" exclaimed Fred, "isn't it possible that you're mistaken?"

"Here's her letter, my boy," said the major; "judge for yourself."

The young man took the letter in a mechanical sort of way, and read as follows:

"*July* 23*d*, 185—.

"DEAR MAJOR: I duly received your note of this morning, and you may thank womanly curiosity for my knowing from whom the missive (which you omitted to sign) came. I was accidentally looking out of my window, and recognized the messenger.

"I have made it an inflexible rule to laugh at declarations of 'love at first sight,' but when I remembered how long ago it was when first we met, the steadfastness of your regard, proved to me by a new fancy (which I pray you not to crush) that your astonishing fondness for East Patten was partly on my account, forbade my indulging in any lighter sentiment than that of honest gratitude.

"You may call this evening for your answer, which, I suppose, you, with the ready conceit of your sex and profession, will have already anticipated. "Yours, very truly,

"HELEN WITTLEDAY."

The lieutenant groaned.

"It's all up, major; you'll *have* to marry her. 'Twould be awfully ungentlemanly to let her know there was any mistake."

"Do you think so, Fred?" asked the major, with a perceptible twitch at the corners of his mouth.

"Certainly I do," replied the sorrowful lover; "and I'm sure you can learn to love her; she is simply an angel—a goddess. Confound it, you can't *help* loving her!"

"You really believe so, do you, my boy?" asked the major, with fatherly gravity. "But how would *you* feel about it?"

"As if no one else on earth was good enough for her—

as if she was the luckiest woman alive," quickly answered the young man, with a great deal of his natural spirit. "'Twould heal *my* wound entirely."

"Very well, my boy," said the major; "I'll put you out of your misery as soon as possible."

* * * * * * *

Never had the major known an evening whose twilight was of such interminable duration. When however, the darkness was sufficient to conceal his face, he walked quickly across the street, and to the door of the Wittleday mansion.

That his answer was what he supposed it would be, is evinced by the fact that, a few months later, his resignation was accepted by the Department, and Mrs. Wittleday became Mrs. Martt.

In so strategic a manner that she never suspected the truth, the major told his *fiancée* the story of the lieutenant's unfortunate love; and so great was the fair widow's sympathy, that she set herself the task of seeing the young man happily engaged. This done, she offered him the position of engineer of some mining work on her husband's estate, and the major promised him Rose Cottage for a permanent residence as soon as he would find a mistress for it.

Naturally, the young man succumbed to the influences exerted against him, and, after Mr. and Mrs. Doyson were fairly settled, the major told his own wife, to her intense amusement, the history of the letter which induced her to change her name.

## GALLANTRY OF THE PRINCE OF COMMERCI.

In a skirmish which preceded the grand victory by the Imperialists over the Turks at Hersan, in 1687, the ensign of Commerci's regiment suffered his colors to be taken. The Prince of Commerci no sooner heard of it than he craved permission of the Duke of Lorraine to take a standard in return from the infidels. By dint of entreaty his wish was complied with, on which he galloped in front of the line. He perceived a Turk carrying a standard at the end of a *zagaye* (spear), instantly made up to him and leveled his pistol, which missing fire, he prepared to draw his sword. The Mussulman, profiting by the occasion, darted the *zagaye* into His Highness's thigh. The prince very deliberately laid hold of the weapon with his left hand, and with his right dealt his adversary such a tremendous blow as cleft his head in two.

This done, the young hero plucked the *zagaye* out of his thigh, and, bearing the fruit of his victory, covered with his own blood, into the presence of the general, sent for his ensign, whom he coolly addressed in the following terms:

"Here, sir, take this standard. It has cost me a trifle, and it will give me pleasure to find that you preserve it better than you did the last."

This singular reprimand is scarcely less admirable than the action itself. The Emperor, with a view to recompense the young prince in a manner suitable to his deserts, had the standard placed, with extraordinary pomp and ceremony, in the principal church of his capital. The Empress also wrought a stand of colors with her own hands, and presented it to the Prince of Commerci as a substitute for that which had been taken.

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Spain is of more account in this world than is generally supposed. It took, together with its colonies, 2,500 distinctions of all kinds at the Paris Exhibition, while England and her colonies took but 2,455.

## AN AFTER-DINNER REVERIE.

By M. G. Watkins.

I left behind the plunging waves
My ship had cleaved for many a moon;
By golden harvests, grassy graves,
White farms, I drank in nature's boon.

Threading at eve with joyful heart
The pleasance round an English home;
'Midst trees and ferns I stood apart,
And idly wondered who would come.

Where slanting sunlights most did blaze,
A girl drew near, with lustrous eyes
Arched o'er by vivid dropping sprays,
And soothed with evening's tender sighs.

Her crimson robe flamed all aglow;
A rose within her hair was set;
And round her neck, like clouds o'er snow,
There wound an azure carcanet.

She pondered as she walked, nor saw
That some one watched her pensive face;
Mused she on love's eternal law
That trust can vanquish time and space?

Her trustful love had long since dropped
All jealous fears, all vague alarms;
So proud she turned—a moment stopped,
Then flew into my happy arms.

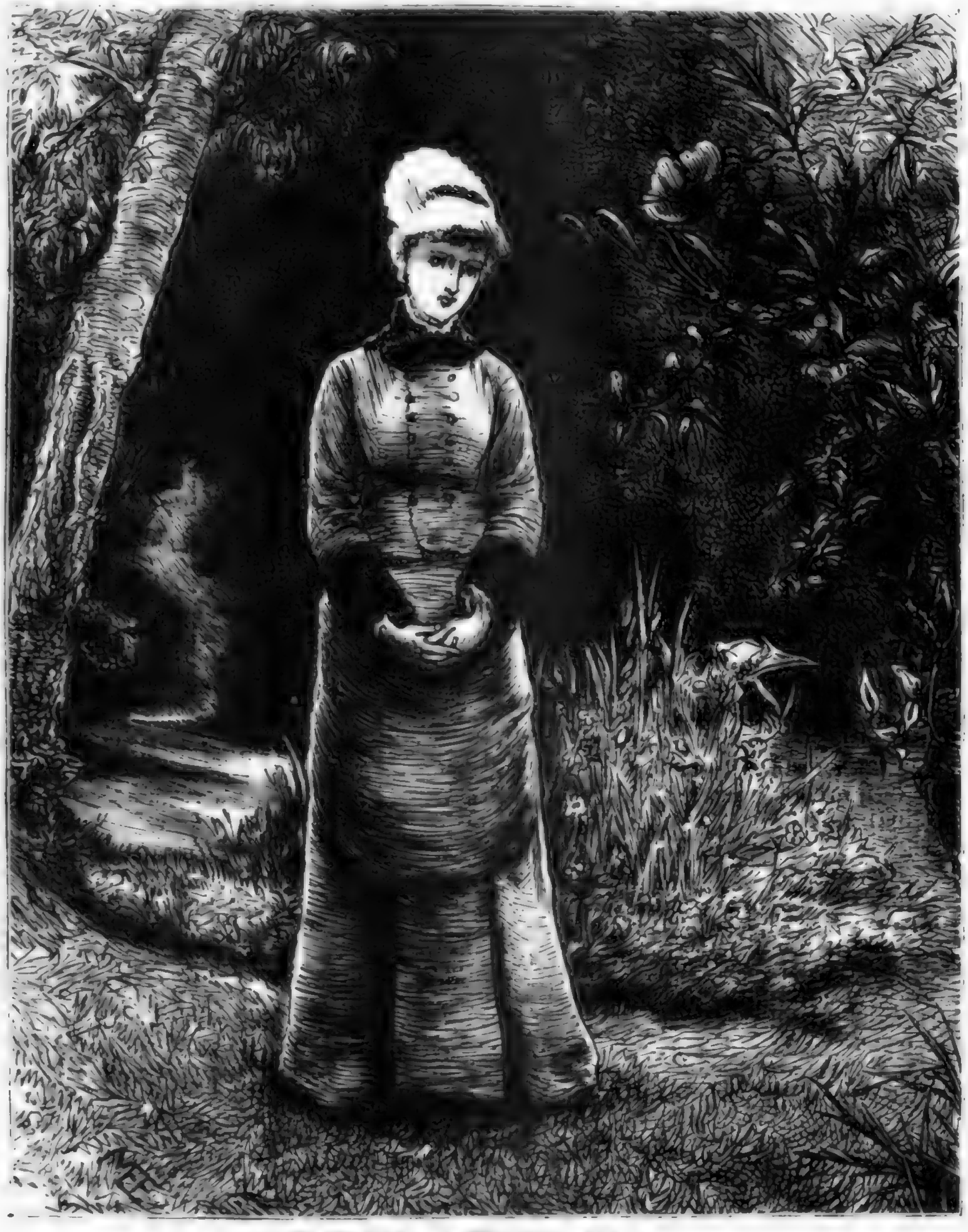
## A NEWPORT LOVE-STORY.

THE gold-bright ribbon of sunset was quivering across the level glitter of the sea, a vapor which was neither mist nor sunshine, but an interweaving of both, through which far, white sails shone and vanished like mirage; and the breeze, instinct with the coolness of leagues on leagues of green-lighted waves, touched Vivia Clifford's forehead like a loving hand, as she sat on a ledge of white-gleaming rock, beneath the friendly shadow of steep cliffs, with wet trails of seaweed festooned around her feet, and shells gleaming like forgotten flowers amid the crinkling lines printed along the damp, silvery surface of the sand by the fingers of the ebbing tide.

Vivia would have made no unattractive picture, as she sat there, with the lustrous gold of her long, bright hair blown back by the sea-wind, and the sweet pea-pink upon her cheeks, and the delicate oval outlines of her face; and her eyes had the velvety blueness of the *fleur-de-lis*, that lifts its royal head among the ranks of June gardens; and her coral-red lips were curved like Diana's bow; and the chin had a mischievous dimple that came and went like a sunbeam, when you least expected to see it; and, altogether, she was one of those lovable human creatures—the very opposite of marble statues or cold goddesses—who are born to make human homes bright, with wedding-rings upon their rosy fingers. And, withal, Vivia Clifford was the prettiest girl at Newport that season.

She untied the green-ribboned straw hat, whose envious shadow hid her face, so that the saline air might touch her veined temples, and, letting the dimpled chin sink into her left hand, gazed dreamily out at the far, gold-shining horizon.

"How beautiful it is!" she murmured, almost inaudibly, "and how much pleasanter it is to be breathing in this delicious air than to be sitting in state in that stuffy-smelling hotel parlor, with the pictures staring down at you, and the atmosphere full of sickening perfumes, and people wondering whether your jewels are real, or your cheeks rouged! I don't know why I wasn't born a fisherman's daughter, instead of a fashionable young lady!"



"A girl drew near with lustrous eyes
Arched o'er by vivid drooping sprays,
And soothed with evening's tender sighs."

AN AFTER-DINNER REVERIE.— SEE POEM ON PAGE 235.

"Perhaps," observed Mr. Ralph Vernay, who was leaning against the foot of the rock with folded arms, a straight young Apollo of strength and beauty, "for the same reason that I am a briefless lawyer, instead of a millionaire."

Vivia glanced down a shy, delicious little glance, that quivered into Vernay's eyes as a blue sunbeam loses itself in the brown depths of a forest pool; and in that one look you might have read the sweet old story of love, burning on the altars of two hearts.

"Oh, Ralph, if you were only rich——"

"You would love me better. Is that what you mean, Vivia?" he asked, a little bitterly.

"Nonsense, Ralph! you know very well that that would be impossible; only, if you were rich, Uncle Abel wouldn't make himself so horribly disagreeable."

"Is your uncle as determined as ever, Vivia?"

Miss Clifford elevated her shoulders, and made a very expressive little Frenchy *moue.*

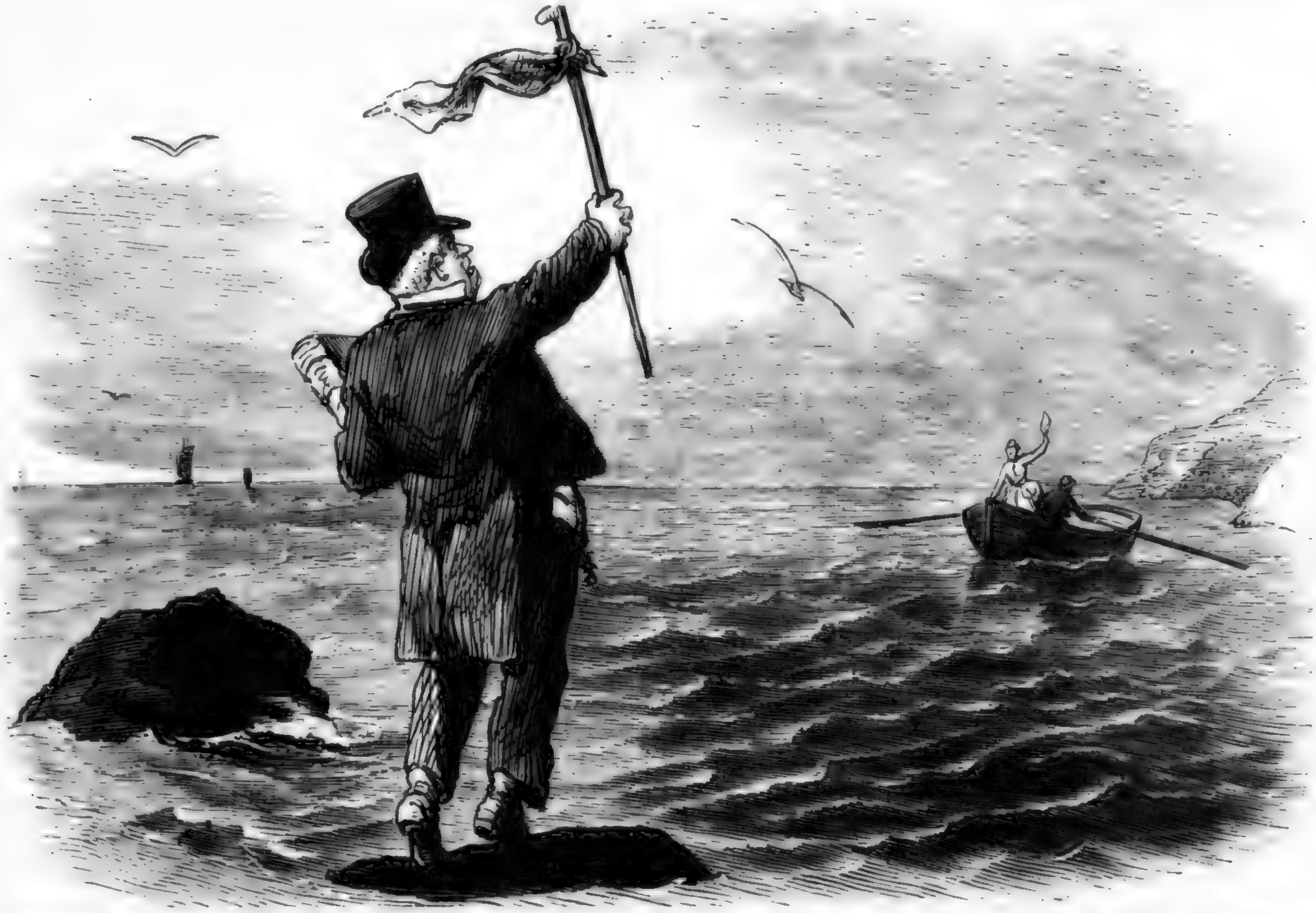
"Oh, Ralph, he says I'm a sentimental schoolgirl, and that you——"

"Well, what am I?" boldly demanded Mr. Vernay.

"That you're a shiftless young vagabond," pouted Vivia—"his very words, Ralph; and—and then I cried."

"My darling!" soothed the lover, touching his lips softly to a fragrant tress of the shining hair, now transformed by the level sunbeams to braided threads of gold.

"Yes, I cried; and Uncle Abel went away and banged the door. I don't care what he says of me, Ralph, but he



A NEWPORT LOVE-STORY.—"JOY! JOY! THE SIGNAL WAS COMPREHENDED AND RETURNED. SOMETHING WHITE AND FRIENDLY FLUTTERED FROM THE BOAT, WHICH NEARED HIM RAPIDLY, URGED ON BY STEADY AND VIGOROUS STROKES."—SEE PAGE 235.

shall *not* call you a v—v—vagabond!" And Miss Vivia's voice waxed a trifle hysterical.

"Let him talk on," laughed Vernay; "a free use of adjectives is sometimes a powerful escape-valve. At all events, I am not a fossil-hearted old Methuselah. And, Vivia, whatever he may take it into his capricious cranium to say or do, it won't alter one fact—the fact that I am most assuredly going to marry you."

Vivia's velvet-blue eyes shone admiringly on this brave-hearted lover of hers. A woman likes a man's strength to lean against and rest on; and if the proverb-worn "current of true love" was determined not to run smooth, it was something to have so valiant a gondolier, with oars that made such a goodly splashing against the ill-meaning tides.

"But, Ralph——"

"But, Vivia!"

"I can't marry you against Uncle Abel's direct prohibition. I can love you, dearest, all the same, if only——"

"Now, look here, my blue-eyed darling," coaxed Mr. Vernay, "there's only one way for us to proceed, and that is——"

"The way round the foot of the cliffs," chimed in a dry, husky little voice, as an elderly gentleman in a snuff-colored suit bobbed suddenly out from behind an overhanging rock, with pale, protruding eyes, that glared maliciously behind Brazilian pebble glasses. "That is the nearest; and, as the sun has already set, time is of some consequence. Vivia, if you will take my arm, we'll walk up to the hotel."

Vivia's cheeks were crimson, but she took her uncle's arm without a word of remonstrance. The spell of the tyrannical old man's presence, temporarily removed, was asserting its potency once more. But Mr. Vernay stepped forward, with a rebellious light flashing under his long eyelashes.

"Excuse me," he said, haughtily; "*I* will escort Miss Clifford home."

"No, you'll not," said Uncle Abel, tucking his niece's hand tighter still beneath his snuff-colored arm. "We won't trouble you to waste any more of your valuable time upon us, Mr. Vernay."

And Ralph Vernay had to submit, unwillingly enough, to the mute pleadings of Vivia's eyes.

So Miss Clifford was walked home, like a pretty prisoner of war, with Uncle Abel's solemn truisms and monotonous maxims sounding in her ears above the untranslatable murmur of the sea; and she had to array herself in white grenadine and French flowers, and go down to the parlors and waltz, and smile, and utter pretty, insignificant nothings in the sultry atmosphere, with the gas-lights blazing above, and the melancholy pulses of Strauss's music floating on the air; while all the time the moon, a full-orbed sphere of pearl, was rising so radiantly white over the rippling tides down by the shore, and she knew perfectly well that Ralph was smoking his cigar in the delicious solitude.

*Noblesse oblige!* The young maidens of to-day are sacrificed as remorselessly as in the days of heathendom. Fashion is the Moloch of the nineteenth century; yet we fold our hands and piously thank Providence that we live in a civilized era!

Is it any wonder that Vivia Clifford wept a few sparkling drops that night, as she took the French roses out of her hair, and fastened the necklace of turquoises away in its satin-lined casket?

"I wish Uncle Abel wasn't quite so obstinate," mused Vivia, as her curly head nestled down among the pillows. "And I don't want to go to the clam-party to-morrow—it will be so hot, and Uncle Abel will make me walk so far, and carry such a heap of hideous old shells and stones, and I don't believe Ralph is going, and——"

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And here the oval eyelids drooped over the *fleur-de-lis* eyes, and the half-open rosebud he had given her fell from between her relaxed fingers, and our little heroine went, in utter defiance to all the rules of romance, to sleep.

For you can't waltz the whole evening, and watch all night, unless you have an evil conscience or the dyspepsia, and Vivia Clifford had neither.

The soft crimson of dawn was just beginning to illumine the walls of her room, like faint lights shining through ruby glass, when a brisk knocking sounded on the panels of Miss Clifford's door.

"Come, come!" barked Uncle Abel. "Time to get up! Open your eyes! 'Early to bed and early to rise makes a girl healthy, wealthy and wise!' No more cat-naps! Remember the clam-party! Breakfast will be on the table in fifteen minutes, *precisely*. Vivia, *do* you hear me?"

"Yes, yes, Uncle Abel," faintly answered poor, sleepy little Vivia, who would have given her prettiest coral ear-rings for one more hour of delicious morning slumber, and who fervently wished the clam-party in Patagonia.

A few miles beyond the sweep of the fashionable drives which belt Newport with glittering curves, a magnificent stretch of silvery sand leads up to jagged masses of rock, whose bald crests are fringed here and there with such hardy plants as thrive on the most barren soil. Upon this smooth and shingly beach flourishes the mollusk commonly known as *clam;* and hither come pilgrim bands in search of the soft-shelled treasures—or, at least, it forms a very plausible excuse for becoming Summer costumes, flirtations, and time-murder in general.

Not until the last carriage had driven up to a spot where two or three venerable cedars made a little oasis of shadow on the scorching sands did Vivia perceive, with a start and a thrill of scarce-concealed pleasure, that Ralph Vernay was among the company.

"Oh, Ralph!" she said, brightly, as he advanced, "I did not know—I never supposed——"

"Oh, ah, indeed!" interrupted Uncle Abel, drawing Vivia's arm under his, and flashing defiance on the bold lover through his spectacle-orbs. "I wish you a very good-morning, Mr. Ralph. Where is the basket, Vivia? Come, girl, come! And what have you done with the little glass jar with the self-screwing lid? Professor Wiscall tells me that one can find on this northern beach the very finest specimens of *Asteriadæ* in the country, to say nothing of the *Crinoideans*, and the excellent representatives of the *Heteropods*. Let us lose no time—every instant is of value."

And the old gentleman remorselessly dragged off his niece, blind to the "longing, lingering looks" she cast behind, and utterly regardless of Mr. Vernay's very evident discomfiture.

"Now, I should like to know what business that young man has loafing down here at clam-parties," observed Uncle Abel, viciously. "I thought he pretended to be a lawyer? Much practice he must have!"

"But, Uncle Abel," pleaded Vivia, with the roses dyeing her conscious cheeks, "he is taking his Summer vacation."

"Summer vacation, indeed!" growled her grim relative. "Some people's lives seem to consist altogether of 'Summer vacations.' When *I* was a young man beginning the world, we used to work hard for a living."

Vivia was silent, maliciously reflecting that that epoch must have belonged to the days of very, very long ago, when Uncle Abel suddenly went off into raptures over divers wrinkled and unshapen shells which lay upon the sand at their feet.

"The finest rayed-shell specimen that I ever saw!" he croaked, gleefully. "And that is the *Venus Astarte*—common, but nevertheless worthy of preservation. *Cytherea*, too! Upon my word, the basket will be full before we know it! Give me the glass jar, Vivia, my dear—you will certainly spill out my beautiful *Actinia.*"

Miss Clifford resigned her portion of the scientific treasures not unwillingly. To her, the *Actinia* was a mere lump of sea-jelly.

"They are so horribly disgusting, Uncle Abel!"

"That's because you don't understand their importance as a matter of science, my dear. You must study up these things."

Vivia arched her eyebrows. The prospect was not a specially tempting one.

Altogether, it was rather a dull day to Vivia Clifford. Uncle Abel, in his enthusiastic prosecution of science, wandered far away from the rest, and Vivia found herself unable to escape from the glitter of his Cerberus-like old eyes.

"There's no need for our going back over that hot sand, my dear," he said, when his niece alluded incidentally to their returning to the cedar-trees in time for the collation. "I've got some very excellent Madeira in a flask, and a paper of soda-crackers, which you'll find much more healthy than lobster-salad or sardines, or any of that indigestible trash which they've got down yonder."

Vivia's heart sank within her at the ruthless overthrow of her last chance for meeting Ralph Vernay again.

"He will be so disappointed," thought Vivia; and she turned listlessly away from the soda-crackers and pocket-flask.

"What is the matter, Vivia?" asked Uncle Abel, with his mouth full of soda-crackers. "Aren't you hungry?"

And Vivia shook her head, and bit her scarlet lower-lip until she had a very good excuse for the tears that suffused her eyes.

Girls are strange creatures," said Uncle Abel to himself; "there's no accounting for their whims. And so"—putting the wine-flask back into the tail-pocket of his coat—"I'll try and find a mate to the *Actinia Equiva.*"

The sunset arrows were stretching vaguely over the sands. Uncle Abel, perched on the apex of a cluster of rocks, curiously jagged, as if some juvenile Gog or Magog in his play had hacked and carved at them with a colossal penknife, was alternating, with eager eye, between his jar of gelatinous monstrosities and a quarto volume of natural history; while Vivia sat below, her open book lying on her lap, and her eyes seeing not a word of its printed types. All of a sudden a light footstep grated on the sands, a shadow fell athwart the level light at her feet.

"Vivia!"

"Ralph!"

Her cheek crimsoned, her blue eyes glittered like Oriental sapphires, as she smiled into his face.

"Hurry, Ralph!" holding up one slim finger; "*he* is up there."

"I know it," nodded her lover. "I kept well under the shadow of the rocks, and, thank Providence, he is up to his eyes in zoophytes. We can walk a little way under these cliffs, and he will be none the wiser; besides, it isn't safe for you to remain here—the tide is coming in like a regiment of horses."

Vivia involuntarily drew back with a stifled exclamation, as a huge in-plunging wave sprinkled her dress with tiny beads of spray, followed by long, sweeping fringes of foam.

"I had no idea it was coming in so fast," she said, clinging to Vernay's arm. "Yes, Ralph, we will go further up."

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There *is* a theory of compensation in this world, after all! Vivia's day had been long and weary, but this walk over the glistening sands, with the far-off ships shining through the mists, and the murmur of ever-advancing breakers in their ears, atoned for all.

"Vivia!" called Uncle Abel's shrill voice, breaking in on the softer tones of Ralph Vernay's half-whispered accents.

"Yes, Uncle Abel!"

Vivia instinctively drew closer to the sheltering cliff as she answered.

"Are you below there?"

"Yes."

"What are you doing?"

"I—I'm picking up *Actinias.*"

"It's all right," answered Uncle Abel's contented tones. "Don't go too far off."

"No, Uncle Abel."

And Mr. Abel Clifford buried his spectacled eyes once more in the quarto volume, in quest of some authentic account of a most unaccountable sea-creature, half fish, half flower, which sprawled despairingly behind the crystal walls of the jar.

"It's strange," he muttered, rapidly turning over the leaves, "what an inaccuracy there is on such subjects. I've a great mind to write a book myself. I could put a new idea or two into their heads, I think."

So he read on, straining his elderly eyes through their shining pebble-glasses; and the breeze, floating shoreward, grew cooler and more balmy, and the sun went down behind a stately ship, with sails and pennons of gold, dipping gradually behind the horizon; and Uncle Abel closed his book like one just roused from sleep.

"Upon my word," he ejaculated, "it must be past seven o'clock! How the time has flown! I never dreamed of its being so late! Vivia! Vivia! come, child, we must step lively, or we shall miss the last carriage. Vivia, I say! Why, where *is* that child? Seven o'clock!" nervously catching up his glass jar, and beginning to scramble down the rocky ledges as hastily as was consistent with personal safety. "Who would have thought it!" Suddenly he stopped. "It can't be possible!" he ejaculated. "Yes, it is! The tide has submerged the path by which we came—it has surrounded the point of rocks like an island! I'm a prisoner! I can't get away!"

The glass jar slipped from his nerveless fingers. The *Actiniæ*, in no wise dismayed by the jingle of breaking glass, lost no time in returning to their natural element; but Uncle Abel was too much terrified to lament their loss. The dull roar of the rising tide, breaking with hollow resonance round his lone eyrie, sounded like threatening voices in his ear.

"Oh, why didn't I learn to swim when I was a boy!" groaned Uncle Abel. "I shall be drowned! The water is rising with fearful rapidity."

As he spoke, the basket, which he had unwarily set down on a sloping rock, lost its centre of gravity, and, weighted with stones and shells, sank down through the waters. Uncle Abel watched its descent with a fearful fascination.

"That's the way *I* shall go!" gasped Uncle Abel, with a little shudder. "To be drowned!—the death I have always feared and dreaded most! Oh, dear, dear! what is to become of me? Help! help! he-e-lp!"

As if his feeble voice could lift itself above the tumult of the cruel, tossing waves!

Suddenly a little boat came rocking round the walls of cliffs to the northward—a boat which contained two persons; and Uncle Abel, remembering Robinson Crusoe and all the wretched castaways of ancient and modern times, tied his red bandana handkerchief round the head of his walking-stick, and brandished it eagerly in the air, bawling lustily for help as he did so.

Joy! joy! the signal was comprehended and returned. Something white and friendly fluttered from the boat, which neared him rapidly, urged on by steady and vigorous strokes.

Uncle Abel's eyes shone joyously through the spectacle-glasses.

"Vivia!" he cried aloud—"it is Vivia in the boat; and, as sure as I live, that is Ralph Vernay with her!"

Alas for poor human nature! So selfish is terror, that until this moment Uncle Abel had never once thought what had been his niece's fate.

"Yes," went on Uncle Abel, mentally, "it *is* Ralph Vernay. I wonder where they got the boat? And where did that young reprobate come from? I'll settle with him when once I find myself on *terra firma.* And yet, it is very lucky he came—very lucky, indeed."

"Row up a little nearer!" he shouted, hugging the quarto volume closely to his breast, as he nimbly scrambled down the rocks. "Do you take me for a seagull or an albatross, to fly across that ten feet of water?"

But the boat advanced no nearer. Ralph Vernay, leaning on the oars, wiped his streaming brow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Clifford," he remarked, politely. "What a very disagreeable predicament that must be for you!"

Uncle Abel's spectacle-glasses glittered like a pair of miniature moons.

"Then why, in the name of all that is righteous, don't you come and take me off?" he shouted, his face growing scarlet.

"Why don't I?" repeated Vernay, coolly.

"Yes, *why?*" barked Uncle Abel, growing irritable.

"Because I wish to exact a promise from you first," answered Mr. Vernay, composedly.

"A promise!"

"Yes; your promise that you will consent to my immediate marriage with this young lady, who is your ward as well as your niece."

"Oh, Uncle Abel, say yes!" cried Vivia, leaning forward, with gold hair streaming backward, and hands entreatingly clasped.

"*No!*" shouted Mr. Clifford.

"Just as you please," said Ralph Vernay, quietly taking up the oars. "How very rapidly the tide comes in!"

Uncle Abel glanced apprehensively around. Mr. Vernay was assuredly right—the tide was rushing in with a roar like that of some infuriated wild animal.

"But you would not go away and leave me to be drowned?" he exclaimed, as Vernay leaned forward to his oars.

"Your answer—is it Yes, or No?" demanded the young man.

"No."

But it was spoken with less of determined emphasis this time.

Mr. Vernay gave the oars a firm pull. Uncle Abel's croaking cry followed the boat's bounding movement over the waves.

"Oh, Ralph!" faltered Vivia, her sweet face growing pale in the luminous twilight.

"My darling," coaxed Vernay, "he's as safe and as obstinate as possible. One minute more of firmness, and the day is ours."

As they spoke, the boat was gliding away, partly impelled by the current, and partly by Mr. Vernay's firm

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strokes. The spray from breaking waves was beginning to sprinkle Uncle Abel's boots. He advanced a step, making an impromptu speaking-trumpet of his two hands.

"Come ba-a-ack!" he bawled, in stentorian accents.

The boat shot toward him once again.

"You're an undutiful, irreverent and evil-disposed young scamp!" irately shouted the captive of the rocks.

"Was that all you wanted to say to me, sir?"

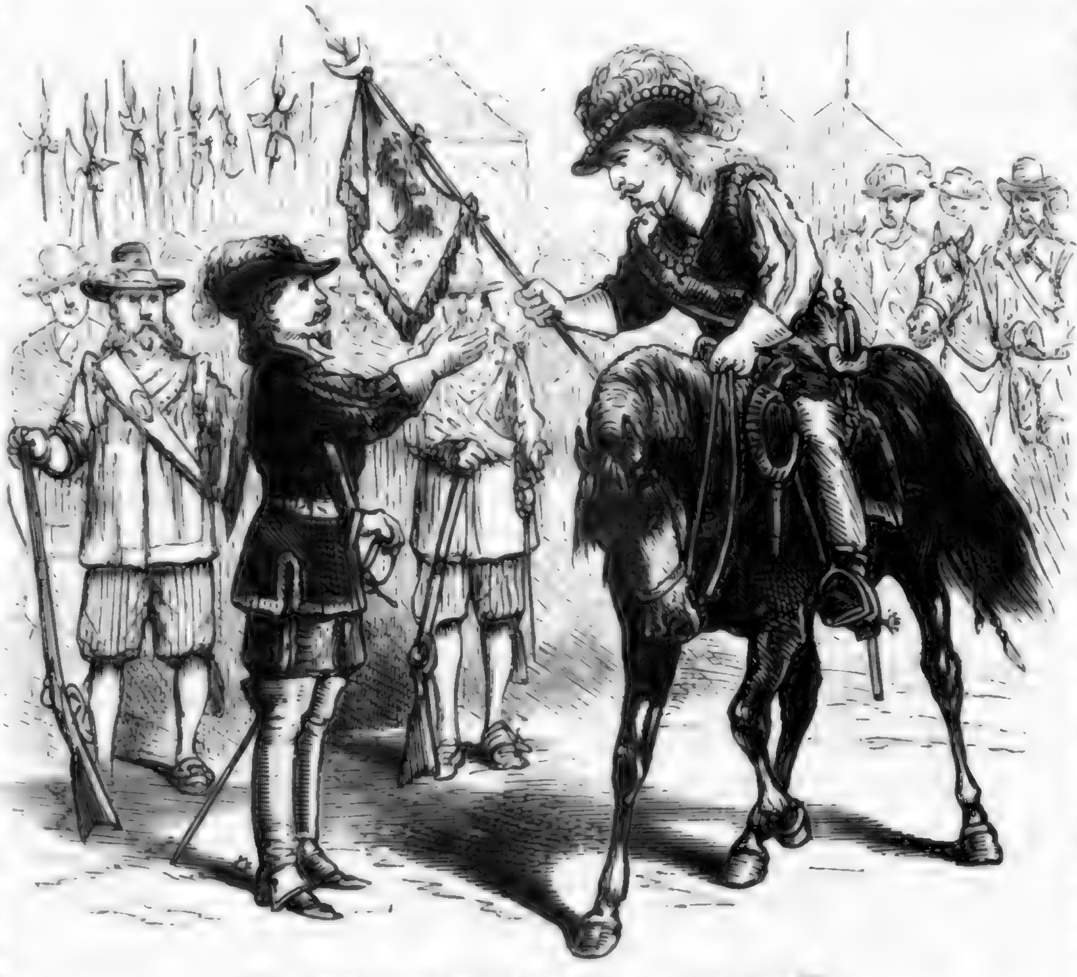
"Hold on! Come back, I say. No, it wasn't all. Take me off this death-trap of a place, and you may marry my niece a dozen times, for all I care."

"Once will be all that is necessary, sir," said Mr. Vernay, with unmoved gravity. "Just wait an instant—I'll pull round to the lower side, where you can step in more easily."

And the keel of the boat grated harshly against the rough edges of rock—the sweetest sound that ever wooed Uncle Abel Clifford's ears.

"Now, sir," cheerily cried Ralph, "take my hand—easy, with your left foot. Now we are all right."

Uncle Abel seated himself, still hugging the quarto volume to his breast. He was safe; but he had been defeated, vanquished. He had sold himself for a mess of pottage. Yet, when he remembered the sick terrors that had assailed his mind as he stood trembling on those dizzy rocks, he could not but congratulate himself.



GALLANTRY OF THE PRINCE OF COMMERCI.—SEE PAGE 235.

"Uncle Abel!"—and Vivia's cheek, soft and fresh and cool as a rose-leaf, was laid against his grizzled whisker, and Vivia's arm crept around his neck—"Uncle Abel, you're not angry with me?" she pleaded, her dewy breath fanning his cheek.

"No," said Uncle Abel, brusquely, yet not unkindly, "not *very* angry."

"And you'll forgive us, Uncle Abel?"

"I suppose I shall have to," said Uncle Abel. "There, there, you needn't *quite* choke a fellow to death! Such a famous *Actinia* as it was!" he added, in a mournful sort of soliloquy. "And the self-screwing jar broken to pieces—an utter impossibility to replace it in this out-of-the-way place. And the finest rayed-shell I ever saw—nothing like it in all Wiseall's collection."

Uncle Abel had lost his niece and his *Actinia* both, and he was not quite sure which he regretted most. And as the little boat glided homeward, making a shining track in the mellow moonlight brightness which rested on the sea, all three of the voyagers were silent; Vivia thinking of the long, long cruise of life just begun for her.

And as she felt Ralph's presence at her side, Vivia was very, very happy; for love is sweet for ever, and woman's life is love.

## FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.

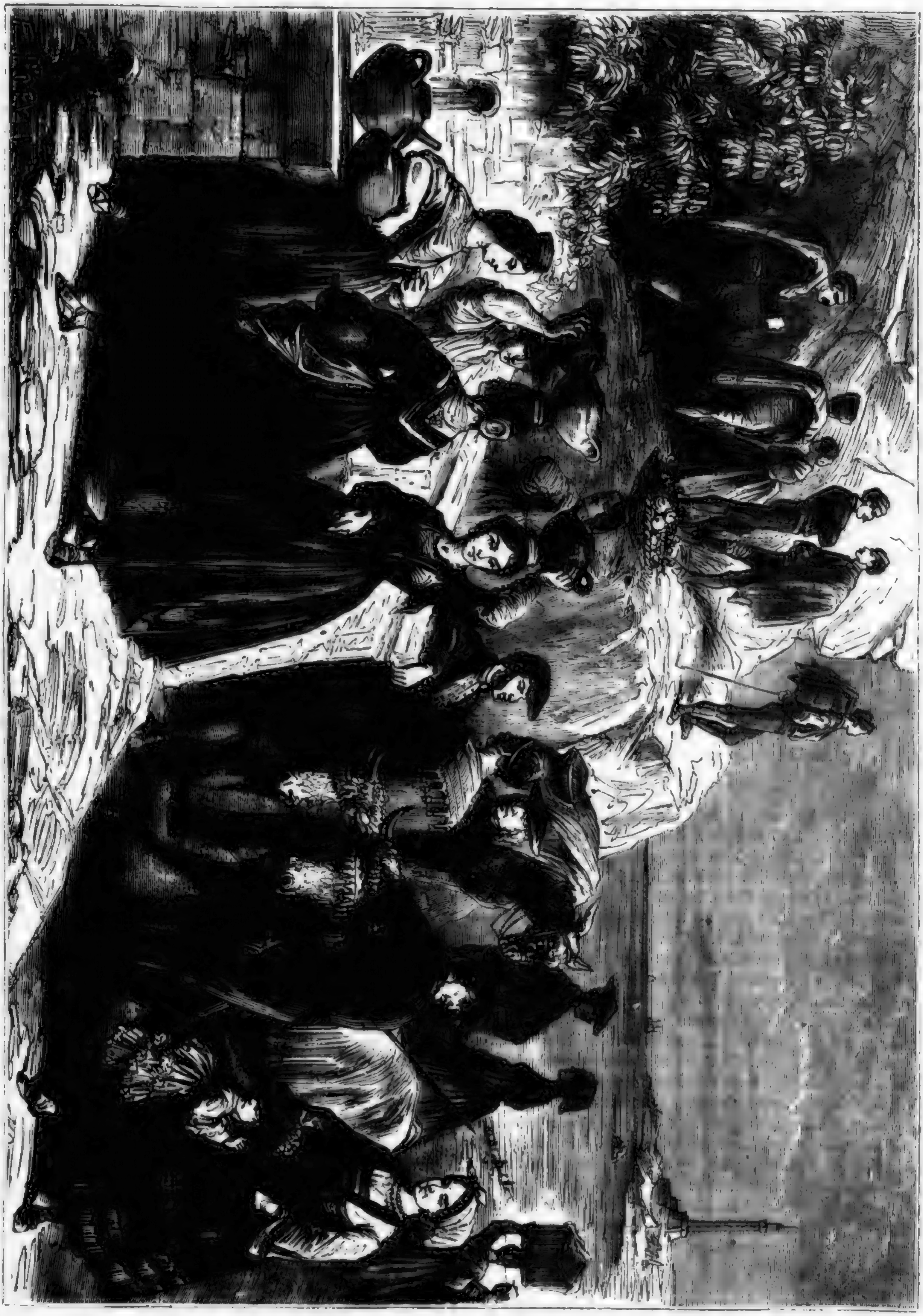
A FRENCH watering-place is the cheeriest, brightest, most gossipy, best toileted resort in the world. The sun is more glittering, the sky is bluer, the sands are yellower, and the air more bracing. The children are poems in lace and gossamer fabrics; the nurses are pictures in their Normandy or Picardy caps; the ladies display Worth and Madame de St. Cluny's *chef d'oeuvres;* the men incase themselves in garments that savor of the Comique; while the peasantry are all of the Opera Bouffe chorus.

Life swings merrily at a French watering-place. Bathing is one shriek of laughter; music is one head nod and foot stamp; promenading one joyous hum. Everybody is out on the tawny sands—from rosy morn till far into the night; everybody salutes everybody, and everybody chats with his neighbor. There is no restraint. All the severe lines of conventionalism are razed, and a mild abandon sets in that savors of Bohemia, but without the license of the rapid disciples of the wild and *hélas*—now imaginary region.

> "Its latitude's somewhat uncertain,
> Its longitude's too somewhat vague,"

as the song says of its old capital, Prague.

One of the most *piquante* of French watering-places is Biarritz, situated "far from the madding crowd," and near enough to sunny Spain to gain some of the yellows and reds of the Basque Provinces. The run down from Paris takes fourteen hours, via Bordeaux to Bayonne; and from thence by pony phæton for five miles to the white sands of the beach. Biarritz is situated in the Department of the Basses Pyrénées, in the Bay of Biscay. Its normal population may be 4,000, and its Summer



FRENCH WATERING-PLACES.—CHARACTERISTIC GROUPS SEEN NEAR BIARRITZ.

foreigners about as many more. The air is *vif*, that is, lively and bracing, much more so than that of Pau, which would seem to be essentially adapted for persons having small or weak lung power.

Biarritz sprang up in a night. It was created by a word from the Empress Eugénie—"Let us go somewhere out of the world," she said to her imperial spouse, as the season at the glittering Tuileries drew to a close; and at the suggestion of Monsieur de Lesseps, her kinsman, this out-of-the-way "bit of shingle" was selected by the Empire. It became the fashion—to sojourn at Biarritz was *de rigueur;* and, as the accommodation was *nil* (they do not build hotels in Europe as we run them up here), the fact of stopping there proved that the thrice happy sojourner belonged to the *crème de la crème*—to that inner circle upon which hung the glittering glories of the Empire.

In 1855 the Empress caused to be built a chateau, which was called the "Villa Eugénie." It is a very unpretending-looking edifice, erected upon an eminence close to the sea. The Imperial life here was conducted with the utmost simplicity, and save for her bathing-costumes, which were "high art," the Empress usually strolled about attired in a blue flannel suit, trimmed with scarlet; a hat of the old mushroom shape on her head. The writer has seen her frisking with the young prince—recently killed in Zululand—running after him on the shore, throwing him down, or aiding in the creation of castles of sand—miniature Tuileries, Fontainebleaus, and St. Clouds!

With the Empire departed the glories of Biarritz. Of course, some of the adherents of the fallen dynasty hie thither in order to keep the name of Napoleon alive—even in this quiet nook by the sea; while the *bourgeois* from Bordeaux, who have here erected chateaux, still annually visit them, sighing for the days when Eugénie, in yellow and gold, arose like Venus from the froth of the sea.

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# ETNA, AND ITS ERUPTIONS.

By Godfrey A. Hudson.

Sicily, the largest and by far the most populous of the islands of the Mediterranean, lies just off the toe of the Italian "boot," from which it is separated by the narrow Strait of Messina. Its area is about 11,300 square miles, almost exactly that of the State of Maryland, a little more than that of Vermont, and a little less than that of Massachusetts and Connecticut together. The population verges closely upon three millions. In shape it is an irregular triangle, or, more exactly, that of the Indian stone arrowheads so often dug up. It was anciently called *Trinacria* ("Threepoints"), from the three capes which jut boldly out from its deeply indented shore-line. Its modern name comes from the Siculi, a tribe who are supposed to have been its original inhabitants; but in the course of ages, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Saracens and Normans settled here, and have left marked traces upon the people and their language, which differs materially from the Italian, especially in the frequent occurrence of Saracenic words. Thus, the great volcano of Etna is called by the natives Mongibello, from the Italian *monte* and the Saracenic *jebel*, both meaning mountain—very much as though we were to call some lofty summit "Hillmount."

The volcano of Etna (Gr. *Aitna*, "The Burning") is the great natural feature of Sicily. It rises in the northeastern part of the island, the summit being barely fifteen miles from the shore of the Mediterranean at its nearest approach, while its base in many places almost touches the water. Its height is now about 11,870 feet, somewhat more than two miles. At one time it was, and very likely at some future period may be, several hundred feet higher, for the upper portion of the cone has more than once tumbled into the crater. The base measures about ninety miles in circumference. It so vastly overtops all the elevations around it that from its summit is commanded one of the most extensive views in the world, comprised within a circle of fully three hundred miles in diameter, embracing the whole of the island, which seems to lie under the very feet of the spectator; the shores of Italy to the northeast, the blue, island-studded Mediterranean to the north and east, and Malta, 130 miles to the south. The ascent is so easily accomplished that one cannot but wonder that it is not more frequently made; for there are few spectacles upon earth to be compared with that of the rising of the sun as seen from the summit. As it is, I suppose more people go up our Mount Washington in a single Summer month than ascend Etna in a decade.

Being in Naples a couple of years ago, I resolved before leaving the Old World to make the ascent of Etna. I accordingly set myself at work to study the character and history of the volcano, so that I might know beforehand something of what was to be seen, and where it was to be looked for. The accounts of ascents upon which I could lay my hand were few and meagre. I had with me Ross Browne's amusing sketch, written a score of years ago, and a Neapolitan friend lent me Brydone's "Tour in Sicily and Malta," just a century old, which contains several graphic chapters on Etna. I was, however, able to come upon some excellent maps of quite recent date, and Carlo Gemello's excellent "Vulcanologia dell' Etna," which contains an account of all the recorded eruptions. Before asking my readers to accompany me on my trip up and around Etna, I shall give a brief resumé of the chief mythological legends and the historical facts connected with the volcano.

Etna is frequently mentioned in the classic writers, who made or found various legends connected with it. It was the prison-house of the Jove-defying giant Enceladus, whose throes of torture sometimes shook the whole island; or of the dragon-like Typhon. It was one of the workshops of Vulcan and his one-eyed hammerers, the Cyclopes. Of the Typhon, Pindar (about B.C. 500) sings: "He is fast bound by a pillar of the sky, even by snowy Etna, nursing a whole year long her dazzling snow, out of which streams of unapproachable fire are vomited from the inmost depths: in the daytime the lava streams forth with a lurid rush of smoke; but in the darkness a red, rolling flame sweepeth rocks with uproar to the wide, deep sea. That dragon thing it is that maketh issue from beneath the terrible fiery flood." Æschylus, in the next generation, also speaks of the "mighty Typhon":

> "Who lies
> A helpless, powerless carcass, near the strait
> Of the great sea, fast pressed beneath the roots
> Of ancient Etna, where on highest peak
> Hephæstos sits, and smites his iron red-hot,
> From whence hereafter streams of fire shall burst,
> Devouring with fierce jaws the golden plains
> Of fruitful, fair Sicelia."

He doubtless refers to a violent eruption which we know historically to have taken place half a century before his time. It has been thought singular that Homer—or whoever may have been the author or authors of the "Odyssey," wherein certain portions of the Sicilian coast are so graphically described—appears to have never heard of Etna; from which it has been inferred that at the period when that poem was composed the volcano had been so long quiescent that no rumor of its eruptions reached the ears of the poet who sang of Scylla and Charybdis, scarcely threescore miles from its summit. This supposition is confirmed by the fact that within historic times there have been several successive centuries in which there was no recorded eruption.

The careful investigations of Gemellaro and Ferrara have discovered mention, more or less definite, of about eighty eruptions of Etna. Three of these, however, antedate the historical period, and are purely conjecturally set down as having occurred in 1226, 1170 and 1149 B.C. Of one of these, Diodorus the Sicilian says, briefly, that before the Trojan war the Siculi were driven from the east side of the island by eruptions from Etna.

The first eruption of which there is any definite historical account, occurred in 525 B.C. Between that time and the commencement of the Christian era, twelve eruptions are recorded. During the first four centuries after Christ, five are mentioned, the last in 420 A.D. Then, until 812, not one is mentioned; in that year was an eruption, after which there were none until 1169. In the twelfth century there were two; in the thirteenth and fourteenth, six; in the fifteenth and sixteenth, nine. Since that time they have been far more frequent. In the seventeenth century there were fourteen; in the eighteenth, eighteen; and during the present century there have thus far been fifteen, up to that which occurred in 1874. We group together a few of the incidents recorded of the most notable of these eruptions.

Of the great eruption of 477 B.C. there is a pretty legend, apparently based upon fact, which we find recorded in prose by Seneca, and in verse by Lucilius, the latter of whom was procurator of Sicily under Nero, about sixty years after Christ. A mighty lava torrent—so runs the legend—was pouring down upon the city of Catania. Two youths, Anapias and Amphinomus, took their aged parents and their household gods upon their shoulders, and bore them through the blazing streets to a place of safety. The poet thus describes the event: "The flames blushed to touch the filial youths; wherever they plant their footsteps the fiery flood retires. On their right hand fierce dangers prevail; on their left are burning fires. Athwart the flames they pass in triumph, each brother safe beneath his sacred burden. The devouring fire flees backward, and checks itself around the twin pair. At length they issue forth unharmed, and bear with them their deities in safety. Songs of poets honor and wonder at them; them has Pluto placed apart beneath a glorious name; nor can the envious Fates reach these holy youths, but have truly granted them abodes in the domains of the blessed." It is certain that statues and a temple were erected in honor of the pious brothers, and their burial-place was named the *Campus Piorum;* and a field of lava, about four miles from Catania, still bears the name of the *Campo dei fratelli pii,* "Field of the pious brothers."

A great eruption occurred in B.C. 396. It is notable for having broken out in what is now known as the Monte di Mojo, some fourteen miles north of the present cone. Himilcar the Carthaginian was on the march from Messina to Syracuse, and his army was obliged to make a wide detour to avoid the fiery flood, which poured directly across the route which he was following.

In B.C. 126 there was an eruption, preceded by an earthquake. The fiery torrent poured from Etna, made its way to the sea, which, as we are told, absolutely boiled near the island of Lipari, so that fish, already cooked, were thrown upon the shore in immense numbers. Four years later, Catania was a second time overwhelmed; the eruption coming from a small crater at Gravina, fifteen miles south of the present cone, and only a couple of miles from Catania. The lava-flood turned aside just before reaching the city; but the roofs of many of the houses were crushed in by the weight of the hot ashes showered down. The city was so much injured that the Romans granted the people immunity from all taxes for the period of ten years. Not long before the assassination of Julius Cæsar (B.C. 44) there was an earthquake and eruption, which, we are told by Livy, was held to have been an omen of that event.

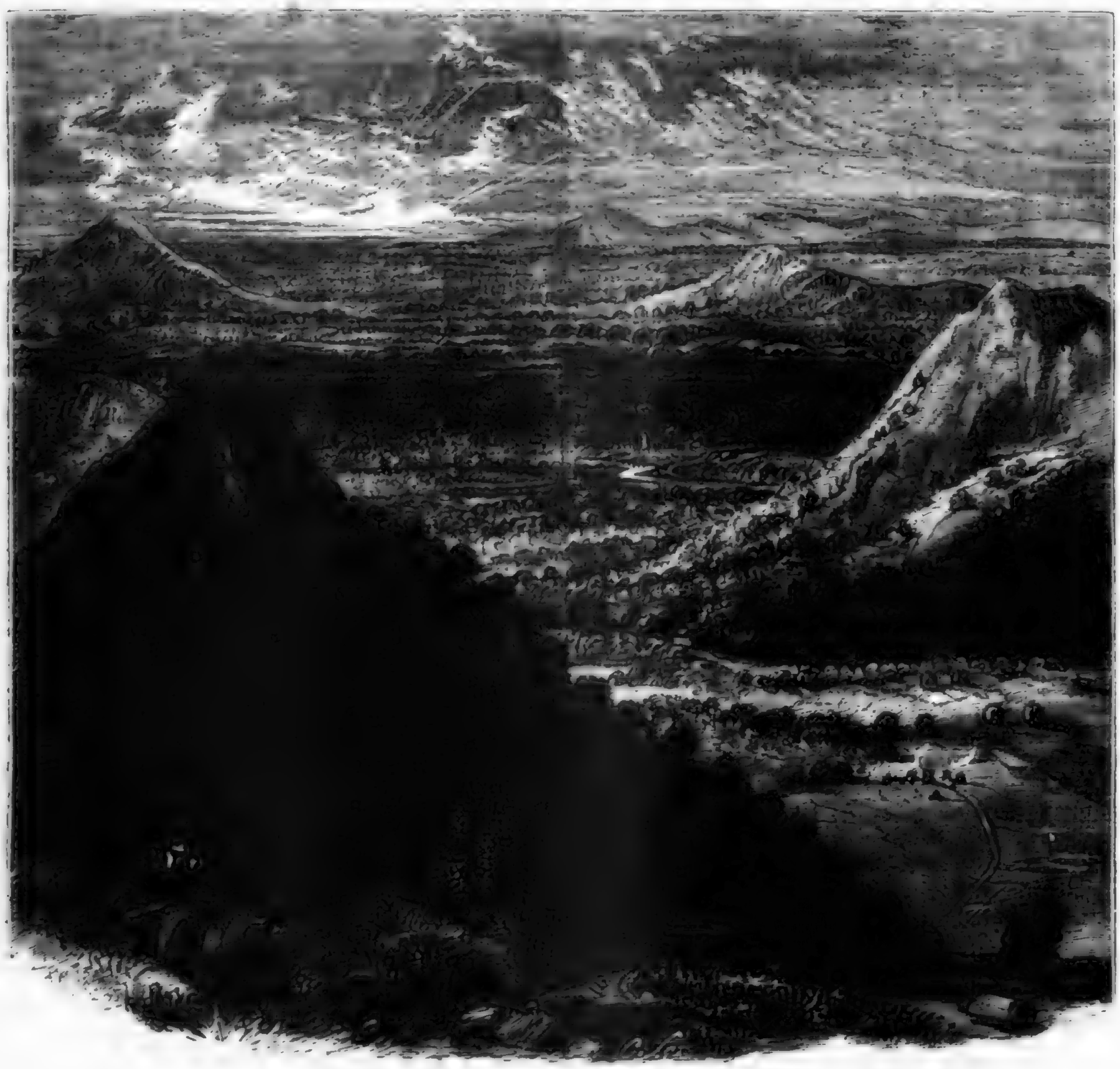
In A.D. 253, after a quiet of nearly two centuries, occurred a violent eruption, which lasted nine days. The great Decian persecution of the Christians was then raging; and St. Agatha—since the patron Saint of Catania—had been martyred a year before. Her remains, covered by a vail, lay in the tomb. The lava poured straight down upon Catania. The frightened citizens rushed to the tomb, took off the vail, and bore it to the verge of the fiery torrent, which, if legend is to be believed, was immediately staid in its course.

A period of more than nine centuries ensued, during which we have records of only two slight eruptions, in 420 and 812 A.D. But in 1169 came an outburst far exceeding any previous one. February 4th was the vigil of the Feast of St. Agatha, and before dawn the great cathedral which had been erected over her remains was thronged with worshipers. Just as the gray light of dawn was struggling with the candles upon the altar, came a violent earthquake. The eastern side of the cone of Etna was tumbled into the crater; and in a few moments Catania was a heap of ruins. The cathedral was destroyed, burying all who were within, among whom were the bishop and more than fourscore Benedictine monks, who were assisting at the solemn services of the festival. In all, it is said that 15,000 persons were buried beneath the ruins of Catania. The earthquake was felt all over Sicily, and as far as Reggio on the mainland of Italy. At Messina, the sea receded to some distance from the shore, then rushed back in a great wave, overwhelming vast numbers who had fled to the beach for safety. There are strange stories told of this catastrophe. The famous clear, fresh fountain of Arethusa, at Syracuse, became muddy and brackish; the copious fountain of Ajo, not far off, ceased to flow for a time, and then gave forth water as red as blood; some part of its subterraneous channel had doubtless been choked up by red volcanic ashes, such as constitute the noted Red Hill at the base of Etna. We do not find that lava was ejected, but we are told that the trees and crops through a large extent of country were destroyed by showers of hot ashes.

On the evening of June 28, 1329, there was another mighty eruption. A new crater was opened from which poured dense, black smoke, soon followed by a stream of lava, while masses of red-hot rock were flung high into the air. This continued for nearly three weeks, when five new craters were opened, a dozen miles away. All day the sun was obscured by smoke and incessant showers of ashes, which were carried as far as Malta, 130 miles to the southeast. The lava streams divided into three parts, two of which flowed toward Aci, and one toward Catania, without, however, reaching those cities.

In March, 1536, fearful rumblings were heard from the interior of Etna. The lava flood welled up almost to the brim of the great crater, then broke through on three sides, flowing northward; westward, and southwestward—not in the direction of the sea, but toward the interior of the island. The lava currents swept everything before them for several weeks; and, in the meanwhile, fifteen new "mouths" were opened on the sides of the mountain. A physician, named Piazza, approaching one of these openings, was crushed by a red-hot stone, which had been flung up.

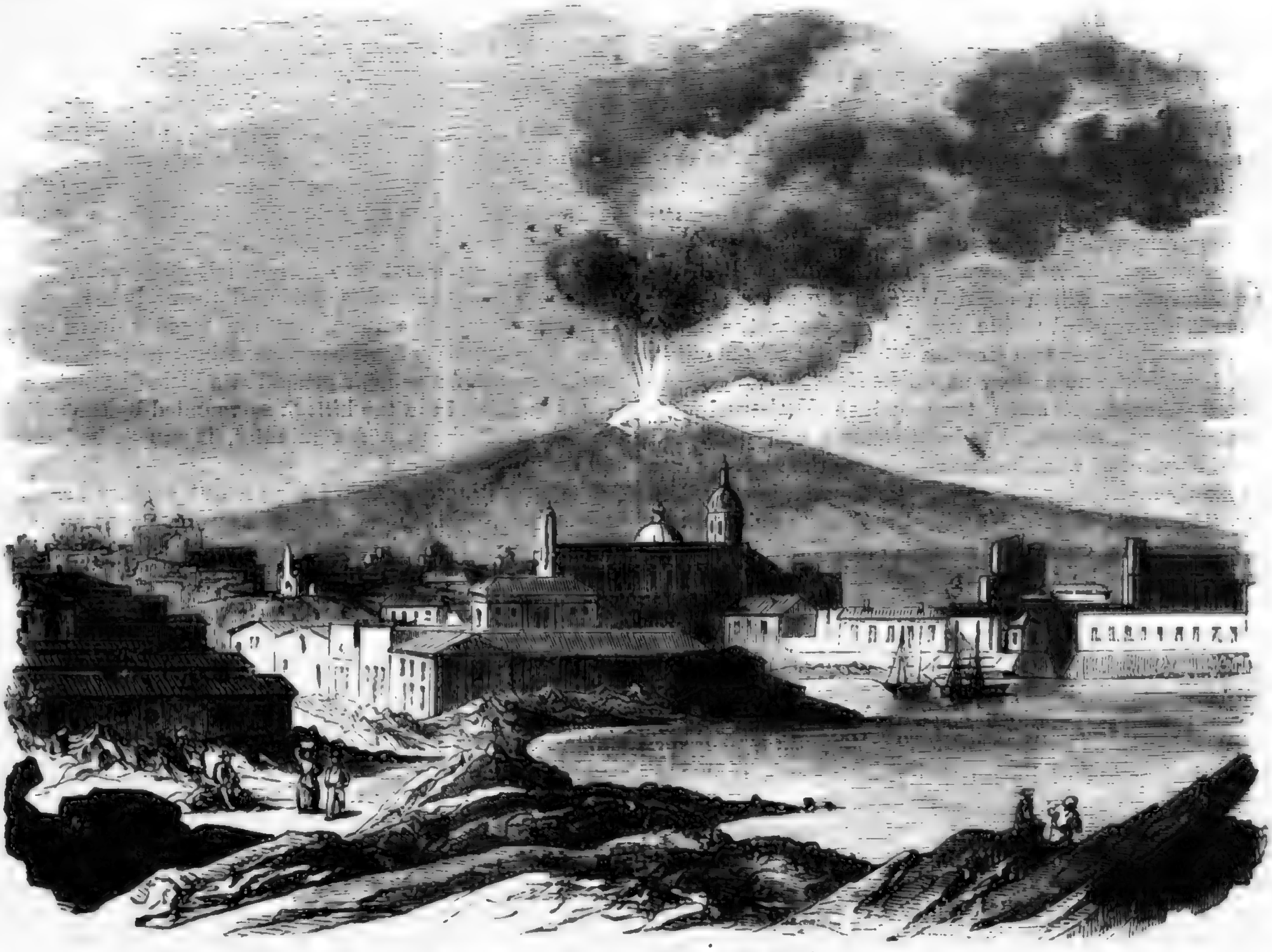
Fourteen months later there was another notable eruption: the lava in four days flowed fifteen miles in the direction of Catania, overwhelming in its course two villages. The ashes destroyed olive plantations near Messina, and are said to have been carried three hundred miles out to sea. There were constant earthquake shocks all over the region, and not a few persons received the rite of Extreme Unction, in the full belief that the Last Day was at hand. During the eruption more than three hundred feet of the lip of the great crater fell in, so as to be on a level with what is now called the *Piano del Lago*—"Plain of the Lake," because there was formerly here a considerable pond, replenished by the melting of the snow. The hollow of this pond, which was more than 9,000 feet above the sea, was filled up during the eruption of 1607.



SUNRISE FROM ETNA.

A considerable eruption began in 1663, which lasted with occasional intermissions for four years. The lava ejected during this time covered a tract eighteen miles long, two miles wide, and in places more than forty feet feet thick.

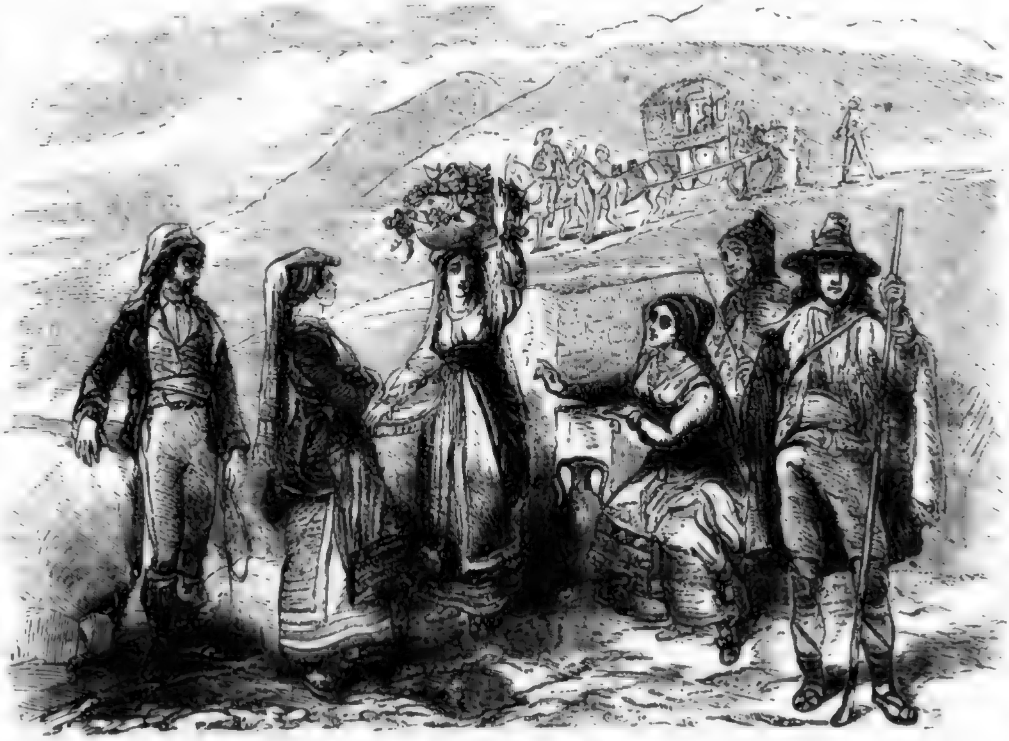
One of the most noted eruptions of Etna was that of 1669. It is indeed the first one of which full details have come down to us. I condense the account given by Signor Borelli, then Professor of Mathematics in the University of Catania. On the 8th of March the sun was darkened, and earthquake shocks were felt, which increased in violence for three days, when a fissure, eleven miles long, was opened to within a mile of the summit. The fissure was scarcely six feet wide, but it seemed to be of immense depth, with molten lava at the bottom. At intervals along the line of the fissure half a dozen mouths were formed, from which proceeded noises that could be heard to a distance of forty miles. Before night a new crater opened which threw up hot stones, then sand and ashes, and at last a torrent of lava, the advancing head of which was two miles broad, which destroyed several towns, among which was one with 8,000 inhabitants. In three days this new crater had grown to be eight hundred feet in diameter, all the time flinging up immense quantities of sand, ashes, and scoriæ. On the 23d of March was thrown up the hill now called the Red Mount, four or five hundred feet high, and two miles in circuit at its base. Two days after this was a succession of earthquakes, during which the top of the great central cone was again inwardly hurled into the crater. The current of lava had by this time divided into three streams. One branch headed straight for Catania, destroying fourteen considerable villages in its way. Two miles from the city it undermined a hill covered with corn-fields and vineyards, which was actually floated for a considerable distance upon the fiery flood. The descent was rather gentle and the advance of the lava was slow. During the first



ETNA FROM CATANIA—ERUPTION OF 1865.

twenty days it moved thirteen miles—during the next twenty-three days only two miles. At last, on the 23d of April, the main current, three-fifths of a mile wide, and forty feet deep, poured itself into the sea, in full view of Catania. The rough, jagged lava masses which still mark the spot, are among the most picturesque objects in the neighborhood of the city.

This lava-river played some strange freaks. A branch of it struck the massive wall of the city, sixty feet high, up which it actually climbed. The manner of doing this is thus explained: The surface of the mass had become so far cooled as to cease to be fluid, and in time actually solid, thus forming in effect a stone pipe, through which the anterior mass, still semi-fluid, was gradually forced up by the immense pressure from behind. The outlet of this pipe, of course, was slowly raised, until at last it overtopped the wall, over which the uncooled lava plunged in a fiery cascade. At this point, outside of the wall, was a copious spring. This was hidden by the broad sheet of lava, and for nearly two centuries was lost to view. But in cooling, the lava had left a little space between itself and the wall, by which the site of the spring was identified. Not very many years ago the Prince Biscara, the richest landholder in Sicily, undertook to recover the use of this spring. He opened an excavation,



SICILIAN PEASANTS AND LETTICA.

down to the base of the wall, into what proved a kind of rude cavern, where he came upon the sparkling water. From the street above, a staircase of sixty-three steps leads down among lateral and overhanging masses of lava. These steps are constantly traversed by women and children bearing vessels in which to carry up the precious fluid. In another place, the stream of lava overthrew a hundred and fifty feet of the wall, and poured into the streets of the devoted city. There were some remarkable preservations from the common destruction. Thus the fiery stream poured straight toward the magnificent Benedictine Monastery, which stands close to the old city wall. When it had reached within five or ten yards, the sullen torrent divided into two streams, which flowed on either side, leaving the monastery untouched.

Lord Winchelsea, some time British Embassador at Constantinople, happened to be at Catania, and published a brief account of what he had seen while the molten river was slowly approaching the city. "I could discover," he says, "the river of fire to descend the mountain, of a terrible fiery or red color, and stones of a paler red to swim thereon, and to be as big as an ordinary table. Of the twenty thousand which inhabited Catania, three thousand did only remain there; all their goods are carried away; the cannon of brass are removed out of the castle; some great bells taken down; the city gates walled up next to the fire; and preparations made by all to abandon the city."

The destruction of life in this eruption was probably small, for there was ample time for escape before the lava-stream reached the city. The stream did not cease to flow until the expiration of four months; and two years later it was found to be red-hot at no great distance below the surface. According to Ferrara, the stream was at least fifteen miles long, with an average breadth of between two and three miles, covering to a depth of forty feet an area of fully forty square miles. The stones thrown up were often of very considerable magnitude. One mentioned by Borelli was fifty feet in diameter. It fell a mile from the crater, and when it struck penetrated twenty-three feet into the ground.

Catania itself did not suffer very greatly from the eruption of 1669; but in 1694 it was almost totally destroyed. Early in January clouds of black smoke were seen rising from the great crater, accompanied by noises like the continuous discharge of artillery. This was succeeded by an earthquake which shook all the surrounding region. Catania was leveled to the ground, and 18,000 persons, comprising the majority of the population, were buried beneath the ruins. Fifty towns and villages were destroyed, and the total loss of life was estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000. Considerable streams of lava were poured forth from the great crater, the summit of the cone being considerably lowered by the falling in of the rim.

The next notable eruption, being the fifty-third of which we have accounts, occurred early in 1755. This eruption is remarkable from being accompanied by a flood of water, not of fire. A new mouth was opened in the Val del Bove, four miles from the summit. A torrent of water poured from the valley, digging a channel two miles broad, and in places more than thirty feet deep, and strewing huge blocks of stone all along its course. During the first eighteen minutes of its flow, this torrent passed over a distance of twelve miles. The amount of water, estimated at 16,000,000 cubic feet, was undoubtedly produced by the sudden melting of the snow and ice; but as this exceeds the probable quantity which could be produced from one Winter's snow, Lyell supposes that there must have been still older layers which had been preserved from melting from above by being covered by deposits of sand and ashes, and were now converted into water by the permeation of hot steam and lava from the depths below.

In 1766 was an eruption chiefly notable from the narrow escape of the Canon Recupero, one of the best of the historians of Etna. His residence was the village of Nicolosi, half-way down the side of the mountain. Having seen a lava-stream slowly moving down, he, with an attendant, ascended a little hill some fifty feet high, in order to watch from a place of safety the lava-stream, which appeared to be about two and a half miles wide. Suddenly two small branches detached themselves right and left from the main stream, and ran rapidly down to the hill. The savant and his companion beat a hasty retreat. Having gained some high ground at a little distance, they looked back, and saw the hillock surrounded by the molten mass, into which, in a few minutes, it was melted down and disappeared.

The first eruption during the present century occurred in February, 1800. Loud explosions were heard; columns of fire issued from the crater, followed by the ejection of hot ashes and scoriæ, which, falling upon the snow, produced devastating floods of water. Between 1800 and 1811, there were five eruptions. In 1805, a cone 1,050 feet high was thrown up within the great crater. In 1809 and 1811, more than fifty new mouths of fire were opened at various places on the sides of the mountain. In 1832, fifteen mouths were opened at a height of 7,000 feet above the sea. A crater was opened near the town of Bronte, which was seriously threatened by the flowing lava. A number of the inhabitants were watching the advance of the stream, when there was a sudden explosion, like that of gunpowder. Red-hot stones were flung in all directions, and blinding steam enveloped the region. Thirty-six persons were killed on the spot, and twenty more were fatally injured. From the great crater were emitted quantities of volcanic dust, charged with hydrochloric acid, which destroyed the vegetation wherever it fell.

A violent eruption, the seventy-sixth upon record, began on the 21st of August, 1852, and lasted nine months. It seems to have occurred without warning, for a party of English tourists were ascending the mountain. They had got close to the *Casa Inglesi*, at the foot of the great cone, when fire and ashes were belched forth from the crater, and a fierce hurricane overthrew the mules and their riders. Then came an earthquake which seemed to shake the entire mountain. The mules fled in terror, but the travelers were able to make their way back without injury. The eruption increased in violence for a week, the molten lava, however, moving very slowly. On the 2d of September, Signor Gemellaro ascended a hill in the Val del Bove, in order to observe the phenomena. The hill, he says, seemed fairly to rock, and the valley itself had the appearance of a molten lake. The streams of lava from the various mouths which were opened, one after another, poured slowly in several directions, destroying several villages. Their entire volume was comparatively small, covering in all an area of six miles by two to a depth of about twelve feet. One crater originating during this eruption was named the *Centennario*, from its having been formed on a centennary of the Feast of St. Agatha.

In October, 1864, premonitory earthquake shocks gave warning that Etna was again preparing for activity. In January, 1865, clouds of smoke were sent up from the great crater. On the night of the 30th there was a very severe shock on the northeast side of the mountain, and a new mouth was opened, three miles from the main crater, from which poured forth a stream of lava, which flowed slowly, advancing scarcely a mile a day, and ultimately dividing

XUM

into two streams. By the middle of March there were seven new mouths of fire stretching down the sides, all of them below the base of the great cone. From the upper three of these craters there was an almost continuous sound of detonations, frequently at the rate of three or four a minute. This eruption has been very minutely described by Professor Silvestri, of the University of Catania.

The latest eruption, in August, 1874, was not a violent one. Very little lava was discharged, and the injury done was inconsiderable. The principal seat of disturbance was on the north side of the mountain, at an elevation of more than 3,000 feet below the summit of the great cone. But the great crater itself was not wholly inactive, for it threw up columns of dense smoke, intermingled with scoriæ and incandescent matter.

Of the eighty recorded eruptions of Etna, the majority have been comparatively inconsiderable; not more than twenty of them being noted as especially severe. And the greater part of the injury inflicted has been by the preceding and accompanying earthquakes; not by the lava and other matter ejected from the craters.

Besides studying up the history of Etna, I endeavored, by aid of maps, to make myself acquainted with the general physical features of the region which I was to visit. The *Atlas des Ætna* of the German Baron von Waltershausen (1836–42), and the large Government map of Sicily (1864–68), constructed on a scale of about an inch and a quarter to the mile, left little to be desired in this respect. The main features may be thus summed up: A somewhat irregular oval of about thirty miles from south to north, and twenty-three from east to west, with the summit of the cone a little north of the centre, would constitute the base of the mountain, which rises to the height of nearly 11,000 feet above the sea, which forms its eastern boundary. There are three separate climatic "regions" or belts, as we ascend:

The "Cultivated Region" extends from the level of the sea to an average elevation of 2,000 feet, with a breadth varying from two to ten miles. This may be considered sub-tropical; for, although the latitude is very nearly that of Richmond, the climate and productions are similar to those of Florida and Cuba. Palm-trees are found, but not in great abundance; olives, oranges, lemons and figs flourish on the lower levels, succeeded as we ascend by the vine, corn, and other products of the temperate zone. The soil, composed mainly of decomposed lava and other volcanic matter, is very fertile; and the density of the population is equaled by few other regions of the globe. The area of this zone is about 211 square miles, and the population not far from 300,000, which gives 1,424 inhabitants to the square mile, almost the same as in Lancashire, the most densely peopled portion of England, excepting, of course, the environs of London and one or two other great cities; and this dense population, it must be borne in mind, is supported solely from the products of its own soil, receiving next to nothing from abroad. The population reside mainly in towns. Catania, the largest city, has 85,000; Aci Reale, 25,000. There are six other towns with from 10,000 to 18,000, and a number with from 3,000 to 8,000.

From the verge of the Cultivated Region to a height of about 6,300 feet, is the "Wooded Region," varying in width from one to eight miles. This is practically uninhabited. At the beginning of this zone the ascent, for the first time, becomes quite steep and rugged. The principal trees are the oak, ilex, chestnut, maple, beech, poplar and pine. These grow sometimes in forests and sometimes in isolated groups. This zone terminates abruptly in a level, circular plateau, about three miles in diameter, from the centre of which arises the great cone, at the summit of which is the great crater.

The "Desert Region" commences at the upper limit of the Wooded Region, and occupies about ten square miles. It is a dreary waste of black scoriæ, sand, and ashes, with scarcely a trace of animal or vegetable life. It is covered with snow during a considerable part of the year; and there are several rifts in which ice and snow are found all through the Summer.

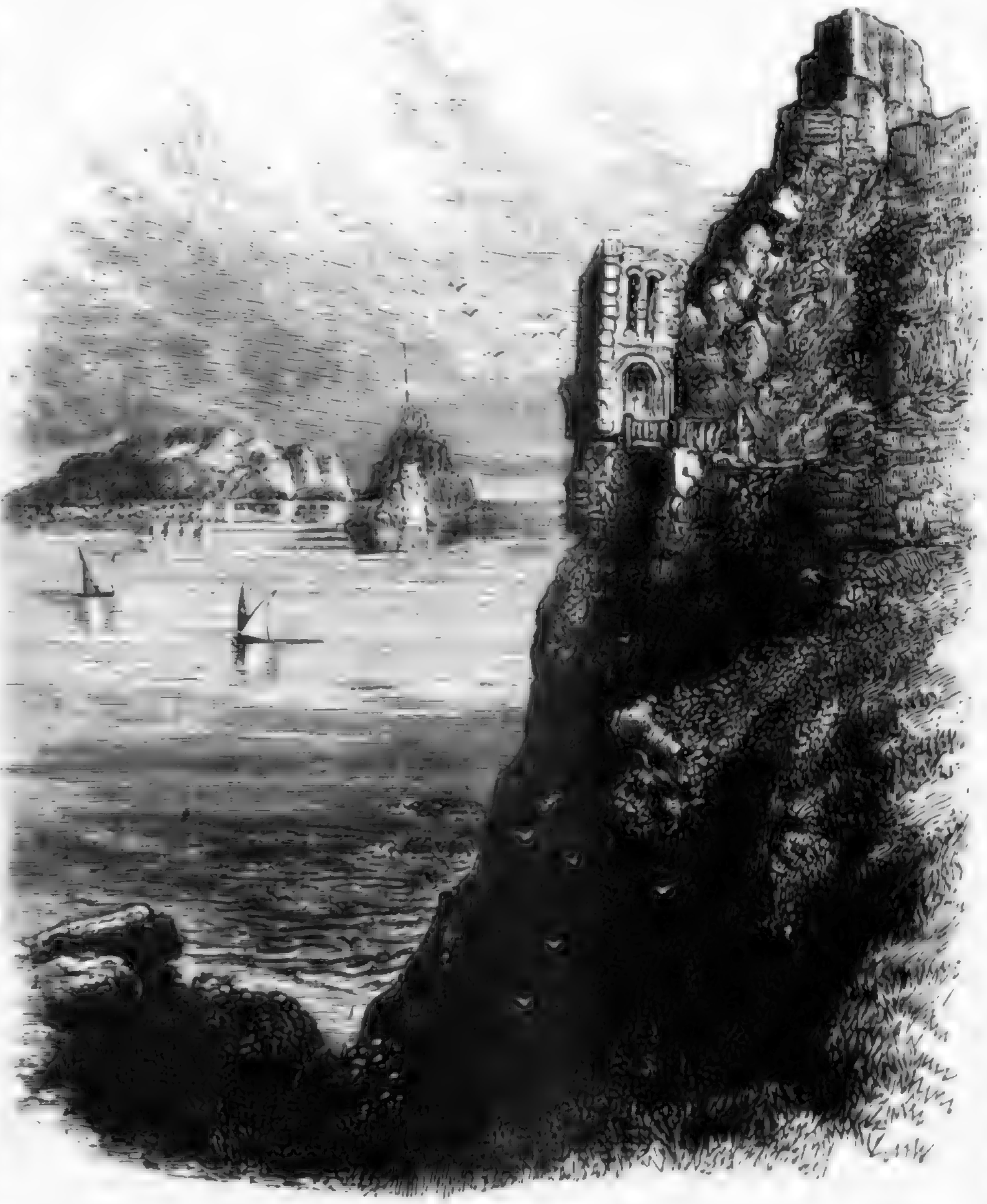
The maps showed a post-road running around Etna near its base, with considerable towns at intervals of a dozen miles or so. Calling to mind a very delightful trip around the base of our own Mount Washington, I determined that, after achieving the ascent of Etna, I would make the tour, or *giro*, as it is called, around its base. "Surely," I thought, "a ride of eighty or ninety miles through a region so fertile, populous, and civilized for five-and-twenty centuries, cannot be other than a pleasure-trip."

Thus, with plans all formed, I took the French steamer plying between Naples and Malta, touching Sicily at Messina. After a smooth run of four-and-twenty hours along the rugged coast of Calabria, we sighted Cape Faro, the ancient Pelorum, the extreme northeastern point of Sicily. Passing the famed whirlpool of Charybdis, which seemed far enough from terrible, the beautiful harbor of Messina opens to view. The general effect is very fine. The shore is bordered by a curving line of noble palaces, and the broad and noble quay is lined by shipping from all parts of Europe, and I was pleased to find that the Stars and Stripes were not wanting. Of Messina, with its 120,000 inhabitants—a city whose origin is dated back to nearly a thousand years before the Christian era—I have little to say. The approach from the sea is of remarkable beauty, the city rising in the form of an amphitheatre, the dazzling whiteness of the houses presenting a fine contrast to the dark mountains in the background. The best portion, built on the west side of the harbor, is paved with square blocks of lava, and consists of wide and handsome streets, ornamented with statues and fountains. Notwithstanding its venerable antiquity, Messina is really a modern city, for within a couple of centuries, beginning in 1693, it has been several times almost destroyed by earthquakes, notably in 1784. The carriage road between Messina and Catania is said to pass through very beautiful scenery; but as there is now a railway, I went by that, and have nothing to say of this sixty miles of my journey.

Catania, with a population of 85,000, is reputed to be the finest city in Sicily. Its origin is almost contemporaneous with that of Messina, but it is equally a modern city—thanks to its neighbor Etna, whose summit is about twenty miles distant. Everything in Catania speaks of Etna. The streets are paved, and the finest buildings are built, of lava poured out from the mighty volcano. Chimney-pieces and tables are of lava, and toys and ornaments carved from lava are abundant in every shop.

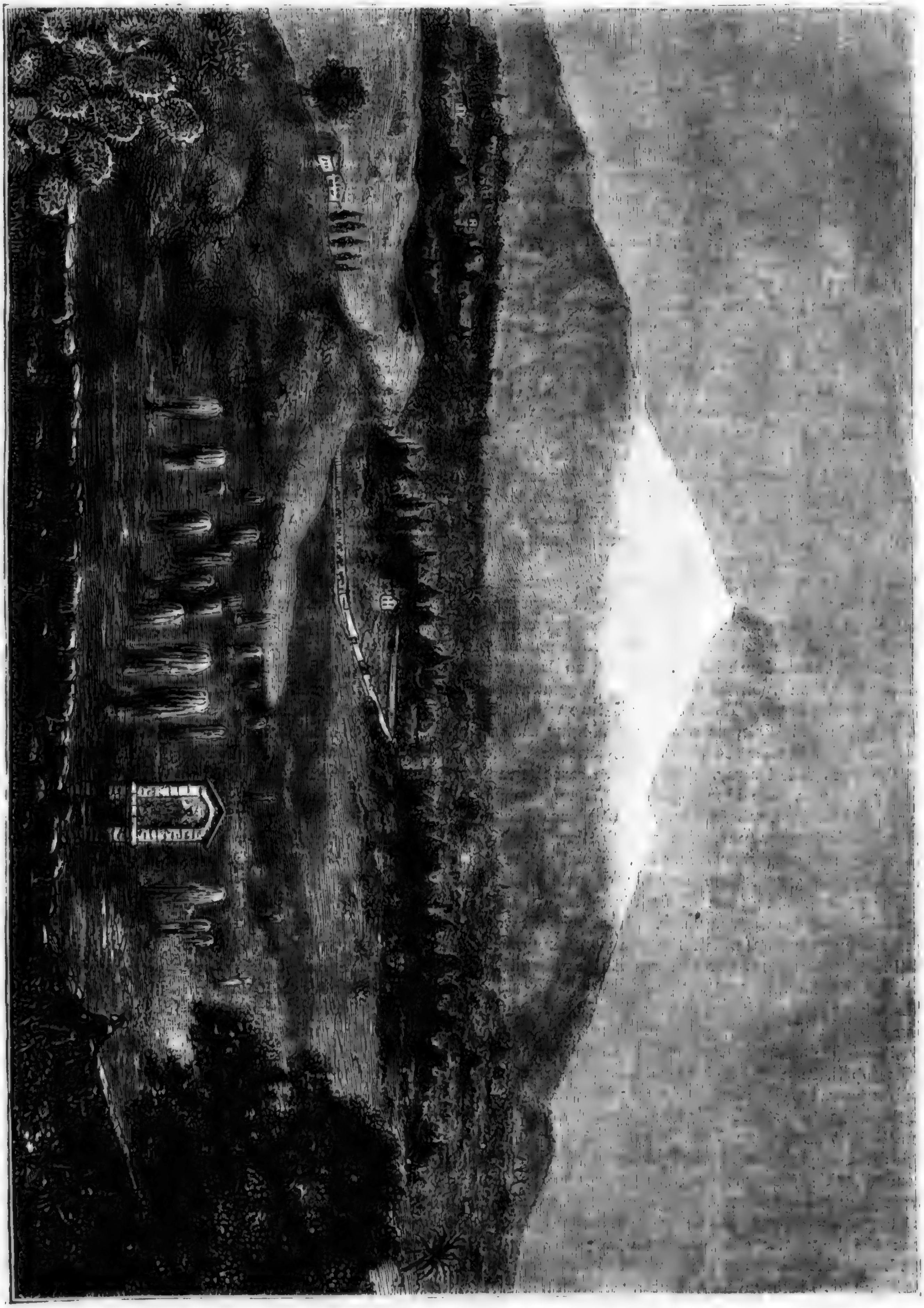
Catania is the point from which the ascent of Etna is usually made, and where guides and mules are to be procured. The great thing is to see the sunrise from the summit, and the journey is so timed that this shall be reached just before dawn; so a considerable part of the trip is made by night. Sending on the guides and mules, laden with necessaries, in advance, we drove at midday to Nicolosi, a little town twelve miles distant, lying, at an elevation of about 2,300 feet, on the very upper verge of the Cultivated Region. For several miles the road passed through a fertile region. Cornfields and vineyards, orchards of orange, lemon, fig and almond trees lay thick on either side. After about nine miles we came upon a nearly barren region, covered with the still decomposed lava and scoriæ, flung up by the eruption of 1527. The road now becomes steep and rugged, and our advance was slow and toilsome; but we reached Nicolosi, a village of some 3,000 inhabitants—the last inhabited place on the route, and the end of the carriage-road. The inn consists of a single large room, with a long deal table in the middle, and a trestle-bed in each corner, besides which are a couple of small chambers. We made a comfortable meal here from the provisions which we had brought with us; and after taking a look at the double-peaked Monte Rossi, thrown up during the eruption of 1669, we mounted our mules, and set out at six in the evening.

Our way led first through a mass of blackened cinders and undecomposed lava, among which, here and there, a few stunted vines were growing. This passed, we came to a belt of forest, the trees being of no great size. There was no apparent path, but the mules seemed to know the way, and jogged on at an even pace. In three hours we reached a little hut, occupied by several men who have the charge of the forest. It stands at an elevation of about 4,200 feet. The sun had gone down, and the temperature rapidly decreased. At Nicolosi, the thermometer indicated 84°, here it stood at 64°. After resting an hour, we again set out, our guide carrying a lantern. Our way—for there was no appearance of a beaten path—lay at first through a forest of stunted oaks, which grew perceptibly smaller and smaller at every rod of the ascent. At an elevation of 6,300 feet all vegetation had ceased, and we were fairly within the "Deserted Region." It was bitterly cold, but the air was perfectly still. We were far above the vapors of the lower atmosphere, and the stars shone with a brilliancy such as I have never before seen. I am sure that there were visible twice as many as I had ever before seen with the naked eye. The "milky way" seemed like a broad belt of fire. The celestial dome, seemingly much lower and more flattened than usual, looked like a solid roof not far above our heads, from which the brighter stars appeared to be actually suspended. Jupiter was especially resplendent, and my companion, who had uncommon visual power, was confident that he could make out at least two of his satellites. The ascent grew steeper and steeper. All that we could see was that we were slowly plodding upward through a waste of black sand, ashes and lava. Now a cutting wind arose, which seemed to pierce to the very marrow of our bones. The ascent became so steep that we were obliged to dismount and drag our mules after us. But the guide cheered us by saying that the *Casa Inglesi* was not far off.



THE CASTLE OF ACI.

The *Casa Inglesi* (English House), so called because it was put up in 1811 by some English officers, is a hut built of blocks of lava. Twenty years ago it had fallen almost into ruins, and was described as a "miserable little hovel"; but in 1862, on the occasion of the ascent of Prince Humbert, now King of Italy, it was repaired, or, rather, rebuilt. Any one who has seen the "Tiptop House," on the summit of Mount Washington, as it was a score of years ago, will have a fair idea of its appearance. It now consists of three rooms, containing a few plain deal chairs, a table, a number of "bunks," one above another, like the berths in a ship's cabin, and a rough fireplace. It is not permanently occupied at any season of the year, the key being kept at Nicolosi, where it can be obtained by any party making the ascent. It stands at an elevation of 9,652 feet above the level of the sea. A proposition has been made to construct an observatory here, to be under the charge of the University of Catania, to be kept open from the beginning of June till the end of September. Such is the extreme clearness of the atmosphere that there can be little doubt that the results of a continued series of observations will



ERUPTION OF HOT SALT MUD NEAR PATERNO, AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT ETNA.

prove of great scientific value. We reached the Casa at an hour after midnight. It was extremely cold, the thermometer standing only a few degrees above the freezing point. On entering, we found a large heap of brushwood, placed there by the kind care of whom, we know not; but whoever he may have been, he certainly received our heartiest thanks, which we made practical the next day by bringing up an equal quantity of fuel for the benefit of the next party who should make the ascent. We hope that these followed our example. A cheerful fire was soon blazing upon the hearth; we unpacked our provisions, made a pot of hot coffee, and threw our wearied limbs upon the straw mattresses in the bunks. In a couple of hours we were aroused by our guide, who told us it was time to begin our ascent of the great cone, which rises to a height of some 1,200 feet from the little plateau upon which the Casa stands. The ascent soon grew steep, and the walking was by no means easy. The cone consists of loose ashes and blocks of lava, piled apparently as steeply as the material would keep its place. We did not undertake to measure the angle, but those who have done so give it anywhere between 30° and 50°.

We gained the summit at about four o'clock in the morning. Fortunately, the wind had subsided. Many travelers have complained of inconvenience from the rarefied air at such an elevation. We experienced no trouble upon that score; and as the elevation, and consequent rarefaction of the atmosphere, is considerably less than that of many places permanently inhabited—such, for example, as Potosi, which once contained, it is said, 150,000 inhabitants, and now has about 30,000—I am inclined to believe that the difficulty of breathing arises to a great extent from other causes than the rarefaction of the atmosphere. Quito, the climate of which is described as one of the most delightful in the world, stands at an elevation nearly half-way up the cone of Etna. The general temperature of the air was some ten degrees higher than at the Casa. This is owing to the heat of the soil, for we found several places where steam and sulphurous gases issued from the ground; and near them the cinders were so hot that we could not sit down upon them. A thermometer placed a little below the surface, among these hot cinders, showed a temperature of 180°.

We seated ourselves upon the edge of the great crater to wait for the rising of the sun. We peered down into the dark abyss of the crater. There was nothing to indicate the existence of the subterranean fires which must be raging at an unknown depth below. I think no drearier hour can be spent than upon the summit of this great ash-heap, waiting for the dawn. Most heartily did we wish that our trusty guide had given us another half-hour at least at the Casa. But in time the slow dawn came on. One by one the stars faded away. Toward the east the vault of the sky was of a pale blue, shading off imperceptibly to the western horizon, where it was almost black. Then the eastern horizon grew rosy, then red, shading off upward into orange and yellow to the zenith, beyond which was a patch of pale green, then another of pale blue, then another of dark blue, then of dark gray, closing with a belt of black at the western verge. Then bright rays shot up in the quarter from which the sun would appear; and a little before five his upper rim was visible above the distant hills of Calabria.

The upper part of Etna was now illuminated, while the lower part was still dark; but the light crept rapidly down the sides. Northeastward we could see the rosy summit of Stromboli, from which for two thousand years molten lava has poured without intermission; the Lipari Islands, and the Italian mainland. By some optical delusion they seemed right under our feet. We almost thought that a single bold spring would land us upon the summit of Stromboli, which we knew was fully thirty leagues away. Turning our faces westward, we were greeted with a sight not always vouchsafed to one who makes the ascent of Etna: the triangular shadow of the mountain stretched out a hundred miles over the island. It looked like a pennant flung out into mid-air, sinking gradually until it rested upon the land, now beginning to be bathed in light, when the pennant seemed to be slowly withdrawn toward its gigantic staff, the peak of Etna. All this took perhaps half an hour. We had seen, under the most favorable circumstances, a sunrise from the summit of Etna. I doubt if mortal eye ever beheld a spectacle more magnificent.

We now had time to look at what was immediately around us. Nothing could well be more commonplace and uninteresting. The cone of Etna, which from a distance looks so graceful, is nothing more or less than a huge ash-heap, the surface dotted with scoriæ and unsightly masses of blackened rock. The crater is a huge conical hole in its centre, some two or three miles in circumference, and perhaps a thousand feet deep. When, as is sometimes the case, this huge funnel is nearly filled with molten lava, I can well imagine that the spectacle is an imposing one, the more especially as the element of danger comes in to add to its impressiveness.

As we saw it, the crater was a great, funnel-shaped hole, the sides of which were sometimes reddish, sometimes yellowish, or nearly white. We could see clear down to the bottom, although there were here and there little jets of steam from the sides. There was nothing in all this to induce us to descend more than a few yards into the crater.

Scrambling down the steep sides of the great ash-heap, we found our mules stolidly awaiting our return at the Casa Inglesi. Having mounted, we made a short detour to see the *Val del Bove*, a gigantic hollow which partly breaks the uniformity of the cone on its eastern side. The head of this valley, which is nearly oval in shape, and four or five miles in diameter, is about two miles east of the summit. On three sides it is bounded by nearly perpendicular precipices, some 3,000 or 4,000 feet high. Its aspect is one of utter desolation. The bottom is covered with lavas of various dates, but all still undecomposed. Its bottom lies far below the zone of vegetation, the sides of the mountain at the same elevation being thickly wooded. Not improbably some score of centuries hence, when the obdurate lava shall have crumbled into soil, this now desolate valley will become fertile, and very possibly a place of Summer resort for future generations. Near by is a ruined tower called the *Torre del Filosofo*, the "Tower of the Philosopher," which is by some averred to be none other than the observatory of Empedocles, a Sicilian philosopher, who lived five or six centuries before Christ.

As we descended through the Desert Region and saw how rugged was the way, we could scarcely believe that we had traversed it in the darkness of the night. The descent of a steep mountain, especially to a mounted tourist, is always more difficult than the ascent. Our mules were, however, equal to the occasion; but I doubt whether they could have brought us down except by daylight. What struck me more than anything else was the immense number of minor cones and craters scattered all along the sides of the mountains. There are at least eighty, which almost anywhere else would be ranked as mountains. On Von Waltershausen's map there are laid down not less than two hundred considerable ones within a radius of ten miles from the summit; while Reclus affirms that, great and small, there are at least seven hundred. We reached Nicolosi at two o'clock in the afternoon, having been absent about twenty hours. Here we found the carriage awaiting us, which we had ordered to take us back to Catania. The spectacle of that sunrise had repaid us many times for all the trouble which it had cost us.

After spending a couple of days at Catania, we began our *giro* of ninety miles clear around the base of Etna, by the postroad which runs all the way through the Cultivated Region. We managed to fall in with an excellent courier, who turned out to be a clever cook withal, and we had more than once occasion to congratulate ourselves upon the ac-

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quisition of such a capable guide, philosopher and friend. But for him we might very possibly have been starved on our journey, which we made in a hired carriage.

The first considerable town which we passed was Paterno, a place of some 16,000 inhabitants. The road was intolerably dusty, but the soil was evidently of most exuberant fertility. The vegetable production which most especially attracted my attention was the Indian fig, which is extensively cultivated, and soon attains an enormous size, putting forth its tangled branches in every direction, until they form an almost impenetrable maze. Each broad leaf is terminated by a number of bright crimson flowers, and afterward by as many figs, of which the natives are excessively fond. At first I found their taste rather insipid, but before long I came to relish them as well as though I had been a Sicilian. Whenever we happened to meet a peasant woman carrying a basket of figs to market, we were pretty sure to make large inroads upon her stock-in-trade.

Paterno is notable for the remains of a huge castle built on a bold rock, by Count Roger the Norman, as a stronghold against the Saracens, some eight centuries ago. The square keep is the only part remaining. It is four stories in height, the door which was the original entrance being in the second story, and was probably reached by a movable ladder.

A dozen miles further we came to Biancavilla, an uninteresting town of 13,000 inhabitants, the centre of a productive cotton district. Another dozen miles brought us to Aderno, with 6,000 inhabitants, where we were to pass the night. It was dark when we arrived; but by diligent inquiry we learned the location of the only inn in the town, and thither we drove. There was no person visible about, and no vestige of a bell or a knocker at the door. We stumbled up a dark stone staircase, at the head of which was a dimly lighted passage. An elderly woman made her appearance, looking thoroughly displeased when we asked for accommodations. But at length she showed us a large room, with a dirty stone floor, three beds, a deal table and a few rude chairs. But to our suggestions in the matter of food, she replied that she had nothing: no meat or bread; no eggs, no macaroni, no fruit, no wine, no butter; in short, nothing; nor did it ever seem to occur to her to send out for anything. Beppo (that is, "Joe" in English), our courier, started out on a foraging expedition, and in an hour returned with a supply of eggs, dried fish and beans, a couple of bottles of wine and, best of all, with a quantity of snow from Etna—the Sicilian substitute for ice; and before long he managed to get up an eatable dinner, although there was not even a spoon with which to eat our eggs. But fingers were made before forks, and with them we succeeded in getting our food to our mouths. We learned for the first time that even in large Sicilian country towns an innkeeper is not expected to supply food to his guests. Upon retiring to our beds we found, however, that we were expected to furnish food to an army of multiped Sicilians; and from their persistent voracity, we inferred that it was a long time since they had enjoyed a "good, square meal."

As we drove away in the early morning we saw another huge old Norman keep, now used as a prison, and the front of the immense nunnery of Santa Lucia, originally founded by a Norman Countess seven or eight centuries ago, although the present structure is of much more modern date.

Hitherto we had been winding along the southern side of the base of Etna; the road now turned northward, and we began to skirt the western side, which is much more abrupt, and displays little of that luxuriant vegetation which had formed the characteristic feature of the region through which we had been passing. The road began to ascend, winding among great beds of gray, ashy lava of different dates, here and there tufted with heath. At every step the region seemed to become more and more desolate and forbidding as we approached the town of Bronte. Just before reaching this, the road is hewn through the immense mass of lava poured out during the eruption of 1832, of which mention has already been made. This bed is distinguishable from the older ones by its intense blackness of color, and by the total absence of vegetation. It is a fearful mass; and looking up the mountain-side, we could clearly trace its devastating course. From this point there is a singular view of the Deserted Region and of the cone of Etna, some nine miles distant—a steep, truncated pyramid, sometimes gray with ashes, sometimes black with immense lava-beds. On the plateau thus formed we could catch a glimpse of the Casa Inglesi, apparently perched on its very edge. Above the centre of the plateau we could see the upper part of the cone, from which floated a slight cloud of vapory smoke; cone and smoke looking not unlike a nightcap with a long tassel streaming from its peak.

Bronte, a town of some 15,000 inhabitants, lies nearly 2,800 feet above the sea, and so thermically above the Cultivated and within the Wooded Region. But just beneath it is a lovely little valley, with a clear stream flowing through it, where the olive grows to perfection, and where the slopes are covered with vineyards and forests. Bronte is a green oasis in the midst of a desert. It was founded, as its name indicates, by the Greeks, for *Bronté* is the Greek word for thunder. From this place Nelson derived one of his titles; for the King of Naples, in reward for some more than questionable services, bestowed upon Nelson considerable estates here, with the title of Duke of Bronte, and he thereafter always signed himself "Nelson and Bronte." These estates, which are managed by an English agent, are still in possession of the descendants of the unworthy brother and heir of the great admiral.

Bronte is a quaint old town. I imagine that if one of the skeletons exhumed at Pompeii could be reanimated, he would find himself perfectly at home in Bronte. There are some fine dwellings, of very moderate size, indeed, but admirable models of domestic architecture. The streets are very narrow, and awnings are sometimes stretched across from one side to the other. The shops are almost fac-similes of those of Pompeii. We looked into the inn; but a glance was enough to show that it was much like that at Aderno. Nothing in the way of food was to be had there, and we feared that we should have to go on breakfastless; but our courier managed to find a little wine-shop, and to forage up some good fruit and macaroni, so that we went on our way in fair contentment.

The road continued to ascend until it attains an elevation of about 3,800 feet, and then descends 1,000 feet to Randazzo, a dozen miles from Bronte, a quaint old town of some 8,000 inhabitants, where we were to pass the second night of our *giro*. The inn was two or three shades better than that at Aderno, although, of course, it provided no food; but here again our courier proved himself equal to the occasion.

We were now on the northern slope of Etna, and the road, rapidly descending, passes through a fertile and beautiful region until it comes to Giarre, a town of some 18,000 inhabitants, some thirty miles from Randazzo.

About half-way between these towns is Linguagrossa, with 9,000 inhabitants, where, hiring mules, we left the main road, in order to visit Taormina, famous for the ruins of its ancient theatre, from which we had been told

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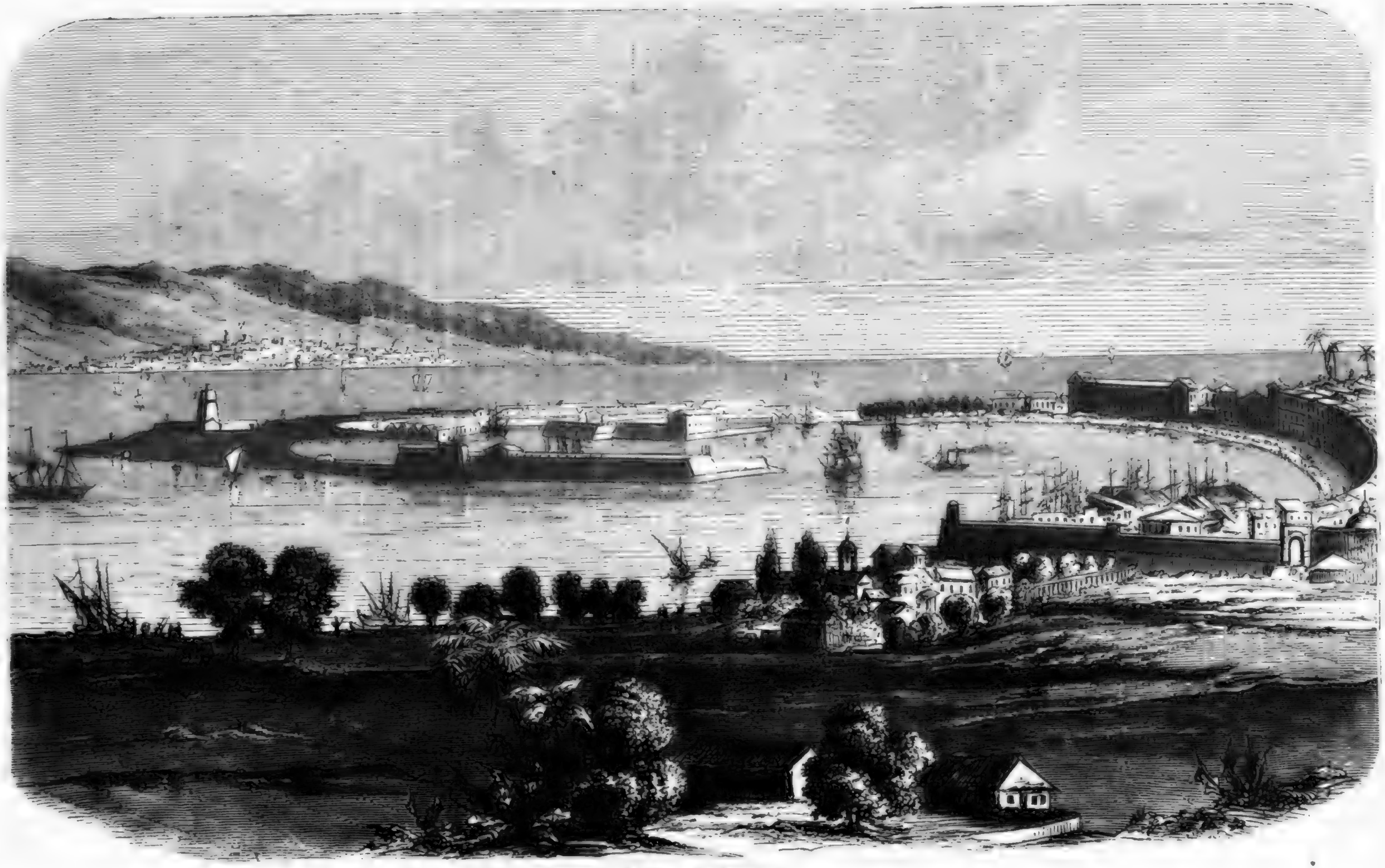
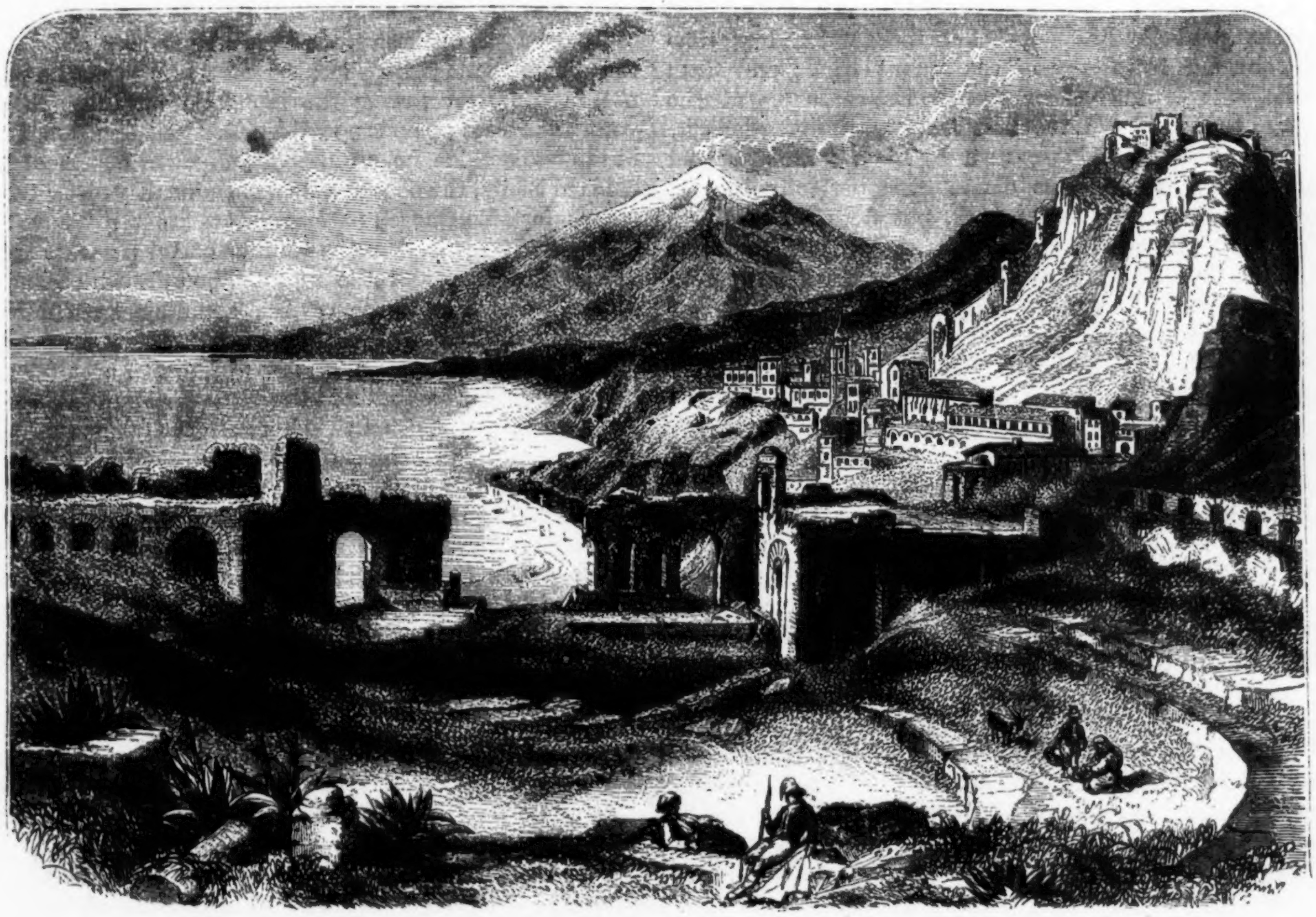


THE HARBOR OF MESSINA.

that the finest view of Etna was to be had. We stopped for the night at the little fishing-town of Giardini, where, to our astonishment, we found a quite comfortable little inn. It was a *fête*-day of some kind, and on the way we had an opportunity of seeing the Sicilian peasantry in holiday attire. Picturesque-looking they were, tall and active mountaineers, dressed in black cloth and leggings. Coming down a steep lava-path, we saw a curious-looking carriage, called here a *lettica*. Imagine a cab-body mounted, not upon wheels, but upon two long poles—a sedan-chair, in fact, only, instead of having men for bearers, there are a couple of mules harnessed to the poles, one before and the other behind, while a mounted muleman guides the team—and you have the only vehicle by means of which one can travel anywhere in Sicily, except along the few main highways. The occupant of this vehicle was a comfortable-looking ecclesiastic, probably on his way to officiate in the religious ceremonies of the *fête*.



VIEW OF ETNA FROM TAORMINA.

At Giardini we saw the fishermen engaged in harpooning the sword-fish, which at certain seasons abound in these waters, where it attains a length of from twelve to twenty feet, one-third of which consists of the formidable weapon protruding from its upper jaw. In the centre of the boats, instead of a mast, is a tall spar, with a foot-rest, which forms a lookout, whence a man keeps a sharp eye upon the water. When he perceives a shark-like fin cutting the smooth surface, or a violet and silvery body moving swiftly a little beneath, he shouts: "*Spada! spada!*" and waves his cap in the direction which the fish appears to be taking. The boat is rowed in that direction, and when within striking distance, the harpooner lets fly his weapon. If the monster is fairly struck he makes off, and is played with, as an angler plays with a salmon, until he becomes exhausted, when he is dragged alongside and hauled into the boat. Altogether, I think there can nowhere be found a more exciting fishery.

To Taormina, the ancient *Tauromininum*, is a two-mile walk along the shore, crossing the beds of *fiumare*—torrent streams now nearly dry, but in the Spring sending down vast floods of water; past hills topped with white villages or ruined castles, and every now and then a glimpse of the blue sea. The city was founded by the Greeks four centuries before Christ, and was destroyed by the Saracens in 906 A.D. It must have been a place of great size, for the amphitheatre, begun by the Greeks and completed by the Romans, was capable of seating 40,000 spectators, with a stage large enough for the exhibition of sea-fights. The site is partly occupied by the modern village of some 5,000 inhabitants. This amphitheatre, now in ruins, stands on a ridge outside of the town, overlooking the Mediterranean, and commanding an unsurpassed view. We had started early, so as to see the sunrise from the topmost seat of the ruins. Fresh as I was from beholding this spectacle from the summit of Etna, I was for the moment inclined to give this the preference. Before us was the wide expanse of the blue Mediterranean, with its winding shores, all the way from Syracuse on the south to Messina on the north, a distance of eighty miles. Below us was the grand sweep of the amphitheatre, the broken arches of the proscenium being overhung by stupendous cliffs, half-overgrown with cacti; while a score of miles away the stupendous mass of Etna towers far up into the purple sky of dawn, which grew brighter and brighter until the sun, rising unclouded above the eastern waves, flashed upon the cone, suffusing it with a rosy light. Could this glowing peak be none other than the dismal ash-heap, up and down which we had so wearily scrambled scarcely a week before? Gradually the light crept down the flank of mountain, cliffs, forests, and cultivated slopes, each showing distinctly, but all blended into one harmonious whole. As a panoramic scene, I know noththing equal to that from the amphitheatre of Taormina, unless it be that of the harbor of Rio Janeiro from the summit of the Corcovado.

We retraced our steps to Giarre, in order to visit the famous *Castagno di Cento Cavalli*—"The Chestnut-tree of the Hundred Horses," which stands some five miles north-east of the town. This famous tree derives its popular name from the legend that Queen Juana of Aragon, the mother of the Emperor Charles V., while making the ascent of Etna, some three centuries ago, was caught in a sudden rain-storm, and her whole suite of a hundred cavaliers found shelter under the wide-spreading branches of this tree. As it now exists, this famous chestnut presents no very striking appearance. No one indeed would imagine it to be a single tree, but would take it to be a group of five gnarled, distorted, and almost leafless trees, standing in a circle so far apart that the public road runs between them. But tradition persistently avers that all these were a long time ago covered by a single, continuous bark; and Jean Houel, who wrote some time in the last century, and who appears to have been the first traveler who mentions it, thus describes it as it was seen by him: "This boasted tree, though of enormous diameter, is perfectly hollow, and subsists entirely by its bark, but does not the less cover itself every Spring with foliage. The hollow is so large that the people of the neighborhood have constructed a hut within it, with an oven for drying fruit and nuts. When they require fuel, they take a hatchet and help themselves from the part of the tree around their dwelling. For this reason this magnificent chestnut is nearly destroyed; but all the parts, though mutilated by the hand of time and of man, belong to one and the same trunk."

Notwithstanding the present appearance of these five apparently separate stems, I am fully satisfied that they are, so to speak, branches of one gigantic trunk, and not distinct trees, nor, as some believe, mere shoots springing from a common root. The question would seem to be absolutely settled by the Abbate Ferrara, Professor in the University at Catania, who, toward the close of the last century, published in Italian a valuable "Description of Etna." He affirms that he dug down a short distance below the surface, and found all the stems to unite in a single trunk. Presumably the surface of the ground has, within the course of centuries, been considerably raised, probably by means of ashes ejected from the volcano. In preference to giving my own sketch of this tree, which shows its present dilapidated appearance, I reproduce that of Houel, representing it as he saw it, with the hut and an awning of which he speaks.

By passing a cord around, at a distance of a few feet above the ground, I endeavored to approximate to the size of the original trunk. I made the circumference about 160 feet, which would give a diameter of something more than 50 feet. All estimates of the age of this living patriarch must be mere guesses; but from what we know of the growth of this species, we may safely assume that it was a tree of stately growth at the time when our Saviour trod the earth. Not far from it are several other very large chestnuts. One which I measured has a diameter of eighteen feet; and I was told that there is another higher up the mountain, called the *Castagno della Galea*, fully twenty-five feet in diameter. Those learned in such matters believe that this tree must be at least one thousand years old; and that, give it another thousand years of life, it will attain the size of its more venerable brother.

From Giarre our way ran mainly along the coast to Aci Reale, one of the prettiest towns of Italy, with a population of about 25,000. Here are famous sulphur baths, and I may add, from the testimony of others, the very best hotel in Sicily. The town stands upon seven distinct beds of lava, one lying above the other, with layers of soil composed of decomposed lava between them. The Abbate Recupero, who lived a century ago, and made very close observations upon the phenomena of Etna, estimated that it required at least 2,000 years for lava to decompose so as to form even a scanty layer of soil; and so the lowest of these beds must have been ejected, at the very least, 14,000 years ago. He was greatly troubled at being obliged to come to this conclusion, contradicting, as it did, what was held to be the Mosaic account of the creation. The bishop of the diocese warned him to be very careful in his speculations, and not to pretend to be a better natural historian than Moses, and not to promulgate anything that might in the slightest degree seem contradictory to the statements of Holy Writ. But, unfortunately for the learned ecclesiastic, Brydone, an Irish traveler, came to Sicily, and to him the abbate confided his speculations, adding that he could not, in conscience, make the mountain anything like so young as Moses made the world. Brydone mentioned this in the book which he published, and when copies of this reached Sicily, the poor abbate was summarily ejected from his comfortable Church preferment.

The coast scenery in the vicinity of Aci presents many notable features, and the region abounds with classical associations. The Castle of Aci, standing upon a huge volcanic rock beetling over the waves, presents a very picturesque object. It is evidently of Norman architecture. A few miles to the South is the little lava-built village of Trezza, and not far from the shore are the famous "Rocks of Cyclopes" (Lat. *Scopuli Cyclopum*, Ital. *Scogli di Ciclopi*), seven rocky islets of columnar basalt, the largest of them about 3,000 feet in circumference and rising 150 feet above the water. These were said to be portions of the huge stones which the blinded, one-eyed giant Polyphemus hurled after Ulysses, who, having escaped from the cave, was speeding his way across the water. Near the top of the largest of these islands is a cave called the "Grotto of Polyphemus," which can scarcely be the one inhabited by the giant, since the rock in which it is hollowed out was only a missile flung by his hand. There is near by, another still more picturesque rock, some 2,000 feet in circumference, and rising like a tower 200 feet high, sheer up from the water. It consists of prisms of columnar basalt, of four and eight sides, between which is a hard, calcareous substance. These basaltic rocks are considered by Lyell to be "the most ancient monuments of volcanic action within the region of Etna."

There is no small rivalry between Aci Reale and the bigger, but by no means prouder, Catania, a dozen miles to the south. Not long since this rivalry took an odd turn. For eight centuries and more Aci had been under the spiritual jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Catania, of which city Saint Agatha was the patron saint, while Saint Venera was held in like honor at Aci. A few years ago there was a great procession of all the archdiocese held at Catania, at which, to the great disgust of the people of Aci, the relics of Saint Agatha were placed in all prominent positions, while poor Saint Venera was sadly slighted. The people of Aci went home in no little wrath, and forthwith dispatched a petition to the Pope that they might have a bishop of their own, subject immediately to the Holy See, and not under the spiritual sway of the insulting Archbishop of Catania. After due negotiations the request was granted; and the stipend of the Bishop of Aci was to be $2,000 a year, to be paid out of the pontifical treasury, into

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which, however, Aci was to pay at once $40,000. The people of Aci were rich, angry and plucky. They raised the money at once, and now Monsignore the Bishop of Aci Reale, and Saint Venera, need suffer no more slights from Saint Agatha and Monsignore the Archbishop of Catania.

Back to Catania, and our week's *giro* around the base of Etna was accomplished. Two things must be added, by way of supplement. *First*, there were no mosquitoes to torment us; but we were assured that if we had been only a few weeks later we should have had them in superabundance. *Secondly*—something quite unusual anywhere in Italy—we saw no beggars. The fact is, that *forestieri*, or foreigners, so rarely make the *giro*, that this staple and most productive branch of Italian industry has had no fair chance of development.

As I close this account of Etna and its Eruptions, tidings come to us that the volcano has again become active. Toward the close of May, smoke was seen arising from the great crater, which was soon followed by a heavy and continuous shower of black ashes, which fell in every direction. Soon after, three new mouths were opened on the north side of the great cone, from which streams of lava flowed in the direction of Randazzo. As yet we have no definite accounts of the extent and nature of this eruption, further than that about the middle of June violent earthquake shocks occurred in the vicinity of Aci Reale, which lies at the foot of the mountain, on the side almost opposite to Randazzo; that five villages had been destroyed; that many persons had been killed by the falling in of their dwellings, and that throughout the whole region the people were deserting their dwellings. Apparently in this eruption, as in most of those which have preceded it, the main danger to be apprehended is not from the actual eruption itself, but from the earthquakes which occur simultaneously with it.

## RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

**How Trees Become Silicified.**—Herr Otto Kuntze, of Leipsic, who has visited the Yellowstone Park and studied its geysers, and observed exactly how silicified trunks originate, explains the formation of the petrified wood in the following manner: When the silicious hot water of the geyser basins flows around trees, all green leaves, all bark and most of the branches fall off, but the trunks remain erect. The silicious water rises by capillary attraction in the stem, but only on the outside of the trunk does it become solid by evaporation; from the outside the petrifaction of the wood-cells takes place very slowly toward the centre; the trunks are mostly blown down by the wind before the inner part gets petrified, and then the inner part shows no ligneous structure, is only filled with foreign matter, or sometimes with other minerals, or it is hollow. All this, he thinks, must take place in the air, and not in the water.

**Green Oysters.**—Green-colored oysters, being considered better in France, are consequently dearer, and, very naturally, enterprising individuals have endeavored to color them to order. One of the methods employed is to immerse the oysters in a solution of copper salt. This is a very dangerous operation, and recently several persons were seriously poisoned who had only eaten half a dozen of the green bivalves. The native oysters of Marennes and Ostend are only colored in the beard; those which have been artificially tinged are so throughout. Should any doubt exist, drain off the liquor from the mollusk, and then pour on it a spoonful of vinegar. It is then to be left undisturbed for a few hours, with a steel needle stuck into it. If the oyster has been colored by a copper salt, the needle, when taken out, will be found to be covered with a reddish coating, indicating the presence of the suspected metal.

**Ether Intoxication.**—It appears that after the temperance movement of Father Mathew, the apothecaries of some of the towns in England had the unhappy thought of selling ether to persons who had taken a pledge which did not cover that liquid. Out of this has grown a habit of drinking ether which is truly alarming. The quantity which some of the peasants near Draperstown, in Ireland, habitually take, would be sufficient to cause the death of any person who had not acquired the dangerous habit. An English physician who has visited this locality, reports that, on market days, the smell of ether is so strong as nearly to produce anæsthesia in a stranger. The great extent of the habit is also shown in the number of bottles which are found hidden in out-of-the-way places. Some of the higher classes are also said to indulge in the habit. Strange conclusion to Father Mathew's mission!

**A New Direct-vision Spectroscope.**—M. A. Tholon has invented a new direct vision spectroscope which possesses extraordinary dispersive properties. It is composed of crown glass and carbon di sulphide prisms. Instead of closing the carbon di sulphide cavity with a cemented plate, he uses a crown-glass prism, the refracting angles of which are in an opposite direction to the refracting power of the liquid. He has two prisms with the liquid and two of the half-glass prisms, and thus obtains an index of dispersion equal to 2. There is perfect homogeneity in the action of this instrument, and very little loss of light.

**The Electric Light for Photographers.**—The electric light can be produced without either steam or gas. By aid of a large fly-wheel, which can easily be driven by one man, a degree of rapidity and power can be obtained quite sufficient for utilization in the production of the electric light. There are, however, a number of small motors in the market which require very little attention, and are economical. The coiled-spring engine shown in the Austrian department of the Paris Exhibition is one of them. The recent gas and hot-air engines have also been greatly improved. There is no want of power as soon as the electric lamps are brought to perfection.

**Prof. Jamin on Electric Lighting.**—Prof. Jamin, of Paris has recently published an elaborate article in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*, on the future of the electric light. He is a firm believer in the ultimate success of this method of illumination, and calls attention to the importance of economizing the light, and not allowing it to pass out into space. He refers to experiments in his own laboratory, where there was a glass roof which let in the diffused sunlight, but let out the electric light. For electricity we must have some way of preventing too much diffusion into space.

**Spontaneous Combustion on Shipboard.**—An explosion, causing the total loss of the steamer *Richmond*, at Malta, was produced by the heating of the iron pyrites contained in the coal. The ship was loaded with oil, and it is supposed that the heat generated by the slaking of the pyrites converted some of the oil into vapor, and that this in turn was ignited, thus causing the explosion. The coal was stowed in closed bunkers, but notwithstanding this precaution, enough air entered to sustain the combustion.

## ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

**Ancient Greece.**—Old butter.

**Branch Houses.**—The florists.

**Missing Men.**—Bad marksmen.

**An Ex-Spurt.**—The dried-up fountain.

**A Bill Head.**—The bust of Shakespeare.

**The Beginning of the End.**—The letter E.

**More Weather.**—Mutton for dinner again.

**To ask** a man to pay is as easy said as dun.

**Does** a carpenter always write a plane hand?

**Hush Money.**—The money paid a baby's nurse.

**What** is the origin of the phrase, "You're another"?

**People** who live on flats are not necessarily sharpers.

**Wicked** young men style scarlet stockings "fire hose."

**Gone**, but not forgotten—the man that left the door open.

**A Pirate.**—A tenor who commits murder on the high C's.

**It** is the brake of day that prevents night from going too far.

**The** pump-handle sees a good deal of the ups and downs of life.

**Did** the ancient Romans wear high hats? If not, why didn't they?

"**I hope** I see you well," as the bucket said when it touched the water.

**The** individual chiefly anxious to see the rule laid down is the schoolboy.

**What** was the origin of the saying, "A bush in the bird is worth a full hand"?

**There's** no bank, not even a snow-bank, that can stand a run all the year round.

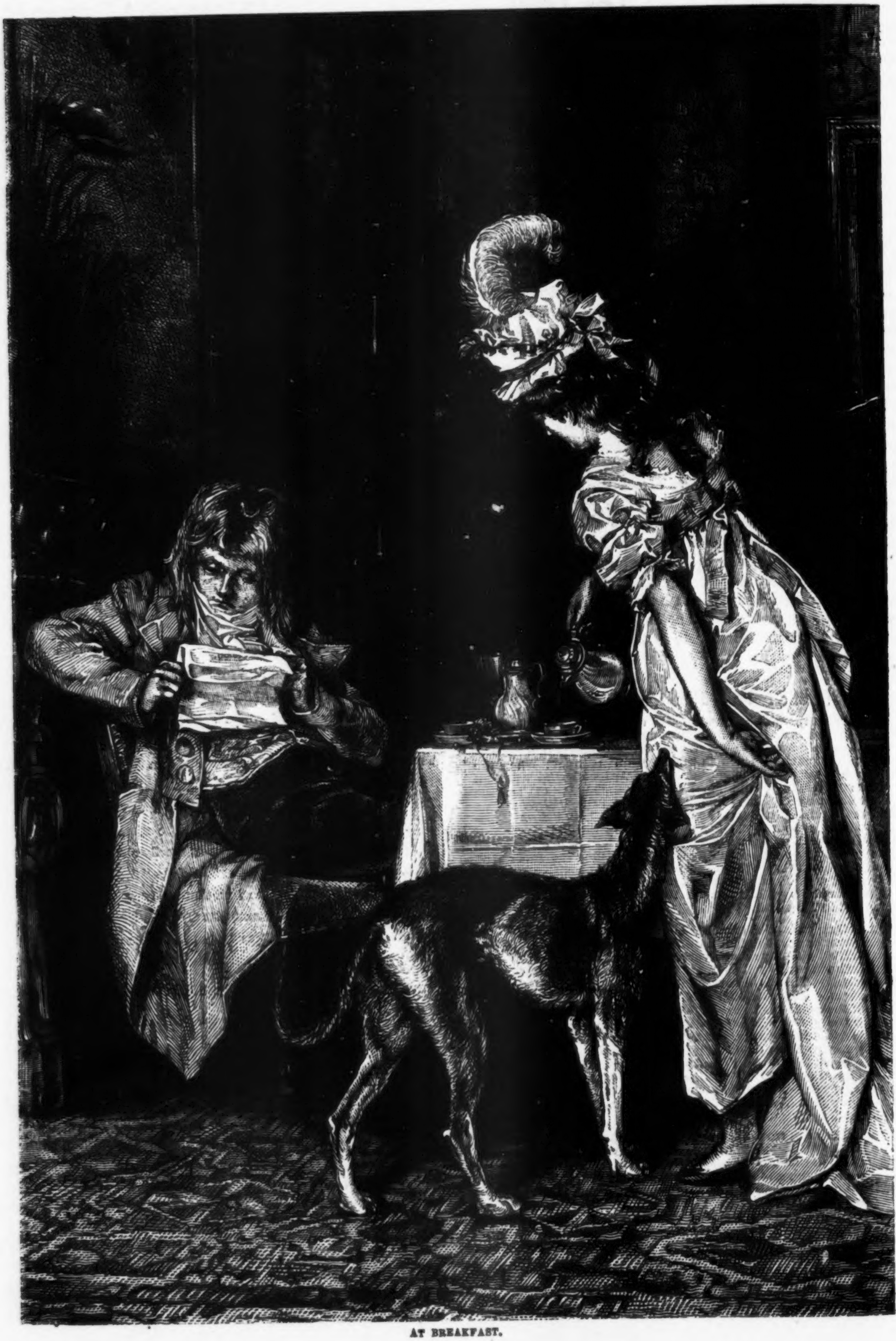
**Who** was it said, "If any one attempts to shoot down the haul, flag him on the spot"?

**The** climate of England is favorable for brewing, there is so much "muggy" weather.

**Beer** may not make you fat, but an overdose will make you lean—up against something.

"**This** is the maiden all forlorn," who often wished she had never been born; and turned up her nose in petulant scorn at the girl who last season's hat had worn.

**A Scotch** parson said of a toper: "He put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains; but the enemy, after a protracted search, was unable to find any worth stealing."



AT BREAKFAST.